THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Fo[illegible]lin

Volume 201, Number 17

OCT. 27, 1928

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Charles Brackett—Colonel Givens—Bernard De Voto—Bertram Atkey
Thomas W. Murphy—Nunnally Johnson—Don Marquis—Eddie Cantor

Bon Ami

MAKES WINDOW CLEANING SO EASY IT'S REALLY FUN!

OF course Betty won't admit it! But Mother sometimes thinks she smudges up the window panes on purpose because it's so much fun to make them clean again with Bon Ami!

There's no denying it, Bon Ami does make a game out of cleaning windows and mirrors. Just cover the glass with a thin film of Bon Ami. A moment's wait for it to dry. Then a few whisks with a clean dry cloth—and you'll have to look close or you won't see the glass at all! No hard rubbing—no obstinate streaks—never a scratch!

* * *

AND don't forget Bon Ami takes the drudgery out of dozens of other cleaning and polishing tasks. This magic cleanser makes bathtubs, basins and tiling glisten with cleanliness . . . gives fine kitchen utensils a high lustre . . . removes every speck of dirt from smooth painted woodwork and walls . . . . restores the freshness to Congoleum floor-coverings, etc.

Bon Ami is made in two forms—a convenient *Cake* and a soft, snowy-white *Powder*—two handy helpers that are lightening housework in millions of America's homes.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

POWDER *and* CAKE
– every home needs both

A Fairy Tale for the Children!

The adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which will be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Co., 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy.

Name _____

Address _____

Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

Westclox

As dependable as they are good looking

. . . You may be sure of that — they are precision-built Westclox; distinguished for their reliability.

Westclox in color — priced the same as nickel finish — include Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe — famous alarms — in old rose, blue or green; beautiful hues to match the color scheme of any room. And in the same charming colors there's Tiny Tim — without alarm — a handy little timepiece for home, office or travel.

Sold everywhere by
jewelers, druggists, hardware and department stores
Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois.
In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

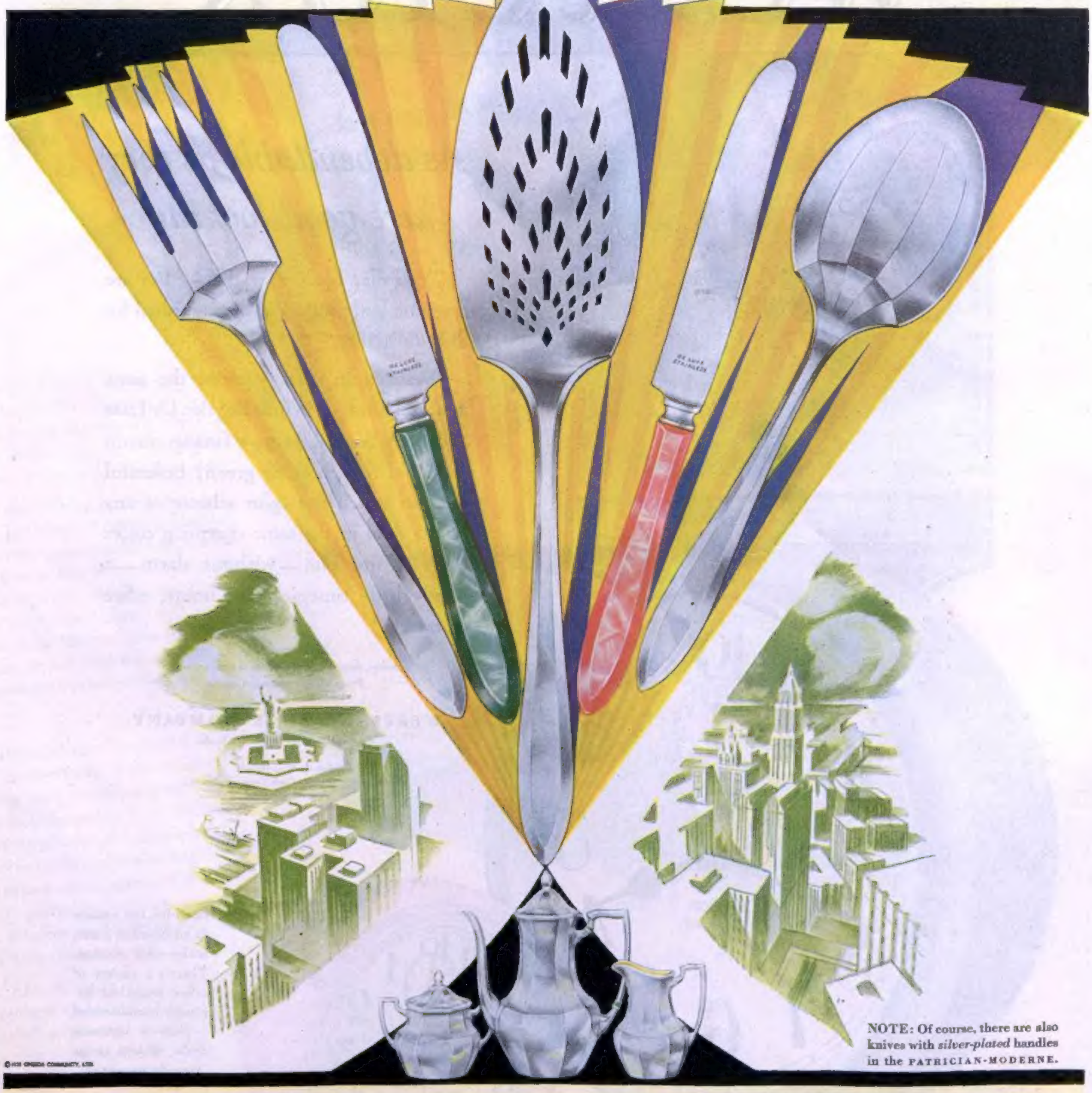
Ben Hur, the popular $2.50 Westclox alarm, is also made in colors. There's a variety of other Westclox, finished in lustrous nickel — plain or luminous dials. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.

Big Ben De Luxe $3.75

Baby Ben De Luxe $3.75

announcing the Patrician-Moderne!

A design in the 'Modernist' manner: the Patrician-Moderne . . . silverware of tomorrow . . . ! A reflection in silver surfaces of 'l'Art Decoratif Moderne' . . . contingent planes . . . geometric patterning, with light and shade . . . design with two surfaces of the material, like Vionnet's gown . . . In the midst of the sudden astounding demand for 'Modernist' furniture, fabrics, accessories, Community Plate presents complete services of modern silverware.—At your jeweler's now.



NOTE: Of course, there are also knives with *silver-plated* handles in the PATRICIAN-MODERNE.

© 1928 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

Unquestionably, the Patrician-Moderne is the translation into lovely silverware of the spirit of the age. The knives have 'jeweled'-color handles—ruby-red, sapphire-blue, emerald-green, and the peerless 'De Luxe Stainless' blades.

Table-ware is $36.00 for a service for six covers, or $47.50 for eight . . . Service-pieces include the tea-or-coffee-service illustrated . . . double vegetable dishes, gravy boats, platters, etc., etc. Community Plate is guaranteed for fifty years.

a Modernist Service in Community Plate!

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents
Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, D. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson.
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 27, 1928 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 17

EN ROUTE—By Benito Mussolini

AMID the innovations and experiments of the new Fascist civilization, one interests the whole world; it is the corporative organization of the state.

Let me assert at once that, before reaching this form of state organization that I now consider rounded out, the steps taken have been long, the research, analysis and discussion have been exhaustive. Experience and tests have been full of lessons.

Practical reality itself has been the navigator. First of all, we must remember that the corporative organization is not born from a desire to create merely juridical institutions; in my opinion, it arose from special necessities of the Italian situation in particular, and in general of any situation where there is economic restriction, and where traditions of work and production are not yet developed by experience and time. Italy, in its first half of a century of united political renaissance, has seen classes struggling with one another, one armed against the other, motivated not only by a desire to overcome the other in political control but also in the struggle for the limited resources that our surface soil and what was beneath it might put at the disposal of those who were interested in work and production.

STRAZZA, PHOTOGRAPHER

Mussolini and the Fascist Leaders on the Anniversary of the March on Rome

Opposed to a directing middle class there was another class which I shall call, for more easy reference, proletarian. It was influenced by Socialists and anarchists, in eternal and never-ending struggle with the directing class.

Every year there was a general strike; every year the fertile Po Valley, for an instance, was subject to periodical agitations which imperiled crops and all production. Against the humane sense of harmony, which should be a duty among citizens of the same fatherland, there was a chronic struggle of interests, egged on by the professional Socialists, the syndicalist organizers, against a middle class that persisted in its position of negation and Messianic expectation. Civil life did not move a step forward on the way of decisive betterment.

Through Class Consciousness and Misunderstanding

A COUNTRY like ours, which has no rich resources in the earth, which has half of its area represented by mountains, cannot have great economic possibilities. If, then, the citizens become naturally quarrelsome, if classes have a tendency to contend in order to annihilate one another, civil life has none of that rhythm necessary to develop a modern people. The liberal and democratic state, in face of upsettings, recurrent every year and even at every season, kept itself on an agnostic ground, selecting a characteristic slogan, "Neither reaction nor revolution," as if this phrase had a precise or, indeed, any meaning whatever.

It was necessary to emerge from a base, cloddish habit of the competition of class and to put aside hates and ires. After the war, especially with the subversive propaganda of Lenin, ill will had reached perilous proportions. Usually agitations and strikes were accompanied by fights, and there were dead and wounded men. The people went back to work with souls full of hate against the class of the masters which, right or wrong, was considered so idiotically lacking in vision that it surpassed in this regard any other middle class in the world. Between the peasants and the rising industry of urban centers there was also a phenomenon of noticeable misunderstanding. All our life was dominated by demagogy. Everyone was disposed to tolerate, to pretend to understand, to grant something to the violence of the crowd. But after every incident of disorder a new situation promised another and more difficult problem of conflict.

It was necessary, in my opinion, to create a political atmosphere which would allow men in government to have some manner of courage, to speak harsh truths, to affirm rights, only after having exacted duties, and to impose, if it was necessary, these duties. Liberalism and democracy were only attempted remedies of milk-and-water character; they exhausted their energies in the halls of parliaments. Leading agitation were employes of the state—railroad men and postmen—and troublesome elements. The authority of the state was a kitten handled to death. In such a situation mere pity and tolerance would have been criminal. Liberalism and democracy, which had abdicated their duty at every turn, utterly failed to appraise and adjust the rights and duties of the various classes in Italian life. Fascism has done it!

A System of Economic Prophecy

THE fact is that five years of harmonious work have transformed in its essential lines the economic life and, in consequence, the political and moral life of Italy. Let me add that the discipline that I have imposed is not a forced discipline; it is not born of preconceived ideas, does not obey the selfish interests of categories and of classes. Our discipline has one vision and one end—the welfare and the good name of the Italian nation.

The discipline that I have imposed is enlightened discipline. The humble classes, because they are more numerous and perhaps deserve more solicitude, are nearest to my heart of responsible leader. I have seen the men from the countryside in the trenches, and I have understood how much the nation owes to the healthy people of calloused hand. On the other hand, our industrial workers have their typical character of sobriety, geniality, resistance, which feeds the pride of one who must rule and lead a people. The middle Italian class, too, including the rural, is much better than its reputation. Our problems arise from the variety and diversities among various economic interests, which does make difficult the formation of great national categories of producers. However, none of the producing Italian categories can be rated as vampires, as they were rated in the superficial terminology of the old Socialist demagogy. The state is no longer an agnostic when it confronts facts and interests of the various classes. Not only does it abolish struggle but it tries to find out the origin of clash and conflicts. By statistics and the help of studious men, we now are able to give a definition of what will be the great issues of tomorrow. In the meantime, with the intervention not only of the government but of the consultative bodies locally organized, we can know precisely what are to be the outlines of the productive programs of tomorrow.

PHOTO, BY A. BIGOOT, MILAN

The Leaders of the Black Shirts in Naples, October, 1922

I have wanted the Fascist government above all to take good care of social legislation needed to carry out our part of agreed international programs for industry and for those who bear the future of industry. I think that Italy is advanced beyond all the European nations; in fact, it has ratified the laws for the eight-hour day, for obligatory insurance, for regulation of the work of women and children, for assistance and benefit, for after-work diversion and adult education, and, finally, for obligatory insurance against tuberculosis. All this shows how in every detail in the world of labor I stand by the Italian working classes. All that was possible to do without doing an injury to the principle of solidity in our economy, I have set out to do, from the minimum wage to continuity of employment, from insurance against accidents to the indemnity against illness, from income for old age to the proper regulation of military service. There is little which social-welfare studies have appraised as practical for national economy or as wise for social happiness which has not already been advanced by me. I want to give to every man and woman so generous an opportunity that work will be done, not as a pain but as a joy of life. But even such a complex program cannot be said to equal the creation of corporativism. Nor can corporativism equal something even larger. Beyond corporativism, beyond the state's labors, is Fascism, harmonizer and dominator of the Italian life, standing as the inspiration.

A Pillar of the Constitution

SOME months after the march on Rome, I insisted on the ratification of the law for an eight-hour day. All the masses which had seen in the legislative policy of Fascism a friend gave their approval to national syndicalism. Instead of the old professional syndicates, we substituted Fascist corporations. In a meeting of December 19, 1923, I had occasion to affirm that: "Peace within is primarily a task of government. The government has a clear outline of conduct. Public order must never be troubled for any reason whatsoever. That is the political side. But there is also the economic side; it is one of collaboration. There are other problems, such as the one of exportation. I remind Italian industry of these principles. Until now it has been too individualistic. The old system and old ways must be abandoned."

A little further on I said: "Over all conflicts of human and legitimate interests there is the authority of the government. The government alone is in the right position to see things under the aspect of the general welfare. This government is not at the disposition of this man or those men; it is over everybody, because it takes to itself not only the juridical conscience of the nation in the present but also all that the nation represents for the future. The government has shown that it values at the highest the productive strength of the nation. A government which follows these principles has the right to be listened to by everyone. It has a task to fulfill. It will do it. It will do it inexorably for the defense of the moral and material interests of the nation."

There were abandoned, little by little, the old labor structure and associations. We were directed more and more toward the corporative conception of the state. I did not want to take away from labor one of its holidays, and I fixed, instead of the first of May, which had foreign origins and a print of Socialist internationalism, a gay and glorious date in Italian life—April twenty-first, the birthday of Rome. Rome is a city which has given legislation to the world. The Roman law is still the text which rules the relations of civil life. To celebrate a labor day, I could not have selected a more suggestive and worthy date.

To bring into reality in a precise coördination all the provisions that I undertook and that Fascism and the corporations had brought about in all their complexity, I made the Great Council approve a document. I do not hesitate to declare it of historical character; it is the Labor Charter.

It is composed of thirty paragraphs; each of them contains a fundamental truth. From the presupposition of production—necessity, above all, for production—arises the need of an equitable sharing of products, for the requirement of the judgment of tribunals in case of discord and, finally, protective legislation.

That document has been welcomed by all Italian classes. The labor magistrature represents, in its consecration to duty, something worthy of a strong state, in contrast to the cloudy aspirations in the misty realms of high-sounding liberalism, democracy and communistic fantasy. The framing and realization were the tasks of Fascism. Old men of the Socialist and syndical poses and postures, seeing the daring new reform, were amazed and perplexed. Another legend fell down: Fascism was not the protector of any class whatsoever, but a supreme regulator of the relations between all citizens of a state. The Labor Charter found interpreters and attracted the attention of the studious in every part of the world. It became a formidable pillar of the new constitution of the Fascist state.

As a logical consequence of the Charter of Labor and of all the social legislation and of the magistrature of labor, came the necessity of instituting the corporations. In this institution there are concentrated all the branches of national production. Work in all its complex manifestations and in its breadth both as to manual and as to intellectual work requires equal protection and nourishment. The citizen in the Fascist state is no longer a selfish individual to whom is given the antisocial right of rebelling against any law of the collectivity. The Fascist state, with its corporative conception, puts men and their possibilities into productive work and interprets the duties they have to fulfill.

In this new conception, which has found its logical expression in our representative forms, the citizen is valuable because of his production, his work and his thought, and not only because he is twenty-one years old and has the right to vote.

In the corporative state are reflected all national activities. It was logical that syndicalistic organizations should become a part, also, of the new representative institutions. From this need, imposed by the new political and social reality, arose the reform of national political representation. Not only does this new political directorate select its candidates in relation to their capabilities and the numbers of citizens represented but it is complemented by the selection and valuation dedicated by the Great Fascist Council to creating the best, the most stable, the most truly representative and the most expert national board of directors.

We have solved a series of problems of no little entity and importance. We have abolished all the perennial troubles and disorder and doubt that poisoned our national soul. We have given a rhythm, a law and a protection to work. We have found in the collaboration of classes the reason for our possibilities, for our future power. We do not lose time in troubles, in strikes, which, while they vex the spirit, imperil also our own strength and the solidity of our economy. We consider conflict as a luxury for the rich. We must save strength. We have exalted work as productive strength; therefore we have the majority of these elements represented in the legislative body, and this body is a more worthy and a stronger helmsman of Italian life.

And capital is not exiled, as in the Russian communistic dream; we consider it an increasingly important actor in the drama of production.

In this, my autobiography, I have emphasized more than once the fact that I have always tried to weave the character of an organic and coherent structure into all the fabric of my political work. I have not confined myself to giving merely an outward veneer or contour to Italian life; I wished to influence the depths of its spirit. I founded my labor on facts and the real conditions of the Italian people; from such realistic activity I drew valuable lessons. I have been able to give useful immediate results looking toward a new future of our country.

Preparing for a New Life

ONE of the reforms which I have promoted, following it closely in all its successive developments, is the reorganization of schools. This has been called the Gentile reform, from the name of the Minister of Public Instruction, appointed by me immediately following the march on Rome. The gravity and importance of school problems cannot escape the attention of any modern statesman mindful of the destiny of his people. The school must be considered in all its complete expression. Public schools, intermediate schools, university institutions—all exercise a profound influence on the trend, moral and economic, of the life of any nation. From the beginning this has always been on my mind. Perhaps my early experience as a school-teacher added to an inescapable interest in youth and its development. In Italy there were traditions of higher culture, but the public school had degraded because of deficiency of means and, above all, because of lack of spiritual vision.

Although the percentage of illiteracy tended to diminish, even to disappear in certain regions, and particularly in Piedmont, the citizens, however, did not get from the school world those broad bases of educational foundations—physical, intellectual and moral—that are possible and humane. The intermediate schools were too crowded, because everybody was admitted, even without merit, through endless sessions of examinations which were reduced often to a spiritless formality. We lacked intelligent systems of selection and vocational and educational valuation of individuals.

A mill ground on and on, turning out stock patterns of human beings who mostly ended by taking tasks in bureaucracy. They lowered the function of public service by dead and not by living personnel. Universities created some other puppets in the so-called free arts, as law and medicine.

STAMPA, PHOTOGRAPHER

Mussolini at the Lausanne Conference. In Oval—Romano, the Youngest Son of Mussolini, Now Nearly a Year Old

It was time that the delicate machinery of such consequence in the spiritual life of the nation should be renewed by a precise, definite organic form. We had to crowd out from the intermediate school the negative and supercilious elements. We were determined to infuse into the public school those broad humanistic currents in which our history and our traditions are rich indeed. Finally, it was indispensable to impose a new discipline in education, to which everyone had to submit, and the teachers themselves first of all.

To be sure, teachers draw a very modest wage in Italy, and this is a problem that I have determined will be faced and solved as soon as the condition of the budget will allow. Nevertheless, I cannot admit a limited pinch-penny treatment of education. Niggardly policy is of old and typically liberal and democratic origin. It furnished teachers

Mussolini and His Associates at the Naples Congress

An Assembly of the Black Shirts in October, 1922

with a good pretext to perform their duty indifferently and to abandon themselves to subversive thought, even against the state itself. This condition reached a climax in the humiliating fact that many teachers deserted their posts. We had had clamorous examples of such a tendency, not only in the elementary schools but also in some universities.

Fascism put a stop to all this, making discipline supreme; discipline both for the high and for the low; particularly for those who had the supreme ability and high duty of teaching order and discipline, and of maintaining the highest concepts of human service in the various schools of the régime.

Free Schools for the Meritorious

WE HAD an old school law which took its name from Minister Casati—a law that had been launched in 1859 and had remained the fundamental law even after the successive retouchings by Ministers Coppino, Daneo and Credaro. We had to renew and refashion it under the ardent will of our party, we had to give it a broad didactic and moral vision, we had to give it a spirit of vital rebirth which would appeal to the new Italy. Great ideas and great revolutions always create the right hour for the solution of many problems. The school problem, which had been dragged on for many decades, has finally received its solution with the Gentile reform. This is not the place to explain the reform in detail. I want to indicate, however, those fundamental lines which I myself discussed and disposed of in a few compact discussions with the Minister of Public Instruction. They can be summarized in the following points:

First. The state furnishes schooling only to those who deserve it because of their merits, and leaves to other initiatives students who are not entitled to a place in the state's schools.

This puts on the scrap heap the democratic concept which considered a state school as an institution for everyone—a basket into which treasure and waste were piled together. The middle class had considered the school at its service and therefore did not respect it. The demand was only for the greatest indulgence possible, to reach as quickly as they could their merely utilitarian purposes, such as a degree or a perfunctory passing to promotions.

Second. The students of the state schools and of the independent schools find themselves under equal conditions when taking the state examinations before committees appointed by the government.

Thus is encouraged the régime of independent schools analogous to that of England. This régime is advantageous for the Catholics, owners of many schools, but displeases the anticlericals of old style. It allows me a free development of scholastic initiative outside of the conventional lines.

Third. The state watches over the independent schools and creates a rivalry between independent and state schools which raises the culture and atmosphere of all schools.

The state does not see its jurisdiction diminished because of the independent schools; on the contrary, it extends its watchfulness over all schools.

Fourth. Admission to the intermediate schools is now made only by examinations. The schools are directed toward a broad humanistic culture, but with a standard of scholarship which eliminates forever the disorder and the easy-going ways of the old democratic schools.

By means of these and other reforms the elementary school comes to have two distinct but coördinated purposes. One is the preparation for the intermediate school, but the other is a high type of broad popular education complete in itself.

The intermediate schools were broadened by means of the following institutions:

Complementary Schools. The abolished technical school, complete in itself, was revived on new lines.

Technical Institutes of higher specialization.

Scientific Lyceum. Still higher, taking the place of the abolished modern lyceum and of the physico-mathematical departments of the technical institute, and preparing the students for the scientific branches of the university.

Teachers' Institute. A humanistic and philosophical school taking the place of the old complementary and normal schools.

Women's Lyceum. A general-culture school, and complete in itself.

Classical Lyceum. Is left as before in its essential lines, but augmented by the humanistic character of the studies; to it the task of preparing for most university branches has been assigned. To enter the universities, admission examinations have been instituted. The final examination of intermediate schools of the classical and scientific lyceum has been called maturity examination; all the curricula have been renewed, fitting them for a more modern culture. Latin has been restored in all schools except in the complementary and religious departments of the elementary and intermediate schools.

The New Italian Renaissance

FOR all these different types of institutions an essential rule has been put into practice—that is, every school must be a unit organism, with a set number of classes and students. The candidates may enter through a graduated classification, based on the examinations. Those who are not admitted must go to independent schools.

The applying of this reform, which overthrew the old interests, the old ideas and especially the utilitarian spirit of the populations, aroused an unavoidable spirit of ill feeling. It was used by the opposition press, especially by the Corrière Della Sera, for controversial purposes; but the reform has been put through with energy, directed by me, and has marked the beginning of a real rebirth of the Italian school and of Italian culture.

(Continued on Page 52)

The Veterans of the Dalmatian Campaigns

STORMY PASSAGE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"And Whenever I Hear It, It Will be Like Catching a Moment of You"

THE Bretagne sailed after midnight, so his friends were able to make a gigantic party of seeing Jock Deering off. The Pete Hunters were there, and Dave Wrigley, and the crowd that gathers in Tony's after first nights, and Betty Earle, who was East between pictures, and Bucko Tripp, the Comic, and Gwen Haverford, whose novel Chatter was selling, as she said, like dirt, and quantities of others, mostly theatrical.

It was understood that Gloria Dane, who was the star of Jock's musical comedy Gloria, couldn't be there, because she was on for the finale in a costume it took two maids and an electrician twenty minutes to get her out of and there was a rule that visitors weren't allowed to come on board after 11:30. Crazy as they all were about Gloria Dane, everybody said to everybody else that her absence was a darned good thing. Jock had been through enough.

Pete Hunter had brought along the singers from Milly's—Milly's didn't begin listening to music until two A.M.—and the three colored men sat on Jock's extra berth and strummed and sang, and a man Jock had borrowed from his club rushed about pouring champagne for everybody who didn't help himself from the case which stood in the middle of the stateroom.

Fortunately, Albert Munn and his sister had the other two staterooms off the same passageway with Jock's and the overflow could crowd in on them. Albert had been running about with the same crowd Jock cultivated and there was no one seeing Miss Munn off. Any friends of hers would certainly have been trampled to death by the invaders. As it was, they merely perched themselves all over her berth and her luggage, and as they were people Miss Munn didn't know and who were all on the most intimate and raucous terms with one another, they drove her to go and stand beside Albert in Jock's cabin.

Albert and Jock had been in college together, and though Albert had no remotest connection with the arts, he remained Jock's closest friend. It was Albert, egged on by the rest of the crowd, who had maneuvered Jock into taking the trip. Albert's sister didn't belong. She had simply said, at the last moment, that she was coming. Her name was Charlotte. She was a quiet girl. Everybody thought she looked like a lady and avoided having to talk to her.

Jock Deering was at his best, still not tight enough really to show it, but in a state of desperate gayety which everybody found dramatically appropriate.

"What a swell wake!" he said. "I've never been the corpse at such a swell wake before!"

"Wake nothing!" Dave Wrigley roared at him a little too emphatically. "What are you talking about, you lucky hound, starting out for Paris when the rest of us are just sniffling up for the worst of the New York spring!"

"Have you ever been to Paris in early April?" Jock asked. "I have a rendezvous with pneumonia."

"If Paris isn't absolutely right, you'll jump on a train and be on the Riviera next morning."

"The Riviera, famous for its neuralgia and gout."

"Will you please stop talking like a hypochondriac of ninety?" Gwen Haverford requested him.

"Oh, I'm supposed to be happy!" he said. "I keep forgetting that. Would you really like to go, Gwen? I mean honestly, apart from kidding me. Would you like to leave the center of everything right in the middle of the season? If you would, run home and pack a bag and get Freddie and take this stateroom and my ticket. You have a last year's passport, haven't you?"

"Don't be silly," Gwen said.

"Doesn't anyone want this stateroom?" Jock asked the entire mob. "I'll sell my lease for two cents."

"Just let somebody try to take that up," Pete Hunter threatened. "You need this trip more than any of us, old fellow."

"I guess you're getting tired of having me a public charge," Jock said. "Sorry I have been. Honestly."

"Give him some more champagne," Mrs. Pete Hunter whispered to Pete. "He's going into the rams."

Dave Wrigley had attended to that already.

"Apologies," Jock said, draining his glass as though the words were a toast. "I won't be again. Take off your mackintoshes, sweet people. No more tears from Jock."

The assembled company began to listen intently. It bade fair to be something to report. Jock's emotions were news at the moment. "Jock Deering made a regular scene before he sailed. You ought to have been there. He certainly is carrying the torch for Gloria Dane all right."

"You know that isn't what I meant," Pete Hunter protested. "We hate like the devil to have you go, but you need a change if anybody ever needed one."

"Yes, I need a change all right," Jock agreed—"a change of mind—somebody else's mind."

"You'll forget all about it when you get to Paris," said Betty Earle—which wasn't subtle; but Betty Earle was notoriously dumb.

"What is there in Paris to make me forget?" Jock asked.

"There's the Mona Lisa," Gwen Haverford suggested, looking as though it were an awfully clever remark—an expedient she sometimes used.

"A lot I care for that old belle," Jock said. "Why, there isn't even any real drinking in France."

"You'll teach 'em," Dave prophesied.

"I'll try." Jock held out his glass again.

"Here's to Zelli's," someone proposed.

"Here's to the Bar New Yorkais!"

Jock looked at them and shook his head. "Here's to escape," he changed it, and his mood seemed to have shifted. For the first time there was a note of real enthusiasm in his voice.

Just then the black men gave a kind of concerted yowl and broke into "Go Away, Gloria," for here stood Gloria Dane in the doorway.

I said, "Go away, Gloria,
Please, go away.
Haunting me, taunting me,
Nighttime and day.
Make yourself off
And show yourself on.
I'll be glad, glad, glad,
When you're gone, gone,
gone.
Chase yourself, race yourself,
Feed yourself air."
I was mean, mean, mean,
And I didn't care,
Until I saw you
Go
Away,
Gloria.

It was Jock's song, from Jock's show. It had the gayest music on earth, with the saddest ending.

Gloria Dane, standing in the doorway, improbably pretty as a flower in a seed catalogue, held her arms out wide.

"My darling! My pet!" she said. "I can't stand it."

Jock's heart did a double back somersault. He thought, as he'd thought a thousand times, that Gloria had changed her mind.

"You mean, it's all on?" he asked.

Gloria did a little, wistful thing with her mouth. "I just meant I'm going to miss you so horribly."

Jock went to her. He was staggering a little.

"You won't have to miss me," he said. "I'm going to get off."

"No, you're not."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't best for you."

"I am too."

"No."

She took his hand and held it. While she did he didn't protest.

The first warning for visitors to leave sounded.

"How on earth did you get on?" Gwen Haverford asked.

"Just walked up the gangplank."

"But it's lots after 11:30."

"Somehow, rules don't seem to be made for me," Gloria said, very wide-eyed. "I just wanted to see Jock again, so I came. Besides, I got curious about that sister of Albert's who's wished herself on the party. Where is she?"

Gwen Haverford made a gesture which said: "Be careful; that's she right there."

Gloria devoted a brief instant to the inspection of Miss Munn.

"I guess I won't lose the boy friend this trip," she murmured to Gwen. If Charlotte Munn hadn't had the ears of a fox terrier she would never have heard it.

"Thought you wanted to lose him," Gwen murmured back.

Gloria changed the subject. "Don't I get any bubbles?" she asked the cabin at large.

"Rather," Pete Hunter and Dave and Bucko Tripp and every other male in the cabin seemed to exclaim at once, and there was a great cracking of skulls as they all dived for the case of champagne.

"Does Miss Dane turn all men into chorus boys?" Charlotte Munn asked with a laugh. "What a gift!" It was the first time she had been heard to speak.

"Is that a crack?" Gloria inquired.

"Just a query," Charlotte replied. "I expect to see them make an archway of roses at any minute, or lift you up over their heads with your toes making a point."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" Gloria demanded, and let go Jock's hand to take the glass Dave had extended to her.

"I should think it would be delightful—for you," Charlotte Munn replied—"that is, if you like chorus boys."

Jock, finding himself free, had left Gloria's side and was pushing toward the racks where his luggage was stored.

"What are you doing, Jock?" Pete Hunter called to him.

"Going to get my bags. Get out of the way, will you? Get out of the way or I'll have to make you."

Everyone sensed the approach of one of Jock's famous fights.

"Get out of the way, Bucko."

Gloria went over and touched his elbow.

"Jock dear," she said, "show me the boat, will you? I've never seen such a big boat."

"All right."

"It's wonderful how she can manage him no matter what state he's in," Jane Hunter said.

"Who couldn't she manage?" Dave Wrigley sighed.

The second warning for visitors blew, and people began to leave.

Outside the cabin Jock had to steady himself on Gloria's arm.

"Here's the salon." He stopped and pointed it out to her. "All the statues have elephantiasis. You didn't think I could say that, did you? You'd never do for a modernist's model, Gloria. The tables have elephantiasis, too—and look at the chairs. Bad cases of Bright's disease. . . . Do you like modernist furniture, Gloria? I don't. Just a lot of mission gone wrong."

"Can't we get outside some place?" Gloria suggested. "It's stuffy with so many people."

"Can't very well refuse you that," Jock told her. "You've given me the air often enough."

They climbed to an upper deck.

"You don't know how sad I've been all evening at the thought of your leaving," she told him. "But I know it's the wise thing. Don't you?"

"I suppose so," he agreed reluctantly.

"I'll think of you a lot," she promised.

"Will you?" He wanted so desperately to say something beautiful that he grew incredibly mawkish. "Look at the stars watching us, Gloria. They won't change. Think of me whenever you look at the stars, will you? And know that I'm thinking of you."

In the past on similar occasion she had merely said, "Oh, you're tight, Jock," but tonight she was gentle with him.

"I certainly will," she promised.

"And there's the song," he babbled on; "they'll be playing it in Paris and London and everywhere, and whenever I hear it, it will be like catching a moment of you. It's something between us nothing can cut. It will whisper of you to me in Venice or Budapest or ——"

"You've been so sweet and generous to me," Gloria said.

He put his hand over hers on the rail, clung to it sappily.

"I wanted to send you a great big steamer basket," she declared, "but I couldn't ——" She broke off.

"Did you? Bless you."

He bent and kissed her fingers.

"Rather than give a measly one, I didn't send you anything."

"By the way," he said, "how are finances at present?"

"About as usual," she sighed. She was incredibly prodigal.

"I want to give you another good-by present. I want to give you a thousand dollars."

"Oh, don't," she said.

"Why not?"

"You can't afford it really, and a thousand wouldn't even show."

"I want to give you two thousand."

"Oh, I can't take any more from you. It's just awful."

"Never refuse something that's offered with love," he told her. "That's the awful thing to do. It hurts the love so much."

"You're an angel," she told him.

They went down to the writing room and he scrawled out a check to cash.

"It's an overdraft," he said as he gave it to her, "but they'll honor it and somebody'll make it good."

"You're seven kinds of a lamb. I wish I could kiss you."

"Why can't you?"

"There's somebody watching us."

"Who?"

"In the doorway."

It was a man in a uniform who had just stepped in and was glancing about.

Jock lurched over to him. "What are you doing here?"

"Have you any objection to my presence?" the intruder asked, both sarcastically and with an accent. When Jock was tight he hated an accent and wouldn't tolerate sarcasm.

"Yes, I have," he said, and landed his right on the point of the man's jaw.

Totally surprised, the man went down, crashing into the salon which was beyond the writing room. There were plenty of people in the salon. A lot of them rushed up and two men in uniform grabbed Jock.

(Continued on Page 86)

"If You're Going to Act Like This, I'm Going to Sit Here and Not Move. I Won't be a Burden on You"

YEARLINGS, CHAMPIONS AND PENSIONERS

By Thomas W. Murphy

As Told to Earl Chapin May

WHEN you bring up a horse in the way he should go, you have something to work and worry about. This fact isn't generally recognized, because you don't see so many horses since motor cars preempted public roads.

Before the gasoline buggies became popular, in the era when garages were livery stables and almost every citizen drove his own high stepper or had a financial interest in a galloper, lots of our trotters, pacers and fast riding ponies were broken to halter, bridle, sulky or saddle right on our main thoroughfares.

Race horses now get their training in private or semiprivate speed nurseries or behind high board fences inclosing tracks which the public does not visit during training hours. I'll admit there's some secrecy about training methods, but in late years this secrecy has been enforced by the circumstance that most twentieth-century people are like human fleas—they're hopping from here to everywhere. That's why, except to those who study performances and pedigrees, race-horse training's a mystery. The average customer may get excited about a race. He may yell and sweat and lose his money as he watches the horses go around the track until some of them finish under the wire—not as he selected them. But if Mr. Average Customer ever thinks of the origin and development of turf winners he vaguely wonders, "How comes a race horse, anyway?"

I'm here to tell you the race horse doesn't come so easily, though it comes quicker and faster than it used to come.

If you attended the New York State Fair at Syracuse this fall, you saw some spirited trotting by two-year-olds, during which the brown colt Walter Dear beat the bay colt Caretaker to first money in the $14,000 Wet-Weather Stake. The winner went one of his three mile heats in 2.06¼. That was close to a world's record for so young a colt. Incidentally, Caretaker went one of his miles in 2.08¼—well inside the once exclusive 2.10 circle.

About Forty-three Feet a Second

Young Speeders

IN THE consolation division of that stake a bay colt named Stone Mountain trotted a heat in 2.09, while a bay filly named Marguerita Belwina, driven by Ben White, who is a master reinsman with the youngsters, also went a mile in less than two minutes and ten seconds. All the entries were two-year-olds. They were not particularly fast, for during the 1927 campaign for two-year-olds Fireglow did a race mile in 2.04, and that was not so far ahead of the colt's competitors.

During the week's racing at Syracuse this fall another and much bigger event, the Hambletonian, for trotting three-year-olds, yielded Spencer, the winner, about $43,000—the most first money won in any light-harness race on this continent or anywhere else.

But your attention is called to the Wet-Weather Stake because it illustrates the tendency to teach horses their track manners at such an early age they soon realize they were born to beat the clock. The public demands such early speed that the race horse must not only prove himself the fastest quadruped—he must also begin racing in infancy.

So strong is the call for colt speed that though only 25 of our two-year-old trotters were marked at 2.10 prior to 1919, more than 100 two-year-old trotters are now listed as 2.10 colts. Twenty of these diagonally gaited youngsters were foaled in 1926. They won't be officially three years old until January first. Actually most of them will not be three years old until next May. This apparent discrepancy is the result of a breeding rule which makes January first the birthday of every pedigreed horse.

Peter Scott, Tommy Murphy and a Floral Horseshoe

Family Trees

OUR modern light-harness racers are given an early start toward purse winning and record making. So are our running horses. The unbeaten Flying Childers and the tall chestnut, Eclipse, who won eighteen big events in succession—"Eclipse first and the rest nowhere"—did not begin racing until five years old. But since the English Derby was founded in 1780 and limited to three-year-old colts and fillies, the best of English Thoroughbreds have been drafted from equine kindergartens to compete in the annual classic on Epsom Downs.

As flat racing with Thoroughbreds is English in origin and character, our running events at Saratoga, Churchill Downs, Belmont Park and on other courses are almost altogether for horses two and three years old. The public is keen for youngsters that can show fast racing form.

Temporarily postponing the inevitable argument as to whether any horse less than four years old should be called upon for his fastest mile, let's see what happens to a finely bred trotter, for example, as soon as it comes into the world—as soon as it is foaled, as horsemen say. Its life begins, not on a bed of roses but on a bed of the best straw obtainable. That bed is in a big box stall, with fine blankets hanging on the walls and a trunkful of fancy toilet articles. No queen of humanity gets greater care and comfort than does a well-bred horse. The colt's mother—its dam—has a family tree larger and older than any member of the D. A. R. Let us say, for example, she was sired by Peter Volo, who held the mile record as a yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old and four-year-old, and through Peter Volo is descended from Peter the Great and Happy Medium, who traces to Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

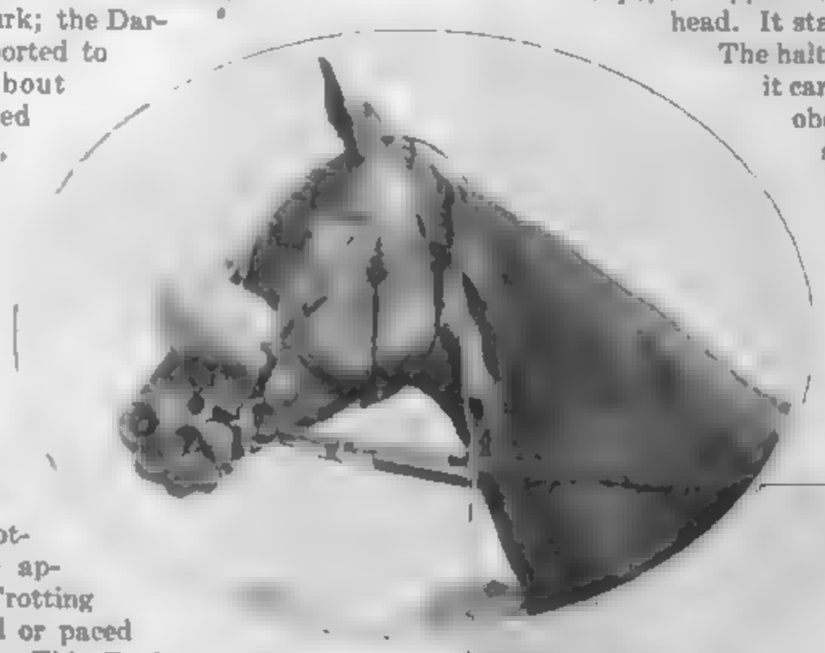
About 90 per cent of worthwhile track performers among our harness horses can be traced to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, who was foaled in 1849, lived most of his years in Orange County, New York, cradle of the trotting horse, died there in 1876 and lies there under an imposing monument. But the great Hambletonian also had his ancestry. His blood lines were traceable to the Charles Kent mare, to Bellfounder and Imported Messenger. Bellfounder, a trotter, was brought from Norfolk, England, to Boston

in 1822. Imported Messenger, a Thoroughbred also foaled in England, landed in 1788 at Philadelphia and was descended from the famous Mambrino, who could trace his ancestry to the Byerly Turk, who was ridden by Captain Byerly in the Irish Wars of 1689.

I mention this matter of family because there are exceptions to every rule, but the best-known rule in raising horses is to start with one of fast ancestry. You may get nothing worth while for a lot of trouble. But you have better chances of getting a winning horse if you follow fast blood lines instead of just picking out a likely looking animal or one descended from a single generation that shows speed. And while a breeder and trainer of running horses is principally interested in the sires, trotting-horse men are very keen about the ancestry of dams.

Several centuries of raising Thoroughbreds have proved that fast runners are seldom accidents and that the dominant traits come through the sire instead of the dam strain. At that, the breeder of runners has to watch his step lest in trying to perpetuate a fading family he lose reputation and fortune simultaneously. The horseman has to keep one eye always on performances. That's one reason why a track-side conversation or a hay-bale confab in a training stable is filled with remarks about split seconds. Race records are supremely important to American horsemen. Time is the essence of the contract to those who make fast horses go.

A Thoroughbred, as you may know, is a horse or a mare whose pedigree is registered in the Studbook started by the Messrs. Weatherby as official agents of the English Jockey Club in 1791. In this Studbook ancestries are traced to the Byerly Turk; the Darley Arabian, who was imported to England from Aleppo about 1699; or the high-crested brown bay Godolphin Barb, foaled on the Barbary Coast about 1742, rescued from the thills of a cart on the streets of Paris and purchased by the English Lord Godolphin.



Nearly every running, trotting or pacing horse has some Thoroughbred blood in his veins.

A standard-bred is a trotter or pacer whose name appears in the American Trotting Register as having trotted or paced in public in 2.30 or better. This Register, owned by the American Trotting Register Association, traces its pedigrees to the English race horse Messenger, who, after his arrival in Philadelphia, lived several years in Orange County, New York, and died during 1808 on Long Island, the noble sire of speedy sons and daughters.

The Studbook is a sort of horses' Social Register, devoted to ancestry rather than performances. The Trotting Register is an equine Who's Who which stresses achievements on the track rather than genealogy. Registered trotters and pacers can, in most cases, be traced to the running horse, Imported Messenger. But the early Colonial Dutch mares mated to that eighteenth-century English Thoroughbred are credited with putting the trot in trotting—and pacing—horses.

A Natural Gift in Colts

FROM this beginning, American owners have bred so carefully that this continent has been the principal source of trotting and pacing material for the past three-quarters of a century and many horses no longer inherit the gallop gait.

Of course, any Thoroughbred can trot, but the Thoroughbred is not bred or built to go with the smooth, round, one-two-three-four stroke which distinguishes the trotting standard-bred. So great is the influence of heredity that side-wheeling as well as trotting comes natural with fine colts. Dan Patch paced in his pasture near Oxford, Indiana, the first time a harness was put on his back. You will find natural-born trotters at Castleton, Walnut Hall, Hollyrood and other nurseries. They will stick to their dams and to the trot even when the dams run all over the place.

The Famous Plow Horse, R. T. C.

It is almost impossible to make such colts break. Yet training aids such an inheritance.

Most horses designed for hard farm work run wild until they are three years old. Then, being heavy enough to help pull a load, they are broken to halter and harness forcibly. But a Thoroughbred or standard-bred rarely realizes it is being broken, the process begins at such an early age and is carried forward so slowly and patiently.

A few hours after a future racing horse is foaled, almost as soon as it can stand, a halter with a shank rope, or leading rope, is slipped on the gangling youngster's head. It stays there for many months. The halter cannot hurt the colt, but it can be used to teach it painless obedience. The youngster is slowly led around, and if it jerks its head occasionally, the shank rope reminds the pupil that it's in a school.

When the youngster is ready for yearling form a bridle and bit are slipped on over the halter. The bit is the small colt's first teething ring. It is made of leather and so nicely shaped that it can't injure the tenderest mouth. Reins lead back across a pad and crouper to a light-handed training boy who walks behind the puzzled colt. Lesson Number 2 has now begun.

The Painless Process

IF THE pupil shies or tries to bolt, another boy stops him with the halter rope. The walking driver then gently manipulates the reins, pulling on one or the other easily, until in time the yearling knows that it must turn in the direction of the pull, and then when both reins are tautened and a boy cries "Whoa," or something like that, it's time to stop. This lesson continues intermittently for maybe a month. Then come the steel bit and breaking cart.

By this time the future star of the fast dirt track has become accustomed to the reins, which have been often dropped around its feet and picked up again to prove there is no harm in them. The special colt-breaking steel bit which replaces the leather one is also easy on a tender mouth. The breaking cart is light enough to be drawn without tiring a colt. If the pupil shows signs of nervousness the cart is picked up and dropped to the ground and shaken and rapidly moved around until it learns that the cart won't hurt. A whip is snapped in the air close to the colt. It shies or jumps the first few times. But after it learns that the whip is not going to injure anyone, the youngster pays little or no attention to it. At this stage the colt becomes a personality.

His first lessons learned, he goes on the track and is jogged a quarter mile or so once every day; then oftener. Soon half-mile jogs are given him. A year after he has been foaled he has taken his place in the training stable, where he is slowly hardened into a racing horse without having his muscles or feelings hurt. Highly bred horses are too valuable for one to break their spirit while breaking them.

Preparing a running horse for the track is simpler than preparing a standard-bred. The same lessons are given with halter and bridle, and instead of hitching him to a breaking cart he is slowly taught to be saddle wise. In either case the process is so deliberate, painless and painstaking that—between lessons and the trainer's gifts of

(Continued on Page 61)

Slightly Scattered on the Stretch. In Oval—All Dressed Up in a Shadow Roll

THE FLOP

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD . TEAGUE

MARIE kept watching the door. Brightlights lay in there. He lay in there in a silver and aluminum casket that had cost five grand.

She kept watching that door. Pretty soon somebody would come in and gently urge her to go in and hear the nice things the preacher had to say about Brightlights. They would take her by the arm and she would lean on them and look very pathetic, very helpless and very pretty. She was blond and could wear widow's weeds very well. She could have walked unaided. But it would be better to hold onto somebody's arm. Look better.

Pretty soon she would go in there. The room would be crowded. Everybody would look at her and be sorry for her.

And a lot of the men would notice that she was pretty. She knew a girl who got her chance in the movies because she could wear widow's weeds.

She dabbed her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. She had cried a lot since Brightlights had died. She loved him ever so much. They were such good pals. That preacher in there now would probably have a tough time figuring out nice things he could say—truthfully—about poor old Brightlights. Marie could tell him a world of nice things he could say truthfully. Brightlights was so sort of decent and he had been so good to her always. He had never been a bit tight about money. Maybe that was the reason he was leaving her so little. But they had had their hands on plenty of money.

But she would be the last person to blame him for anything he had done or failed to do. Anybody that wanted to get a rise out of her, all they had to do was try to put Brightlights on the pan. She shuddered when she thought that in about an hour they would take Brightlights out of their little flat. They'd had a lot of fun there. Many happy, happy days and nights and—she shuddered—a lot of days and nights that hadn't been so happy.

She thought about the time the Dorgan mob had besieged their flat for nearly a week. She had been the one who had spotted the Tommy man planted across the street in an upstairs room. She had seen his face peering from the window and then she had seen a flash of steel. How she knew that the face was the face of a killer and the flash of steel a Thompson machine gun she would never know. Woman's intuition, perhaps. Anyway she had caught Brightlights just as he was about to open the door and step to the street. If he had ——

She Had Caught Brightlights Just as He Was About to Open the Door and Step to the Street. If He Had ——

She shuddered. Oh, sure, she had known all along that Brightlights was due pretty soon. So had Brightlights. They couldn't expect anything else. It was certain suicide to become the leader of the North Side crowd—or of any crowd, for that matter. She had often begged Brightlights to quit. Once Brightlights had more than two hundred thousand dollars—so he said. She had wanted him to quit and go to the country. They would raise chickens maybe. Brightlights liked kids. He called them Brownies. But he wouldn't quit, even though he knew that pretty soon something would happen to him. She had always pictured him dying in a gun fight. How much better—the way he had died.

She had been sitting there for hours, it seemed—watching that door. It really had been only a few minutes. She wanted to play the phonograph. It stood there beside her invitingly. She wanted to play something lively and full of pep. But she couldn't do that. A widow—even a gangster's widow—can't play jazz while her husband lies dead in the next room. Not that she meant to be disrespectful, or that Brightlights' death didn't go deep with her. She was just nervous and wanted to do something. Brightlights would have understood.

She could take a drink—a long, stiff drink. She did and it made her feel better. She hoped she wouldn't get cockeyed at the funeral. Dido Anderson's girl got drunk at his funeral. It was disgusting.

She heard footsteps. Hurriedly she arranged the pillows around her on the divan and lay back. She hoped her face was pale. She felt she wasn't posing. A girl had to look out for herself. The door opened and someone walked toward her. She half opened her eyes. It was Marty Long. He stood a few feet in front of her, his hands in his trousers pockets, feet spread apart. He was eying her approvingly.

"Honey, you sure are a knock-out in the black trimmings," he said, grinning. "Blondes can do it better'n brunettes, anyway."

She sat up stiffly. Of all the nerve! And with Brightlights dead in the next room. But Marty was a good guy, at that. Just crude. And she was broad-minded. She was glad he had noticed her dress. Marty sat down beside her.

"Just thought I'd drop in to tell you I'm still for you pretty strong," he said, "and I thought maybe I could help you get straightened around."

She nodded. She would need some help. Brightlights' affairs would be in bad shape and Marty could help. He was the leader of the West Side crowd and had been friendly with Brightlights' boys for months.

"Joey Dyers owed Brightlights eight grand," Marty asserted. "It was borrowed money. He won't want to pay." He smiled and tapped his coat pocket significantly. "He will pay, babe. Everybody's gonna pay you what they owe you, honey."

Marty would be a big help. There would be so many guys like Joey Dyers who wouldn't pay if they weren't forced to.

"Brightlights was with my boys when we hung Leo Drake's on our rods," Marty went on. "I'll kick you two-fifty." Leo Drake had lost five thousand cases of prewar. She wondered how much more than the two thousand five hundred that Marty was going to "kick her" had been Brightlights' end. She would find that out later—from somebody else.

Now she smiled and thanked him.

"You knew, of course, that Brightlights was in Little Max for twenty grand," he said.

She shook her head and looked up, interested.

"Little Max's funeral pool?" she inquired. He nodded. That would help, she told him.

Little Max was a professional gambler and underworld fixer. Lately he had gone into the insurance business. Actually Little Max was just gambling with the boys on the length of time they would live.

It started when Lefty Dion O'Brien got his. Lefty was a big North Side hoodlum. Always in the heavy money, but always broke. He had a mother and a kid sister he was crazy about, and like most of the boys, he worried a lot about leaving them broke when it came his time to take the hurdles. So one day he dropped in at Little Max's cigar store.

"Listen, Max," he said, laying down two one-thousand-dollar bills; "I'm puttin' two grand on the line, see? If I live six months, you feed my two grand to your blond sweets. If I croak within six months you pay twenty grand to my old lady. Right?"

That started it. And a couple of weeks later three swarthy gentlemen walked into the pool cave where Lefty hung out and put it on him for keeps. Little Max, on the day of the funeral, dropped twenty grand into Lefty's old lady's lap. Good idea, that. The old-line insurance companies won't touch a gangster with a ten-foot pole. And Lloyds would sooner bet that Vesuvius starts spouting whipped cream than bet that a Chicago torpedo will live twenty-four hours.

So Little Max supplied a long-needed want, and he cleaned up. His rates were a little high, maybe. One

grand would give one of the boys insurance for ten thousand dollars for six months. Two grand would insure him for twenty thousand, and so on. The sky was the limit as far as the amount of money was concerned, but Little Max wouldn't insure anybody for a longer period than six months.

"Did a boy live a year in this bum town, he'd get jammed and Johnny Law would hang him," was his argument. And sound too.

But the point is, a red-hot, even a torpedo, could get some insurance to leave his folks when his time came.

Marie was glad to know about the funeral pool she would draw down from Little Max.

She started to whimper a little when she thought of Brightlights dropping two grand so that she could have something when he left. He had been so good to her. Marty patted her shoulder and tried to console her.

"Brightlights was a good little guy," he said; "too good a guy to get the tough break he got." She nodded agreement. It was a tough break. "What a hell of a cheap way to pass out," he said. There was a trace of a sneer in his voice.

She flared up.

"What was so cheap about it?" she demanded to know.

Marty patted her hand. "There, there, babe," he said soothingly.

But, purposely or not, he kept talking about it, and she noticed the sneer in his voice. He sounded like a newspaper headline.

"Brightlights Baker—alky boss of the North Side—ace diamond thief—fast torpedo croaks like a Clark Street bum."

She jumped to her feet and struck at him. Her face was flushed. She was mad clean through. He caught her arms and held her, grinning all the time.

"You're pretty when you're hot, babe," he said. His voice was a caress. She calmed down. She had been a fool. Marty was her friend. He was just crude—a big yokel who somehow had eased into the heavy money and who didn't know how to act.

"Let's me and you don't start heavin' things at each other, babe," he pleaded. "I didn't mean no harm—didn't mean to insult you or Brightlights. And after all, babe, you've got to admit he did pick a cheap way to slam off."

She hadn't thought about it that way. She had been worried so for so many months. For months she had been expecting them to take Brightlights the way all the other mob leaders had gone. She knew he had to go sometime and it was such a relief to know that he hadn't been sprinkled with bullets.

"Listen, Max," He Said, "I'm Puttin' Two Grand on the Line, See?"

The idea Marty put in her head stuck. Maybe it was a cheap way for a guy like Brightlights to go. Certainly there was no drama in the way he died—no drama, no action.

"You've got to admit he picked a pretty cheap way," Marty repeated.

She nodded slowly. She felt ashamed—ashamed of Brightlights.

"Yeah, he died like a Clark Street bum," she admitted. She felt she had to defend Brightlights. "It wasn't much cheaper than being slugged by some lousy cop," she insisted. He agreed to that.

She remembered a lot of times when Brightlights had talked of death.

"When I go out I go out fast, see?" he had told her. "I'm the kind of a guy that goes out with his heat in his hands, fogging away."

She had always pictured him going that way—his guns in his hands, shooting at either rival gangsters or police.

They had talked about it a lot. He had looked forward to death sort of casually. Well, why shouldn't he? He dealt in it every day. Dealing in death, he had climbed to the top in the racket. It took a guy who wasn't afraid to use his heat to succeed such men as Lefty Dion O'Brien, Schemer Vermilion, Doggie Day and Dido Anderson. They had all gone out like Brightlights had expected to go—heat out and fogging away. So why shouldn't Brightlights look forward casually to his time?

"No four-flush about me, sweets," he had told her. "I don't drag my heat without I mean business. When I do drag 'em I shoot for meat." He had smiled at her a little boastfully, a little tenderly. "Some day my heat'll jam. When they do, you can hunt another daddy."

He had sort of looked forward to it. She realized that now. He knew it was sure to come and he had looked forward to it as part of his due. It was due him to go out dramatically.

She smiled a little ruefully. He was in there now—dead. And he had gone out like a Clark Street bum. She was awfully sorry for him. Poor old Brightlights!

Marty was scribbling something on a piece of paper. He handed it to her. It was a telephone number. She might have known. Long before she married Brightlights, Marty had wanted her. She looked at the scrap of paper and then at him steadily.

"Aren't you going to give me time to bury my husband before you try to date me, Marty?" she said coldly.

He fidgeted a little, seemed nervous. Then he got a grip on himself.

"No offense, babe," he said easily, "and you've got sense enough to know I didn't mean any harm." He went on, talking fast now: "You and me are broad-minded. We're sensible. Got to be sensible to live at this racket. No cockeyed sentiment for you and me." He smiled, a

(Continued on Page 98)

"Honey, You Sure are a Knock-Out in the Black Trimmings," He Said, Grinning. "Blondes Can Do It Better'n Brunettes, Anyway"

THE POPULAR PROVERBS OF BARON O-NO

By BERNARD DEVOTO

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

He Made Another Reasonable Suggestion: "Or I Could Get Some Ice and Rub Your Temples?"

IT WAS a little more than halfway through our senior year that Foster Steele became engaged to Elinor Stephenson. Elinor had swept through the Boston season, through dances and balls and receptions, like the perfume of strange spiced lands, like a breeze fragrant with flowers and summer warmth unbelievably venturing where the ice was still unbroken on the bays. Even today I can no more forget the blond perfection of her than I can forget the dazed, the almost stupefied wonder in Foster's grave and honest eyes. Well, it was incredible enough to us, too—to me at least—but for a quite different reason. Foster could not understand the gracious fortune that had bidden Elinor choose him. I could—I respected the girl's intelligence. I couldn't understand how Foster Steele of Salem could tolerate her.

There was considerable speculation when Elinor made her decision. We had been expecting Ted Chalmers, who signed himself Theodore Chalmers III, to finish in the lead, but Elinor upset our calculations. We talked so much about that dénouement that we forgot entirely about Faith Bannister. Faith had merely grown up with Foster; she hadn't bewitched him. The idea of Faith's bewitching anyone would have seemed comic.

But Baron O-No suddenly remembered her. That was at the Baldwins' dance, when nearly a whole floor of a Back Bay hotel was noisy with jazz, impeccable Harvard men being rowdy, and the season's version of social merriment. But a few minutes before Baron O-No remembered Faith, Foster himself ran into her. Foster had just relinquished his fiancée to Ted Chalmers. And as it was midnight or later, Ted was wearing a crepe-paper decoration and blowing a bazoo. Elinor's eyes were cordial when he tapped Foster's shoulder. She had never told Foster that he was too stuff, or too much in love with her, but I had been afraid several times she was going to. She understood Chalmers better; she moved into his arms, and, singing, out on the floor; for part of the evening, at least, she was going to have a good time. And Foster, not knowing precisely what it was that wearied him a little, stepped hastily into the first alcove at hand. It happened to have Faith in it. And unaware as Foster was of all external phenomena, he did manage to perceive that she was crying.

Now Foster, who was the better part of Salem, and Faith, who was the whole of Boston, had known each other all her life and all but a year or so of his. Boston and Salem meet in a summer armistice at Marblehead, and summer had meant, for each of them, the other one. That fact seemed to give him privileges, and besides, he was aware of the obligations conferred by Harvard. So he sat down beside the tall, shingled, athletic girl whom he had often half drowned off the back beach and gave her a handkerchief.

Then he said, "Do you feel you need a little cold air, Faith?"

Faith took the handkerchief, used it, turned her back toward him and said nothing. Foster observed her shoulders. Whether he noted that he could observe as much less of them than fashion sanctioned as all the world could observe more than fashion sanctioned of Elinor's I don't know. But he did see that they were shaking. So he made another reasonable suggestion.

"Or I could get some ice and rub your temples?"

Faith now joined her knees to the antipathy. I mean, she curled her legs under her on the divan and so faced altogether away from him. Patiently enough, Foster tried a third remedy:

"Perhaps you want to go home. I could get your wraps and a taxi in no time at all."

Here Faith's feet struck the floor at once. If any of the sorrow that had provoked her tears was left, her present rage dissipated it at once.

"Foster Steele," she accused him, "I believe you think I'm jingled."

He argued. Foster, unhappily, thought that everyone should be reasonable. "Well, you were crying," he pointed out.

"I wasn't. Besides, does that mean I'd drunk too much?"

"Doesn't it?"

"I'm not a college man," she said. That, however, would be lost on Foster. "All right, I was crying. I wasn't looking for a shoulder, Foster, or cracked ice, either. I was crying because he's so darned beautiful."

"He?" Foster had good reason to be confused by the pronoun.

"I said he. I meant Theodore Chalmers III. He looks like a Grecian statue dug up in the garden of a Roman patrician. Oh, I mean after it's been cleansed, Foster—I wouldn't imply anything soiled. He looks like a Roman patrician who would own a Greek statue. I mean a perfectly swell patrician."

"Yes," Foster admitted honestly, "he's good-looking."

Faith, here, must have given him one of her rare sardonic glances. Anyway she said "Of course" and then added: "And he brought me to this dance because he's had dinner at our house and visited the Baldwins at Prides Crossing. And if you don't get out of my alcove, I'm very likely to push you out and create a disturbance."

This was all very puzzling to a reasonable young man. Foster had known Faith long enough to know that she probably meant what she said; and so, even though he hadn't found out what was the matter, he backed through

the curtains and left her. I saw him not long afterward, dancing with Elinor, and the rapt worship in his eyes made me almost reconciled. I wanted to cry, "All right, marry her. She'll raise hell with all your plans, but maybe this is worth it." For let me repeat, Elinor had that loveliness that one remembers all one's life. But who would have thought that Foster Steele would choose to remember loveliness?

It could have been only a few minutes after Foster's departure that Baron O-No left the Occidental gymnastic of the fox trot for a moment and entered Faith's alcove. A word about O-No. Whether they have barons in Japan I've never known; but once, during freshman year, O-No got into a scrape and the consul wired to Washington and three-quarters of the Japanese legation were in Cambridge the next morning. Dick Mason, who was in the same scrape and hadn't sobered up yet, immediately christened him O-No, to symbolize modesty, and prefixed the title from conviction. We never again recurred to the syllabic rhythms of his name, and O-No didn't mind. Going up from school, Foster Steele and Dick Mason and I had applied for a suite in the freshman halls. Arriving at Cambridge, we had been appalled to discover that the impersonal Harvard regulations had assigned us a suite for four together with a Japanese roommate. Life was bitter, but the regulations were immutable—and before the year was out he was our best friend. We had roomed together ever since.

We were friends, that is, so far as one could be with this inscrutable Japanese, who, though no older than we were, always made us feel rowdy and young and simple. You could see into O-No just about as far as you could see into a steel rail. But the outside was very charming. He was wholly American in the national qualities he admired—in efficiency, in sportsmanship, in humor. He was Japanese in decorum and courtliness, and he was in everything else what even we recognized to be cosmopolitan. He got better grades than Foster. He trounced me at tennis and wrestling and with the foils. His stomach was stronger than Dick's. His bank account seemed inexhaustible and was always at our service. The prints and silks and ivories with which for four years he filled our apartments were, even to our eyes, magnificent.

O-No had trained his official worriers to leave him absolutely alone in Cambridge, though they summoned him to mysterious meetings from which he returned uncommunicative and opulent. But as soon as he branched out into Boston social affairs, which were voracious for barons, he could not escape espionage. There was likely to be a stout Caucasian in the sort of evening clothes that police forces believe modish, who wandered about unhappily and could be seen looking at O-No. Possibly there was a fear that Black Handers might kidnap him from a Beacon Hill drawing-room or that an anti-Oriental demonstration might break out in a Back Bay ballroom and affront a baron of the realm. The custodian always left early; O-No realized that the salaries of detectives are small and vulnerable.

It may have been to ponder about such a chaperon that O-No stepped into the alcove. More likely, it was to take a few minutes for philosophic reflection. O-No had mastered dancing in the same spirit that made him master calculus, the discourse of taxi drivers and how to mix a cocktail. It was a phase of American culture that provoked his curiosity. But he preferred to let others dance while he observed them. At any rate, he did step through the curtains, and, of course, recognized Faith, whom he had known for four years.

His eyes would immediately inform him that she had been distressed. One of the differences between O-No and Foster was that O-No could not possibly let such an observation be known. He bowed and joined her. The Baldwins had distributed flowers about the hotel, and a vase of them stood on the table at the end of the divan. O-No may have found an omen in their being Japanese flowers. He took a long stalk of gladiolus from the vase and bowed to Faith again, the deep ceremonious bow that never seemed ridiculous in him.

"I give you this flower, Miss Bannister," he said. One can fancy the soft rustle of the *s*'s. That was about all, except the purity of his diction, that distinguished O-No's English from our own.

Faith accepted the gladiolus and, because she was Faith, asked gravely, "What am I to do with it, O-No?"

"I may sit beside you? Oh, you are an American girl, Miss Bannister. You should now pick it to little shreds."

Faith was the only girl I knew who wasn't a little flustered by O-No. Most women laughed too vivaciously or spoke too infrequently when he was around. They liked O-No, but they were afraid of his detachment. Faith held the long stalk for a moment, then replaced it in the vase.

"Then I'll put it back," she said. "But I shall remember that you gave it to me."

It was now that he asked her to dance with him. Faith declined. And at once she concluded that she had offended him, for he stood up and bowed again; and Faith, being already upset, betrayed an emotion that she would otherwise have concealed.

"Don't go. I'm not refusing you, O-No. I've just decided that I'm done with dancing for good. If anybody but you had asked me, I'd probably have screamed and either fainted or assaulted him with that vase."

O-No recognized the exaggeration of American humor. But he recognized something more as well—something that Foster wouldn't have been aware of.

"It is a pity you should not dance," he said, accepting her word literally. "You do not twist and swing and holler. It is not a simian exercise with you, Miss Bannister, but a graceful one. You dance as if it were a joy."

"Well," Faith said, "it isn't."

Her grievance came upon her again and she sat staring at the curtains, forgetting O-No, while he remembered Faith. He remembered, I am sure, that Faith and Foster had grown up together. He remembered that I, who was Foster's best friend, had taken it for granted that they would grow old together. He certainly remembered how all that we knew was gracious and fine in our Salem roommate—for whom our affection was part admiration and part pity and altogether respect—had seemed associated with those summers at Marblehead. He remembered that here was the quiet, the long purpose promised such a man as Foster must become. Also, he remembered Elinor Stephenson, who was so beautiful that your heart was wrung and who had been expected to marry Ted Chalmers III as inevitably as a saxophone goes with a jazz band.

Meanwhile Faith's emotions did not subside. She told me, much later, that for some reason she did not understand

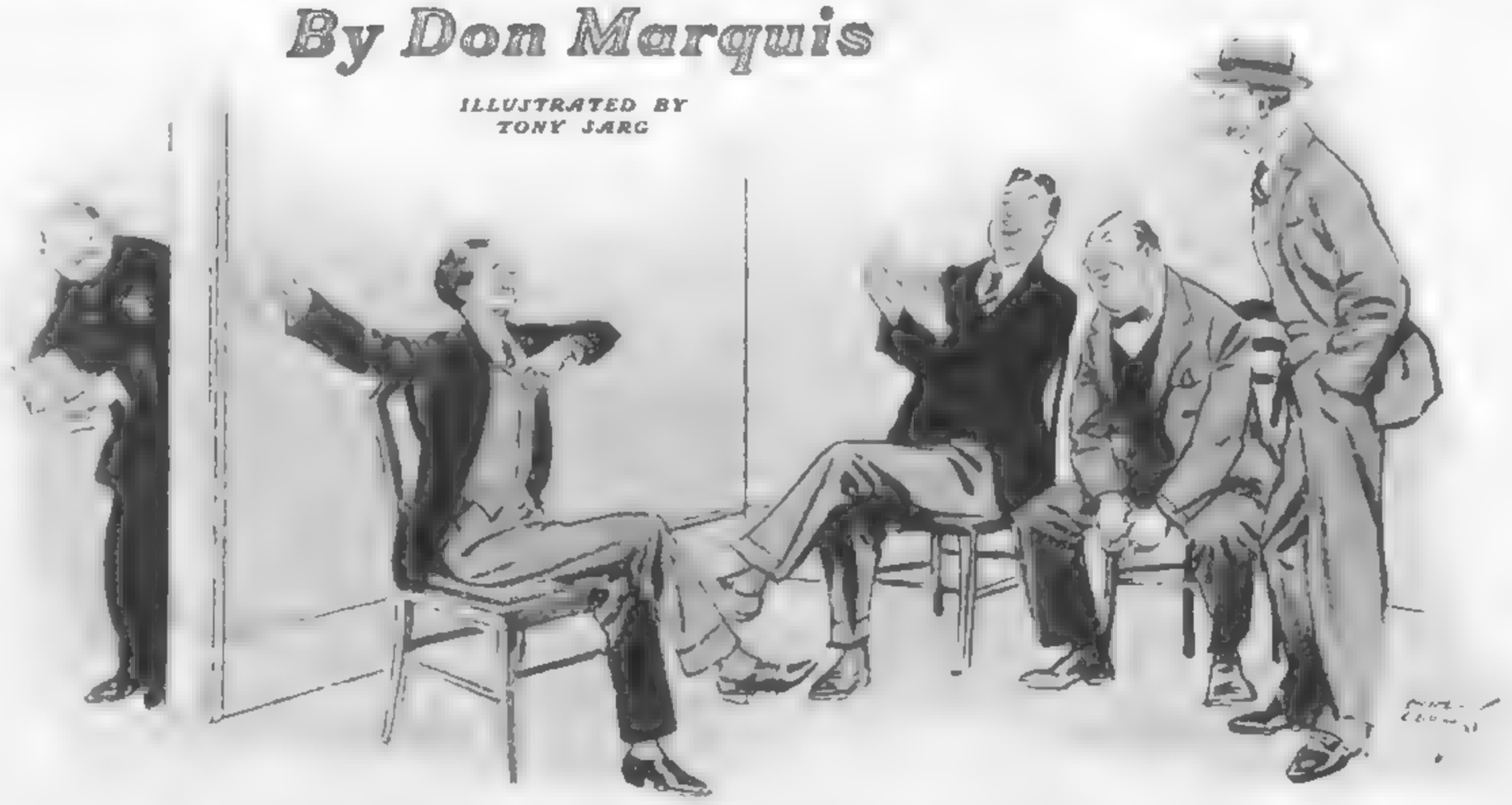
(Continued on Page 161)

Theodore Chalmers III—Oh, Quite Steady on His Feet—Again Breezed Up and Tapped Foster on the Shoulder

AS CROOK SEES CROOK

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



He Began to Brag After While; He Strutted His Stuff to a Continuous Hand of Applause

I CANNOT pretend to any knowledge of criminology as a science. But it happens that about a dozen years ago I did become acquainted with eighteen or twenty professional criminals in New York City, and that one of them, who was a very interesting and intelligent man, I got to know quite well indeed.

All of the men were old offenders. There was not one of them that had not served at least two prison sentences; several had four or five terms to their discredit. Most of them, under New York's present severe Baumes laws, would be eligible for life imprisonment—indeed, some of them may be in for life now, for all I know. I think that the lively fear of severe punishment will do more toward getting rid of a certain type of professional crook than any amount of effort toward his moral regeneration. I am not speaking here of circumstances and social conditions which made him a crook in the first place. I mean that the crook who has already been made, however he may have been made, and who has been in the business some years, will frequently be deterred by the dread of a tremendous jolt, when no amount of the uplift stuff will touch him.

The manner in which I got acquainted with these professional criminals was very simple and not at all mysterious. It was through a person whom I shall call Jim, although I did not meet Jim himself until after I had seen a dozen of his friends.

Jim was doing time for forgery in a penitentiary in New York State. One day he saw some verses of mine which he liked in a New York paper in which I was conducting a column, and he wrote me. A correspondence began which revealed Jim to be a very intelligent fellow. Perhaps I was the more inclined to think so because he had liked my verses. Jim wrote verse himself, and I think some of it is rather good. I printed a number of his poems in my column at different times, and at the beginning our correspondence was chiefly literary; then it became more general, and finally included nearly every topic on earth.

Some Friends of Jim's Drop In

ONE day, after I had been writing to Jim for four or five months, and at least a year before I ever saw him, a little squat fellow with a cast in one eye penetrated to my office in the newspaper building and introduced himself with a somewhat deprecating air.

"Friend of Jim's," he said apologetically.

He spoke in a kind of hoarse murmur out of the right corner of his mouth, without implicating the left side of his face in the transaction. I was at once interested in this peculiarity and asked him to sit down. He sat, and our relative positions having changed, he now addressed me from the left corner of his mouth without involving the right side of his face.

"Jim told me to see you as soon as I hit the big town," he said.

"Fine," I told him, "but before we get any further, please tell me this: Is your way of speaking a natural gift, or something you have learned by practice?"

Elmer—to call this one so—appeared surprised that I should have noticed anything unusual.

"Just a habit," he said, speaking straight ahead at me this time, as if to demonstrate that he could. Then Elmer explained to me that convicts frequently acquired this technic so that they might communicate without discovery by their guards, and it had become second nature to him.

After Elmer came the deluge—at least a dozen more in the next year; very diverse individuals, but all friends of Jim's and all from the same prison. They were most of them confidence men of various types; several were forgers; there were only four or five who had gone in for housebreaking or for holdups as a habitual thing. They belonged, generally speaking, to the type of slick crook who lives by his wits rather than in the more desperate category of the strong-arm brotherhoods. All represented themselves as being determined to go straight from then on. Being but newly released when they came to see me, I have no doubt that they were really feeling that way about it at the time. My friend Jim, when he got out, really did go straight, and he prospered. I think nearly all the others got back into the business, if not back into prison.

I took Elmer, the first one, over to the old Press Club at the corner of Spruce and William streets, introduced him as a newspaperman from Chicago, and blew him to a few drinks and his luncheon. I used to take all of them there, or to a gin mill across the street from the newspaper building where I worked, and develop the acquaintance, for I was naturally curious about them. I never told any of my more reputable friends they were crooks, and they, for their part, were always on the square with me, never attempting to gyp any of my friends. My acquaintance was, in fact, purely social, in the narrower sense of the word. They knew I was not investigating criminal problems. I never tried to have the slightest influence upon them in a moral or reformative way. I was not interested in getting up a case either for or against any theory of prison reform. I was not a professing sociologist. I was connected with no institution of any sort. I was making no report with regard to enforcement or modification or enactment of laws. I was interested in each one of them—when I became interested at all, for some of them were not really interesting—merely as a separate human individual who had had experiences unfamiliar to me.

He Spoke in a Kind of Hoarse Murmur Out of the Right Corner of His Mouth

As Each Man Sees His Handicraft

AND they were interested in me as an individual. They were not forever asking me how I happened to find myself in such a dubious occupation as the newspaper business, and I was not forever asking them how they happened to be crooks. We were as apt to discuss baseball, politics, shows, odd people we had met here and there, the eternal subject of women, as we were the life and peculiar problems of the criminal. Nevertheless, I could hardly help getting a slant on the criminal point of view—if there can be said to be a criminal point of view as distinct from a human point of view. I think, because of the character of my association with them and because I thought of each one of them merely as a human being, that they were on the level with me when they did now and then speak of what the professional criminal thinks of his own game. Or as much on the level as any man broker, actor, grocer, writer, contractor, doctor—can be, when he is confronted by the temptation of talking about his work to a person to whom it is obviously interesting.

It is the gist of numerous conversations with Jim that I remember best—a man who lived a criminal life from the age of eighteen to the age of forty, and then turned straight and stayed straight. Jim could look at criminals and their experiences from the inside; he could also look at them, in a measure, from the outside. During his final prison experience he had thought a good deal—thought about his own life and organized society in general, and his relation to it. And he had tried to formulate for himself some sort of philosophy. He told me, several years after his release, when he was doing well and succeeding, in effect: "I'm no more moral than I ever

was, but I think I've got a little more sense. Or maybe morality and intelligence are the same thing. I don't know. Anyhow, I've learned one thing—that there is some satisfaction in the jack you really earn. I suppose, even if I were one of the respectable crooks who never break the law or get found out or get pinched, I'd still think there was less satisfaction in the jack you don't earn. Maybe I would never have realized that if I hadn't been found out and hadn't gone through the mill; maybe it had to be hammered into me. It may be that I'm glad of the chance to go straight simply because I've lost the nerve to be a crook any longer. A person never knows about himself."

I asked Jim, one day after he was newly released: "What gets 'em into it?"

"At the bottom, laziness," he answered without hesitation. "They'll all squeal they never had a chance to go straight. And it's true that some of them—a good many of them, in fact—aren't much to be blamed, considering the conditions they were born into, and things they saw around them, and what they were up against as kids. But even at that, I think the fundamental thing with most crooks is laziness—laziness and vanity. They get to thinking they are clever as hell after while, because they don't have to work. They get to thinking that anybody's a boob who does work, if he's clever enough to make money by being a crook. For instance, those friends of mine you've been treating like white men the last year think you're a boob, most of them."

"They do?" I said. For they had politely concealed it from me.

"Sure," he said. "Two or three of them have told me what a boob you are not to make your fortune, with the chance you've got. A couple of them have even figured out ways for you to do it. It would make you laugh. They seem to like you; some of them are absolutely sentimental about you. And so they'd like to do something nice for you. They'd like to show you how to be a crook instead of a boob. Can you beat it? It never gets through their thick skulls what boobs they are themselves. There isn't one old crook out of ten who ever really learns what a sucker he is."

The Third Degree of Flattery

A FEW days after this Jim brought in to see me an antique crook about eighty years old, a relic of a past generation of iniquity, entirely unregenerate, and proud of his professional triumphs of a former era. He looked like any nice old gentleman of eighty, however, and the three of us went out to luncheon together. After a highball, the aged gonoph conceived a great regard for me and announced that he was going to make my fortune—he was going to show me how to cheat at poker. I protested that I didn't really wish to acquire that accomplishment, but he sent the waiter for a pack of cards.

"Look," he said, beginning his demonstration—but his hands were slow, his fingers had become feeble, and their joints were knotted and clumsy. He was chagrined at his own ineptitude.

"He used to be a good crook," said Jim, to flatter the old man's vanity.

"Now I've got it. Look at this," said the aged one, brightening up. But again something went wrong.

And while Jim and I talked of other things, he continued to run the cards, always clumsily, and with a growing realization that his day was over.

"He was really clever once," Jim would break off to say from time to time, as the old man's infirm hands stumbled and wavered among the cards.

Finally the aged unregenerate laid his unreverend white head down upon the tablecloth and frankly gave way to tears.

"The poor old fish was a good crook in his day, but he's lost his grip," said Jim sympathetically, looking at him. And he added, a few minutes later, when the aged one lapsed from tears to slumber: "If you could think of something nice to say to him when he wakes up, he'd be happy for a week."

So I congratulated this father in iniquity upon his cleverness with the cards when he awoke, and he smiled, forgetting his failure. As Jim pointed out, the typical vanity of the crook was so strong in him that it amounted almost to idiocy.

All the crooks I got acquainted with were full of this vanity. They liked to tell tales of their cleverness. This

"Now You Can Start That Shack," He Said

well-nigh universal trait in the criminal character often leads directly to the crook's conviction. The New York police department, I was told recently by one of its most important officials, habitually plays upon the crook's vanity in order to piece out his full story. If the crook feels that he is admired, that he is surrounded by an audience that appreciates his cleverness to the full, he finds it hard to keep his mouth shut; he is apt to spill everything. The famous third degree that we have heard so much about in fiction and on the stage, and occasionally in newspaper reports, really consists in playing upon the crook's vanity, in kidding him along, rather than in the employment of force, as far as the New York police department is concerned; so I was told by the official already mentioned. There are scores of variations in method. I shall outline one somewhat elaborate dodge that was employed not long ago in getting information concerning a sensational robbery where the loot was uncut gems.

The police had one of the gang in custody, a fellow who had acted as lookout, and who could, they believed, give them explicit information with regard to the workings and records of the whole mob, which was a cunning, well organized, desperate and murderous outfit. The detectives began to admire the fellow they had; they deliberately swelled his head. A couple of them would take him out to a meal at a restaurant near headquarters; presently two or three more would drop in, as if by accident, and be asked to join the party.

"Pete, sit down and get acquainted with the slickest worker the department has turned up in twenty years," one of the crook's immediate custodians would say to one of the newcomers. "He's made every police department in Europe and America look like boobs."

And Pete and his friends would sit and admire. There would be more admiration parties in the crook's cell and exclamations of astonishment at his cleverness which he was carefully allowed to overhear.

There were admiration parties in the offices of various chatty officials. There was a continual symposium of wonder and delight for twenty-four hours, with this crook at the center of it. No doubt he had started out with the fixed determination to say nothing of importance. No doubt he never did quite realize that he was saying anything pertinent to the particular crime for complicity in which he was being held. But he began to expand under the flattery and talk generally of criminal methods to these appreciative experts. He had always felt that he was unusually gifted as a lawbreaker, and here were critics wise in all the minutiæ of his art who confirmed his opinion of himself. He began to brag after while; he strutted his stuff to a continuous hand of applause; he was led to believe that if there were only three more crooks as smart as himself in the world the combined peace officers of the two hemispheres would be quite helpless. This hero, in short, let loose everything necessary to lag the whole mob; in the end the difficulty was to get him to stop talking. Later, when he realized what a boob he had made of himself, his simple heart broke in his bosom.

Initiated Into the Night Riders

I HAD a personal experience with regard to what unsparing flattery will do toward unsealing the lips, one time. It was about twenty years ago, and I had been going about through the tobacco country of Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee getting some stories about the night riders who were raising the deuce generally there. I had a pretty good yarn, but there were still some details which I thought might make it more interesting. So I got hold of a young night rider who had been wounded in an attempted raid on Clarksville, Tennessee, in which his brother had been killed, and began to admire him. I admired him steadily all one afternoon and evening, and he finally gave me a detailed account of all the inside stuff, including the secret signs, passwords and ritual of the order, and all the rest of the elaborate silly business. He even insisted on telling me about his sensations when he was one of a little group of serious thinkers who had shot about three pints of bicycle ball bearings from their automatic shotguns into the person of a gentleman who was opposed to their economic and industrial convictions. He knew I was a reporter; he didn't even ask me not to print it. The violator of the law is usually a sensationalist of one

(Continued on Page 116

My Intentions Were Frankly and Fervently Homicidal

The World's Shortest Love Affair

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

THIS was one of those spring evenings that cause all the trouble—heady and vaguely stirring, with a little wine in the air—the kind of evening when all bets are off, when anything might happen. The kind of evening, to put it another way, that one reads about in love stories like this.

In the rear of the Sunnyland Radio Shop on Hollywood Boulevard this particular evening, Old Man Wehman, the trouble hunter, was endeavoring to persuade young Herbie Gilbert, his assistant, not to marry Miss Greta Garbo.

Herbie, now, was just the lad to be affected by one of these evenings. A pale and slender sapling he was, scarcely twenty-one, with large solemn eyes and dank black hair which he allowed to grow a trifle too long on top, though there was none who could say that he did not keep it revoltingly well oiled and slicked. He wasn't unattractive; he wasn't attractive; and about him there was nothing to mark him out from other assistant trouble hunters save his eyes, which were filled with yachts and grand ballrooms and ermine wraps.

And, as Old Man Wehman explained, he had nothing personal against Miss Garbo at all. It was just that he didn't honestly feel that such an alliance was wise. For one thing, he pointed out, he couldn't see how young Herbie was ever going to meet her, which was certainly very necessary. During his ten years as a radio-repair man, Mr. Wehman stated, he'd been in the homes of perhaps fifty stars and no end of featured players, and in not one case had this contact ripened into a strong friendship, much less marriage. He could not see how Herbie had any reason to look for better success.

The thwarted lover blinked nervously and looked out of the window into the treacherous spring night, and from down the street, faint and alluring with distance, came the thin strains of a jazz band muffled in some gilded palace farther along the boulevard. He listened to the throb of the bass drum beating time for silver slippers and patent-leather pumps, slipping along a gleaming yellow floor, while the old gentleman disparaged the attractiveness of wealth and beauty and fame.

"I been intendin' to say somethin' about this a long time now," he was saying. "I seen the way you was gettin' started when you was pastin' up them pictures there."

Herbie turned his mournful eyes on the pictures. They were arrayed in a lovely gallery on the wall above his workbench post-card portraits of Miss Garbo, of Miss Dolores del Rio, Miss Norma Talmadge, Miss Mary Astor, Miss Gloria Swanson, Miss Renée Adoree, Miss Greta Nissen, Miss Vilma Banky, Miss Yvonne Du Val.

"You orta give 'em all up," Mr. Wehman counseled—"every last one of 'em, because you ain't gonna git anywhere wastin' all your time thinkin' about actresses."

As to that, the young man was not prepared to say. The world was a great place, he reflected, and many strange things happened in it. A month ago, for instance, an Opelika, Alabama, cow had given birth to a five-legged calf. The papers were only recently reporting a three-year-old child who smoked a cigar every morning. There were authentic Siamese twins everywhere, most of them playing saxophones. An egg bearing Al Smith's initials had been laid by a Minnesota hen. If such extraordinary things as these could happen, why should it be so completely without the bounds of possibility that he might—well, meet and know anyway, if not marry, a great and beautiful princess? Would that be any more astounding than a five-legged calf from Opelika, Alabama, or a three-year-old child who smoked a big black cheroot every morning? He did not think so.

Just Like Her Picture, Miss Du Val Appeared at the Door

"I know what you're thinkin'. I know how all you boys are. You think because you're in Hollywood, and near 'em, you gonna kinda mix in with 'em maybe. Well, I wanta tell you, boy, I been with 'em. I seen 'em close at hand. I been right in their rooms with 'em. Two weeks ago I was up to Doug's fixin' his short-wave converter, right in the same room with Mary Pickford, and what happened?"

Herbie looked at him with some interest. "What?" he asked.

"Nothin'!" the old man replied triumphantly. "Not a thing! So you see how it is. There I was, right in the same room with Mary Pickford, and what happened?"

"What?" he asked again, a little confused by the repetition of the question.

"Not a thing! Not a thing at all! So you see?"

Herbie blinked at him twice and then looked again out of the window. It was no night, he felt, for reasoning out matters like this logically. Old Man Wehman's talk was beginning to irritate him. What right had he to state so positively that he might never wear patent-leather pumps and dance with the silver slippers of Miss Bebe Daniels in a gilded palace? On a night like this it seemed very probable; on a night like this, in fact, Leander swam the Hellespont—and died—for love.

On a night like this, he mused on, a man might swing around the moon and gather all the stars in the heavens in his hands. He might string them on a thousand moonbeams and place them around the necks of a thousand girls. He might sail dragons over the mountains and then sing soft songs under a big yellow moon until all the blondes in the world knelt at his feet, their hair a golden sea. There were no limits, in fact, to what a man could do on a night like this.

He became conscious then that Mr. Wehman had abandoned, for the moment, his derogatory discourse and was now concerned with the merits of a young woman whose name Herbie did not catch. The Old Man was pointing out the ineffable advantages of an alliance with her over the fruitless and heartbreaking conquest of one of these beauties pasted on the wall. Though poor and without fame, he explained, she was a paragon; in fact, he added, she was his own niece, and in her veins and arteries flowed, of course, the blood of the Wehmans.

"The way I look at it," he said, "there's a girl you'd be lucky to be goin' around with. That's the kind you orta be lookin' for, and not one of these actresses that even if they met you they would be too good for you."

Herbie sighed. The man was offering him a peony when it was orchids that he craved—orchids tied with a purple ribbon.

"And I don't mind tellin' you she ain't got a fella, and wouldn't mind havin' one," Mr. Wehman continued. "She ain't no star, I grant you; but we can't all be stars, you know." He reflected on this philosophical gem and considered it worthy of repetition. "No, sir, we can't all be stars."

Herbie listened indifferently.

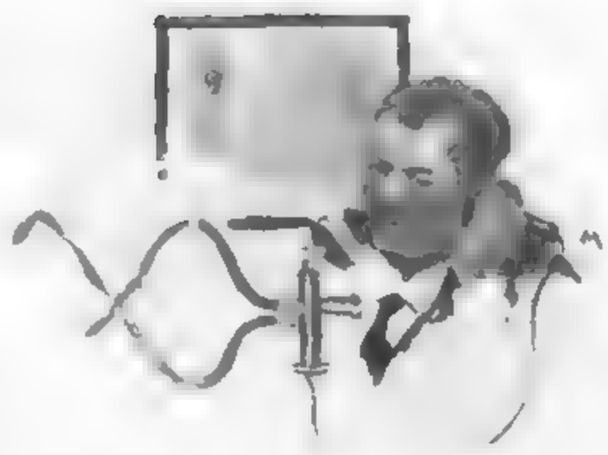
"I told her about you and she said, yes, bring him around and we'd see what happened. I didn't tell her you was one of them dizzy kind of guys, always thinkin' maybe you'd be better than you was, with movin'-picture actresses and ——"

The telephone had rung, and he stopped and reached for the receiver. Herbie dropped his feet from the window sill; this would be radio trouble, one of the calls of distress for which they waited on duty each evening.

"Hello! Hello! Sunnyland Radio Shop. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . What's the address? . . . Oh, yes, Miss Du Val's, on Wilshire. . . . Yes, ma'am, I know. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . We'll be up right away, 'bout fifteen minutes. . . . No, ma'am, no trouble at all. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . Yes, ma'am. . . . Good-by."

At the name, Herbie had straightened up, his large eyes shining with excitement.

"Was that Yvonne Du Val?" he demanded.



"Hello! Hello! Sunnyland Radio Shop. . . . Yes, Ma'am. . . ."

Old Man Wehman did not reply immediately. He was checking up on the tools in his repair kit.

"Git about half a dozen power tubes—sixes," he said. "Git eight."

"Was that Yvonne Du Val?"

"Who else?"

He walked out, the kit slung from his shoulder, and Herbie, quivering suddenly, got the tubes into his bag and ran after him.

Mr. Wehman drove the flivver. Eyes to the front, he took advantage of the trip to deliver another mild lecture. Herbie wasn't to try and talk with 'em He was just to remember he was a helper and help. When customers call you, they didn't call you for a dance; they called you to fix the radio and that's all. He hoped Herbie wouldn't forget this.

Herbie listened and looked up at the stars. Nothing would ever happen, of course; he was a sap to think anything might; he'd just see her and she'd see him. It came to him at that moment that he'd been wrong when he'd thought of Miss Garbo as his ideal; it was Miss Du Val he should have thought of, because she was, he suddenly felt, the only one. But nothing would happen. He'd just see her and she'd see him; only perhaps she'd see in his eyes what he could never say with his lips, and realize —

The flivver stopped and Mr. Wehman, still mumbling admonitions, hauled his kit out and started up the front steps. Taking a deep breath and pausing to straighten his hair with a pocket comb, Herbie followed, still trembling a little.

The door was open, and from beyond the hall came music and laughter—a happy, noisy party. Glasses clinked. A girl laughed. Old Man Wehman stepped inside tentatively, Herbie at his heels. They looked around for a bell or a knocker, and just then she appeared.

Just like her picture, Miss Du Val appeared at the door from the room at the side and leaned against the wall. Just the merest trifle disheveled, as though by chance or sheer excitement, she leaned against the wall, and Old Man Wehman spoke.

"From Sunnyland," he said. "Come to fix the set."

One long wistful look and Herbie closed his eyes from nervousness. It was a habit he couldn't control. For the first time he'd come so close to one of these new goddesses, and he closed his eyes as though to save them from blindness.

When he opened them a new expression had come to Yvonne Du Val's face. As one might stare in ecstasy at a dream come true, she was looking past Old Man Wehman and full into Herbie's eyes; and at that moment he suddenly became cool and calm, and he returned her look with a level, honest gaze. Old Man Wehman glanced at him in astonishment.

He was truly another man—taller, straighter, debonair. And she, perhaps, another woman, for from her had dropped all the affectation, all the gay carelessness with which she concealed from the world her real self. She was just a woman and he a man, and there was nobody else in the world.

Then he stepped forward and she met him halfway, her eyes devouring him, and with a grace that brought an exclamation of admiration from the astounded Mr. Wehman, he bent from the waist and brushed her hand with a kiss. "Dear lady!" he murmured, and a little involuntary coo of happiness escaped her pursed red lips. She held his hand convulsively, as though he might fade away into a dream again.

"A man!" she whispered. "A real man at last!"

"Is there some retreat," he heard himself asking in a low vibrant voice which he scarcely recognized as his own, "where we might go to?"

She turned impulsively, still holding his hand, and led him out of the opposite door, onto an open terrace, where the night was around them like a fog of champagne. There they stood alone, very close and face to face, while beyond the French windows, in a brilliantly lighted room, he could see gentlemen in dress clothes and ladies in gay colors.

"Perhaps—perhaps—you think me mad," she breathed, "but I couldn't help myself—I couldn't—oh, I couldn't!"

"Do I not know?"

Then they were silent again, their eyes drinking their fill of each other, and now he found that he did not blink, that he was never surer of himself, never so collected of nerves, never so poised. No longer was he young Herbie Gilbert, assistant trouble hunter, but Herbert Gilbert, scapegrace son of the late T. Effingham Gilbert, returned in this humble rôle after knocking about the world, sowing his wild oats and tasting adventure, only to be discovered through some innate aristocratic quality which had escaped his ruder acquaintances but was not lost on this discerning girl.

"But I've waited—oh, I've waited so long!" she begged piteously. "I could not let you get away—I just couldn't. For years I've waited for a man—a real man—and what have I had surrounding me? Fops! Pretty boys! Dancing masters! Never a real man," she whispered, "like you dear!"

"But I am but a humble assistant trouble hunter," he objected modestly, just to test her.

"Aye, an assistant trouble hunter perhaps—but a man!" she corrected him. "Do you think it matters to me in what garb my knight comes riding? Am I so blind that I cannot see the real you that lies behind your rough exterior? Ah, my own ——" She paused.

"Herbie," he prompted her. "That is, Herbert—Herbert Gilbert."

"Ah, my own Herbert," she continued, "a woman always knows. Her instinct tells her. She never needs anyone to tell her when her real true mate comes into her life!"

"Darling!"

He opened his arms and she moved into them with a faint sigh of relief, weary but happy to have come at last, after all this long life, into the comforting haven of his ironlike embrace.

They stood thus for a full moment, and he tried vainly to identify himself again as the young man who had accompanied a dingy old radio-repair man to this house, and then there was a low cough.

They stepped apart quickly. Near them stood a tall slender man immaculately attired in evening clothes. His eyes were narrow and his lips thin, and there was a sardonic curl to his mouth as he twirled the waxed end of a small mustache.

"I hope," he sneered nastily, "I am not intruding."

Herbie found there was something about the man that made his blood boil, but he retained his temper as Yvonne, breathing deeply, placed one hand on his arm.

"Maxwell," she said, speaking with some difficulty, "I wish you to become acquainted with Mr. Herbert Gilbert."

(Continued on Page 136)

Old Man Wehman, the Trouble Hunter, Was Endeavoring to Persuade Young Herbie Gilbert, His Assistant, Not to Marry Miss Greta Garbo

IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

Vital Das, Failed B.A.—By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. JOULEN

"Of All the Men Who Schemed for the Hanging of the Wrong Man,"

VITAL DAS was the son of a Bengali Baboo from Chittagong who, procuring a job in the Calcutta post office, removed there and lived in a large flat-roofed building on the outskirts of the town, among a great deal of débris and dog fighting and plants in broken pots. Vital Das was his ninth son, the only one who lived. He was a pretty boy of poor physique, and his mind, for the most part, was a complete blank.

He grew up in an atmosphere of women's intrigues and communal squabbles. His father, the Baboo, having what was known as an education, spoke only English—of a kind—in his home. It was convenient for many reasons—one being that his wife did not understand it.

Vital Das went to the High School. From the first he found it difficult. He could not reconcile the things they taught at school with the things he learned at home, and the ideals of behavior they instilled into him there were very different from those he had been brought up with. His experience had been that the cunning fellow is the one who wins, and the cleverest liar comes out on top. The great scheme in life had appeared to be "Rob all you can." At school this was not considered clever. They called it a nasty word. Cunning was not praised. They instructed you to tell the truth on all occasions, even if it did not pay; to honor your father and mother, and respect your elders; to speak no evil—no, nor listen to it.

How new, how strange these ideas were, in the flat-roofed house on the outskirts of Calcutta! Vital Das struggled manfully with them, though they battled with all his natural instincts and childhood training, and it became increasingly obvious that, if that was the game he played, he must play it alone.

They taught him also, at school, pages and pages of things which he learned off by heart, like a parrot. And all of them meant nothing to Vital Das. He could never fit them in anywhere in his life. He became, as time went on, more and more muddled, a vacuum in which the cultures of the East and West did eternal battle, and he never knew where he was. By the time he was sixteen his head was full of facts and all the things he had learned like a parrot, his mind a lumber room full of furniture for which he had no use. But in any idle moment or time of crisis, bits of it would come into Vital Das' brain—utterly useless, without any bearing on the situation in hand, such as "Ten sixty-six to ten eighty-seven. Ten eighty-seven to eleven hundred"—though he had quite forgotten the names of the kings that went with them.

His father, the Baboo, however, decided that his son, who had had an education, must go into the Civil Service. So he sent him to Calcutta University to take his B.A. Vital Das failed. When they told him he had failed, all he could think of was "Leap year coming once in four, February's days are one day more."

His father was disappointed and angry.

"What you do, boy?" he demanded. "How you can sit here, eating, eating? Have I nart already so large a household that I cannot make both my ends meet?" His mother would have defended him, but he waved her aside. "Here he cannot remain. Work he must do, or I will wash my hands upon him. How many advantages has he had to keep the wolf from the door. Further can I nart help him. He has buttered his bun and he must lie upon it."

Vital Das made half-hearted attempts to obtain a job. He applied for clerical posts in Calcutta, giving as his qualifications the following:

"I am failed B.A. of Calcutta University."

But no one engaged him.

"What is it you warnt to do?" demanded the Baboo. "You can tell me that, and perhaps once again I will help you to get the cat into the bag."

Vital Das could not think what he wanted to do. His mind was a complete blank. Presently he married an Indian girl, with eyes as soft and brown as his own. Fourteen years old she was, and her name was Bee Bee Amah. But she did not like being married, and she spent half the time crying, so that he was not altogether sorry when she died giving birth to her first son. He had married her only because his mother suggested it. But he hired women to moan for her when she died. He had the kindest heart and was always ready to do whatever he felt was expected of him, although he often failed, as with B.A.

Now, one day, in a drunken brawl, a companion said rude things about Bee Bee Amah and her maternal relations. Vital Das, remembering that any decent man resents, or ought to resent, aspersions on his womenfolk, quick or dead, hit him on the head with a lathee, and so fractured his skull. The police came and took Vital Das away to prison.

His father watched him go, more in sorrow than anger, saying, "Now, indeed, you have kicked the bucket."

They let him off with manslaughter. While in jail he met Simon, the outcast, result of an alliance between a Eurasian station master and a Burmese lady whose father was English and whose grandmother was Chinese. Simon was a great organizer, but he talked too much.

Vital Das was not unhappy in jail. He did not have to think about anything at all, and his meals came regularly. He discovered, however, that every decent man resents, or ought to resent, captivity, and took his cue from Simon, professing eagerness to be gone. So, when the outcast escaped, there was nothing for Vital Das but to go too. They hid on the river bank until the jail authorities got tired of looking for them. Then they hired themselves to a contractor taking labor over the Bay of Bengal to Burma for the rice season. The contractor asked no questions and gave a cash advance.

Once in Burma, the rest was easy. Simon took him to the house of Wa Lee, which was a meeting place for all manner of men. Here, in the vast dusty rooms, lurked many a one required by the police or retired from the world for urgent private reasons. For, even if the place were searched, what chance had the police among those sliding panels and secret passages and cubby-holes, against all manner of men who knew that place like the back of their hand?

Vital Das and Simon took up their abode in an upper room overlooking the market garden where Wa Lee cultivated cabbages and lettuces—also pumpkins. From the window you could see the green glory of the country under paddy, and the flush of the flowering trees, and the white dust of the highway, and the waters of the little lakes turning opal at the hour of sunset, and all the comings and goings of the city of Rangoon.

The house of Wa Lee was very decrepit. Never a storm or a downpour but a score of lovely green tiles came toppling off the roof, to fall among the lettuces and cabbages and pumpkins, and be lost forever.

"House velly old," said Wa Lee complacently. "Some day house fall down. Never mind. Not fall down yet."

From the first, Wa Lee took a fancy to Vital Das. There was about the lad an engaging stupidity. Also it was evident he would do whatever he was told, once it had been made completely clear to him what was required of him. Wa Lee explained to Vital Das that there was money to be made in business, provided a man was prepared to work hard and keep his mouth shut. Vital Das, who had been looking for a way to make money ever since he failed in his B.A., but had never found one easy enough, did not quibble.

So he was initiated into all the recesses of all Wa Lee's various callings and did very well for himself, although he had to give a percentage of his earnings to Simon in return for the kind introduction. Simon assisted Wa Lee also in certain ways, but was never initiated into the recesses of his occupations, as Vital Das was. He talked too much.

Said the Priest Gently, "Only You Remain"

There came and went about the palace and the big market garden where Wa Lee grew cabbages and lettuces and pumpkins, Wa Lee's two children. David Wa Lee was about seventeen at that time, and Mary Wa Lee, the daughter, perhaps a year younger. A pretty child was Mary Wa Lee, with a long black pigtail tied at the end with a piece of scarlet ribbon. Merry black eyes she had, and a cheerful laugh. She was like a Chinese doll, and love stirred in the heart of Vital Das—perhaps the only real feeling he ever experienced in his life. Certainly it had never been aroused by Bee Bee Amah, who died so conveniently in Calcutta with her young.

Vital Das would sit and watch Mary and dream dreams. If he grew quite indispensable to Wa Lee, might the day not come when he could ask for Mary Wa Lee's hand in marriage and probably get it? If not willingly, then would he, by that time, not have such a hold over the Chinaman that he could make him do whatever he wanted? Then they would be married and live together in one of the upper rooms.

Vague longings stirred Vital Das, and he began to see a new beauty in things he had always taken for granted—in the opalescent waters of the lake at sunset, and the green of the paddy, spread like a counterpane over the face of the fields, and the glories of the flowering trees. And he began, in a sort of way, to hate the life he had drifted into, and to wish he had taken his B.A. and become learned and important, and twice as big a man, physically, as he was.

Mary Wa Lee never noticed him. She played about with Simon and with Maung Maung, the braggart Burman boy, who told them wonderful stories at sundown. Lawless tales of murders and bodies hidden in the water-logged jungles and how a man escaped the law and hanging by pretending to be a half-wit—by slobbering with his mouth and rambling in his talk.

"Like Maung Gyi, my own blood cousin," said the Burman, "who fell upon his head from a bullock cart when young, and so is not like other men. But this man was not mad. No madder than I was."

And he laughed, exposing faultless white teeth.

Vital Das had no stories, neither did he know any games to play with the children. He sat in a corner, watching, a prey to a great lassitude and half-realized regrets.

Wa Lee was disappointed at the little way Vital Das' education went. He had hoped the Indian would be able to help him with his accounts. But Vital Das knew nothing to speak of about arithmetic, save that, at the oddest moments and for no reason whatever, he would find himself repeating automatically in his own mind:

"Twice eleven are twenty-two. Twice twelve are twenty-four."

However, Wa Lee had sent his young son David to a mission school to remedy this defect. At the Chinese New Year he would enter his father's office in Merchant Street and take the accounts over entirely.

That had been Wa Lee's plan. But David proved an unsatisfactory son. One of Vital Das' first big jobs for Wa Lee had been to take David down into the China seas and hand him over to friends of Wa Lee's there. Vital Das disliked the job and all that happened, intensely. The only way he managed to square his conscience about it was by pretending he had not noticed what had happened, and forgetting about it as soon as possible. When he returned to the derelict palace and Mary, crying, asked about her brother, Vital Das was able to assure her, with amazing sincerity, that he had no idea where David had gone.

So time passed, and a look that was almost human crept into the empty brown eyes of Vital Das, because he was in love with Mary. He even tried to do a little reading again, but he found it very troublesome to exert himself at all. He liked best to sit and gaze out over the rice fields, thinking of nothing. He would have liked to be a great and good man if it could just happen. He often thought about it, but he couldn't make an effort of any kind.

Now it was about the time of the Chinese New Year. Vital Das, walking by the lakeside one evening, saw Mary Wa Lee sitting on the outskirts of the garden, and with her sat a young Chinaman Vital Das had seen before—a well-dressed, well-developed boy of about twenty-four. Vital Das watched them from the lakeside until the daylight went and he could see them no more. But he knew they were still sitting there.

The young man was John Cheng, a doctor at the hospital, very learned and talented. He was also rich and had taken many degrees in European schools, besides his B.A. Wa Lee encouraged his coming, and Vital Das' brain grew mad with jealousy.

Wild ideas of working hard at his books again came into Vital Das' head. Only it was too much trouble. He planned to take physical drill and attend gymnastic classes, and saw himself suddenly of fine physique, splendidly developed like John Cheng. Only he never did anything about it or got beyond just thinking of it as he squatted in the upper room, gazing out across the paddy fields.

Now Maung Maung had been in hiding for some time over a private affair of his own. The moon rose white and glorious and streamed into the derelict palace.

Maung Maung grew restive and called up the stairway, "Come out and let us walk by moonlight and have fun."

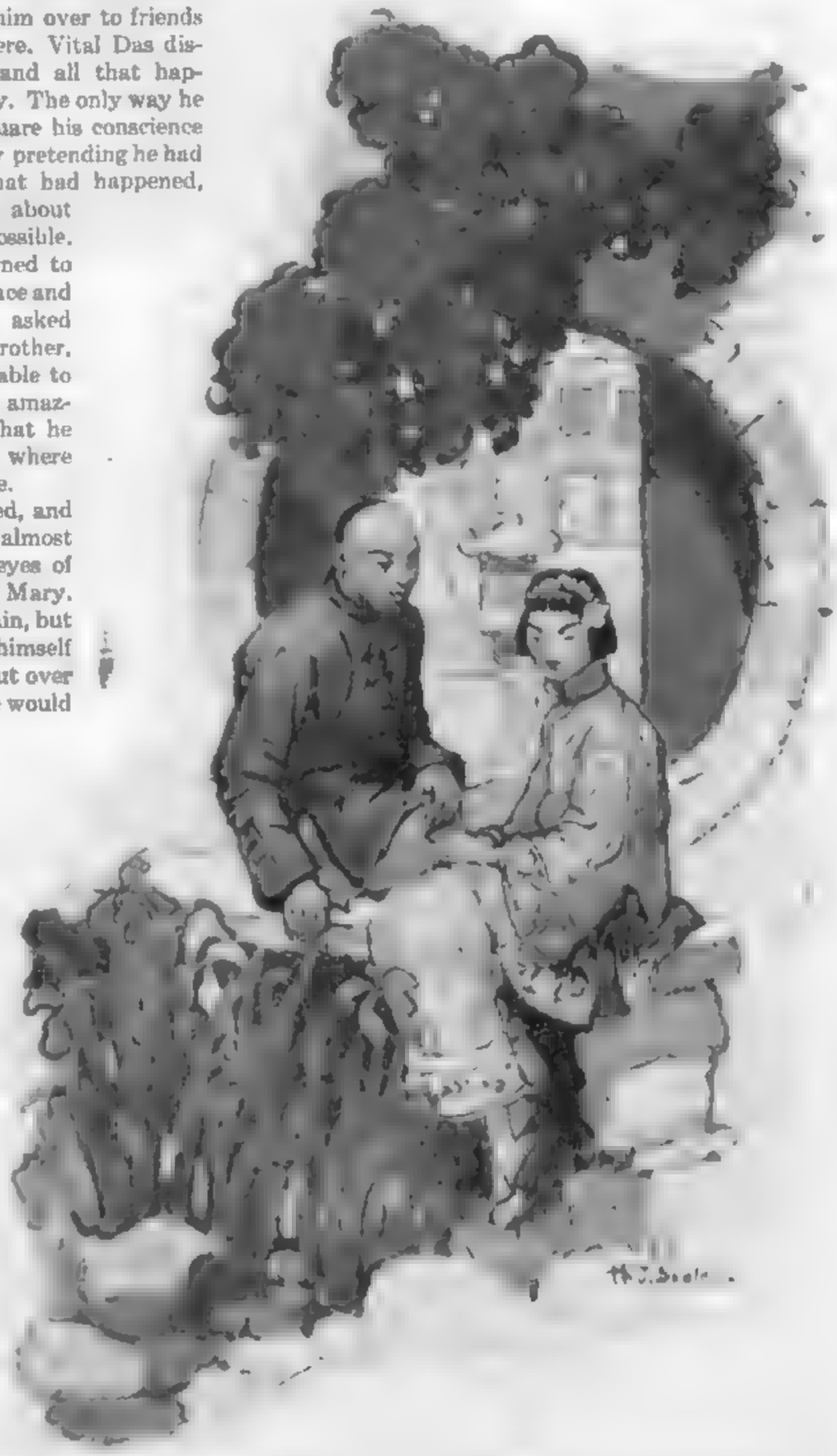
Vital Das did not want to go. But he saw it was expected of him, so he got up. With them also went Simon and Maung Gyi, own blood cousin to Maung Maung, but not as other men, through having fallen from a bullock cart when young. They came upon some men who were gambling. One of them was a motor-car driver, a little stocky Burman with a red head scarf. He won and won. They could do nothing with him. In the end they had to pay him fourteen rupees, eight annas, and he went off laughing.

Then Maung Maung, who was called Mad Dog because of his wild ways, said, "Let us follow the motor driver for fun and take his money from him. He is little and fat, and we are four souls."

The Burman heard them coming. He began to run. As they drew alongside he called out. They saw the motor car he drove, just ahead in a patch of shadows. Out of it came the young Chinese doctor, John Cheng, taking off his coat and running.

Vital Das did not like the look of things or the turn they had taken. The Chinaman was big, strong and well developed, also evidently brave. Vital Das ran away as quickly as he could and climbed into a tamarisk tree at the lakeside, about one shout from where the motor car stood. Simon and Maung Gyi also ran away. Only Maung Maung, who was called Mad Dog, remained. He drew his dah and cut the Chinaman down, as a man reaps a bundle

(Continued on Page 103)



Vital Das Watched Them From the Lakeside Until the Daylight Went and He Could See Them No More

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

XIII

By Eddie Cantor

As Told to David Freedman

MY PHYSICAL condition was bad, but my financial condition was worse. My oils and coppers had turned to muddy waters and I lost eleven thousand dollars—all I had. I lay on my back with a sharp pain in the chest, and don't remember whether it was my pleurisy or investments that hurt more.

While convalescing I began to make resolutions. I would regulate my life according to a system. I'd save all my future earnings in a bread box and at dead of night I'd hide it under planks in the floor. Then let the brokers try to get it! On pay night, when the borrowers gathered in convention at the stage door, I would hobble out in disguise with a beard and a crutch, and once I got past them, I'd run for my life. But something happened unexpectedly and it changed all these elaborate plans.

One day I got a telephone call from my old friend Dan Lipsky. He was now working as a stenographer at the Manufacturers Trust Company and had something important to tell me. While I traveled with the Follies, Dan and I had often corresponded, but since each of us had married we had seen little of each other and I wondered what he would have to say. I remembered him from the earliest days with a pencil and pad, calculating his way through life.

PHOTO, BY WHITE STUDIO

Frances Upton and Eddie Cantor in the Taxicab Scene From the Follies of 1927

When he quit being my acting partner at fifty cents a performance he became an office boy at six dollars a week. Like the loyal and industrious employe that he was, he held the job for two years and three months before he discovered that stenographers got better pay. Once he discovered this, he promptly bought a shorthand book and began to study. He made a wager of one dollar with his mother that he would know shorthand in a month. The book had a hundred and fifty pages, so he divided it by thirty days and methodically covered five pages a night. In one month's time he was a stenographer, won the dollar and got a raise to eight dollars a week, working for a human-hair concern. He became expert at dictation, taking the usual business letters that read in the main: "Dear sir: Your inquiry to hand and beg to state that we have a special new wig for Sundays to match your spats." Or, "Dear madam: Under separate cover we shipped you this day three light brown switches, a half dozen rats and eight curls guaranteed not to shrink, fade or unwind in the wash." But this romantic industry was ruined by haircuts, and Dan Lipsky was out of a job.

He took a city examination in stenography and ranked third out of thirty thousand, getting a position in the Bureau of Licenses. A few years later he became confidential secretary to Edward Riegelmann, then borough president of Brooklyn. During all this time he was making mental notes as well, and saw his opportunity when the Victory Celebration Committee was appointed to receive the home-coming heroes of the World War. Nathan S. Jonas, a figure of growing prominence in Brooklyn public and commercial life, was chairman of this committee, and Dan spent restless nights hatching plans how he could get near the mighty Mr. Jonas and be associated with him in this work.

In the meantime he had married my cousin Anne when he earned seventy-five dollars a month, and they immediately began to save a dollar a week, having their first fifty dollars at the end of the first year. As Dan is to me a remarkable study in thrift and self-management, I give his career in detail as an object lesson to the other ten million office boys, stenographers and small-wage earners, that they may realize what a lesson it was to me. For when I earned $400 a week and barely managed to make ends meet, Dan already had comfortable savings and wise investments on something like one-tenth of my salary.

After a good deal of discouragement and difficulty, Dan managed to get the job as executive secretary to the reception committee. Nathan S. Jonas commented favorably on his work and Dan already had visions of entering the banker's huge financial organization. But when the confusion and enthusiasm of the reception were over and the committee's work was through, so was Dan; and one day he found himself out in the chilly atmosphere with no job and no alternative but to return to the borough president's office and hang his hat a peg lower.

Lilian Lorraine and Eddie Cantor in a Scene From the 1919 Follies

Instead, he wrote Mr. Jonas a letter and won a hearing. Mr. Jonas was very kind, but brief, and regretted that he could see no opening in the bank for Dan. This was the big moment. Someone else might have shrunk from view like cheap flannels in a rain, but Dan didn't. He remembered our acting days together and put over one of the most dramatic bits of his career. He talked so fast, so long and so well that Nathan S. Jonas, who had once been an insurance agent himself, was sold on a Lipsky policy and agreed to invest a small premium on the young man's chances.

Dan was ostensibly hired as a stenographer, but never got any dictation. Jonas already had more stenographers than he could possibly dictate to, and Dan spent his time reading all the magazines and sitting on all the chairs. He suspected that unless he got work quick he'd get the works quicker, and asked for permission to employ himself in his own way.

"Oh, yes, you're the stenographer I hired," said Jonas. "Well, go ahead. Make yourself useful."

This was Dan's passport. He started on a tour of the organization, spending two weeks in each department, familiarizing himself thoroughly with the work from every angle.

A few months later he returned to Mr. Jonas and said modestly, "I think I know all there is to know about the Manufacturers Trust Company and its business."

The rest happened strictly according to the books. Mr. Jonas made him his secretary, then his confidential secretary; and today Dan is one of the vice presidents and foremost executives of the Manufacturers Trust Company—proving again that Horatio Alger did not live in vain.

But when Dan came to see me he was still a stenographer, earning about fifty dollars a week. He offered to handle my finances and regulate my affairs. I showed him my copper and oil shares and he said they were wonderful works of art. Then I told him of all the loans I had made to friends who had wept on my shoulder as I left the theater.

"What collateral did they give you?" he inquired.

"Collateral?" I got scared. "Oh, they couldn't stick me with that stuff!" I assured him. "I'll admit I fell for tears and handshakes, but do I look as if I'd fall for collateral?"

Dan took a deep breath.

"Let's proceed," he said.

"Luckily," I told him, "I'm not in debt."

"Then we'll put you in debt."

"What? You'll put me in debt?"

I thought that was his way of being funny, but he spoke quite gravely: "That's the only solution for a fellow like you. You've got to be in debt."

"Say, that kind of financial advice I can give myself!"

But Dan sat unmoved and continued in his dry, quiet tone: "You owe the Manufacturers Trust Company ten thousand dollars."

I started suspiciously. "Since when?"

"And you've got to pay it off at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a week out of your four-hundred-dollar salary."

"Just a minute! What kind of a game is this? I owe nobody anything."

"Well, I'll take you down to see Mr. Jonas and you'll find out."

I began to get worried. This game of financing didn't look very healthy to me. He hadn't even promised to make me a millionaire in six months! On the contrary, I was in debt ten thousand dollars just for talking to him!

"Listen, Dan," I said, trying to keep calm, "I'd be pleased to meet Mr. Jonas, but what I really thought you'd do is to help me save enough to buy a house."

"Yes," assented Ida, who had joined the conference, "that's been the dream of our life—to have our own home."

"If you do what I tell you," said Dan, "you'll have your own home within two years. What day is today?" And he looked at his watch.

"That sounds very good, but how? I owe ten thousand and now I'll owe for a house, too, that I haven't got."

"How much do you need to live on?" asked Dan.

Ida and I began to track down our expenses. It seemed that all we did was to send things to the laundry, and still that didn't account for the whole four hundred. Gradually, by consenting to sell the car, and the chauffeur along with it, and sticking as close as possible to eating, drinking and sleeping, we got the budget down to a hundred and fifty a week.

"That's fine," observed Dan. "You'll get a hundred and fifty dollars a week and not a penny more. The rest you pay on your debt."

"Then how can we save for the house?"

"You don't have to save for it. It comes by itself."

"Gee! This is worse than cream-puff copper!" I thought to myself.

"And furthermore," said Dan, "you get Ziegfeld to pay you by check instead of cash and I'll come every Saturday night and grab the check before the bread line forms at the stage door."

"And for all these services of putting me in debt and grabbing my check and getting me a house that'll come by itself, how much do I owe you?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"That's the only reasonable part about the whole arrangement. It's too reasonable!"

I was inclined to suspect that Dan, in his eagerness, was trying to practice his new-found banking knowledge on me and didn't know how. Still, his authoritative business manner impressed me and I agreed to try. I met Nathan S. Jonas, a man of natural dignity, whose strong intelligent face was permeated with a warmth of good nature that made him at once imposing and intensely human. He spoke in a genial fatherly way that immediately spoiled my pet notion of a banker as I had pictured him. He didn't smoke fat cigars or wear a big chain across his abdomen to prevent him from skidding, nor did he press a lot of buttons so that I should fall through a trapdoor after he had my money. In fact, I didn't owe him a thing yet. But I was going to—oh, yes, I was going to!

He agreed with Dan that I should buy ten thousand dollars' worth of Victory Bonds and that the Manufacturers Trust Company would finance the purchase, with the understanding that I owed them the money and would pay it off in forty weeks at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a week.

"The only way you can save," said Mr. Jonas kindly, "is to be compelled to save. So we're putting you in debt to yourself. You owe yourself two hundred and fifty dollars a week that must be paid."

It was my first real transaction—wise, safe, profitable. I returned to the Follies, and every pay night Lipsky arrived to take the check. It was a real thrill to me the first week when I saw one hundred and fifty dollars come for the household and two hundred and fifty go to the United States Government for Victory Bonds. In forty weeks I owned ten thousand dollars that were working for me night and day in the service of the richest and strongest government on earth. In the meantime I had been raised to six hundred dollars a week and Dan pointed out that I should buy as many shares as possible of the trust company. They were at that time a hundred and seventy-two dollars a share. After many rights that accrued to me, they are today more than nine hundred dollars a share, and proved to be the bulwark of the modest little fortune that I gathered in less than ten years. Today I am one of the largest single stockholders in the trust company.

Harry Kelly, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields and Will Rogers in the Follies of 1918

Afterward I bought bonds, shares in the Financial and Industrial Securities Corporation and in other enterprises recommended by Mr. Jonas, and always on the same system of throwing myself into debt and paying myself out of it by installments. Dan Lipsky, with his earnings, which at the time were not more than sixty dollars a week, made investments similar to mine on a proportionately smaller scale; and he convinced me that anyone, no matter how modest his income, provided it is regular and budgeted, can set aside a sum for sane and sound investment if guided by responsible bankers and legitimate institutions of finance.

A sense of growing security inspired me. I was building my house upon a rock rather than on public whim. For the fortunes of my career might vary and the day might come when I'd walk out on the stage and the audience would say, "Cantor, you're through. Go home." And I'd answer, "O. K. We owe each other nothing." I'd go home, sit in the parlor and read my clippings—not from newspapers but from bonds.

As far as I could, I've influenced many of my actor friends to do as I did. For a time I made Jessel bring me his weekly earnings and follow me. Many an actor who was suddenly enmeshed in difficulties through unwise investments or problems of necessity, and who failed to receive attention or proper consideration from his bank, has come to me and I've had his case carefully ironed out at the trust company, of whose advisory board I am now a member. The outstanding policy of my bank is this paramount stress on the human equation and the effort to study individual cases. Hard-and-fast rules have limited finance so that only the initiated few can profit by its aid. But by solving each individual problem and giving every person the benefit of the highest banking knowledge, money, which has been the source of so much evil, can be turned to the supreme service of good.

It was in the Follies of 1918 that my new business learning came to the aid of our great melody team, Van and Schenck. I did a little banking all my own and banked mostly on my nerve. We were playing in Chicago at the time and Gus Van came into my dressing room looking worn and wrung out with cares.

"I invested twenty-five hundred in the market," he said, "and I went clean. My wife don't know and I must get the dough back. Think fast, Banjo Eyes!"

The call boy's voice rang like a bugle through the hallway, "Eddie Cantor, specialty!" and I had to hurry down to the stage.

"I've got an idea, Gus!" I exclaimed, and ran down for my cue.

During my specialty I used a line about a certain soft drink. I was paid a hundred dollars a week for fifteen weeks to mention this name, and usually worked it in with a gag.

I'd pull out a wire which I said had just come from Ziegfeld. "He's heard that I'm advertising"—here I would name the drink—"and warns me not to use the name"—here I would repeat the name—"in the show. So why antagonize him? I won't mention it."

After my act, I met Van and Schenck and told them of my plan: The next day we would go to the advertising company which was paying me a hundred dollars a week and suggest a new idea to them. Van and I would write a song about the marvelous beverage and the harmony masters themselves would sing it. It would probably become a popular hit and be sung in every home.

It was understood that Van, Schenck and I split the money for the masterpiece three ways.

We went down to the advertisers with the song all written. It was named for the beverage and was simply awful

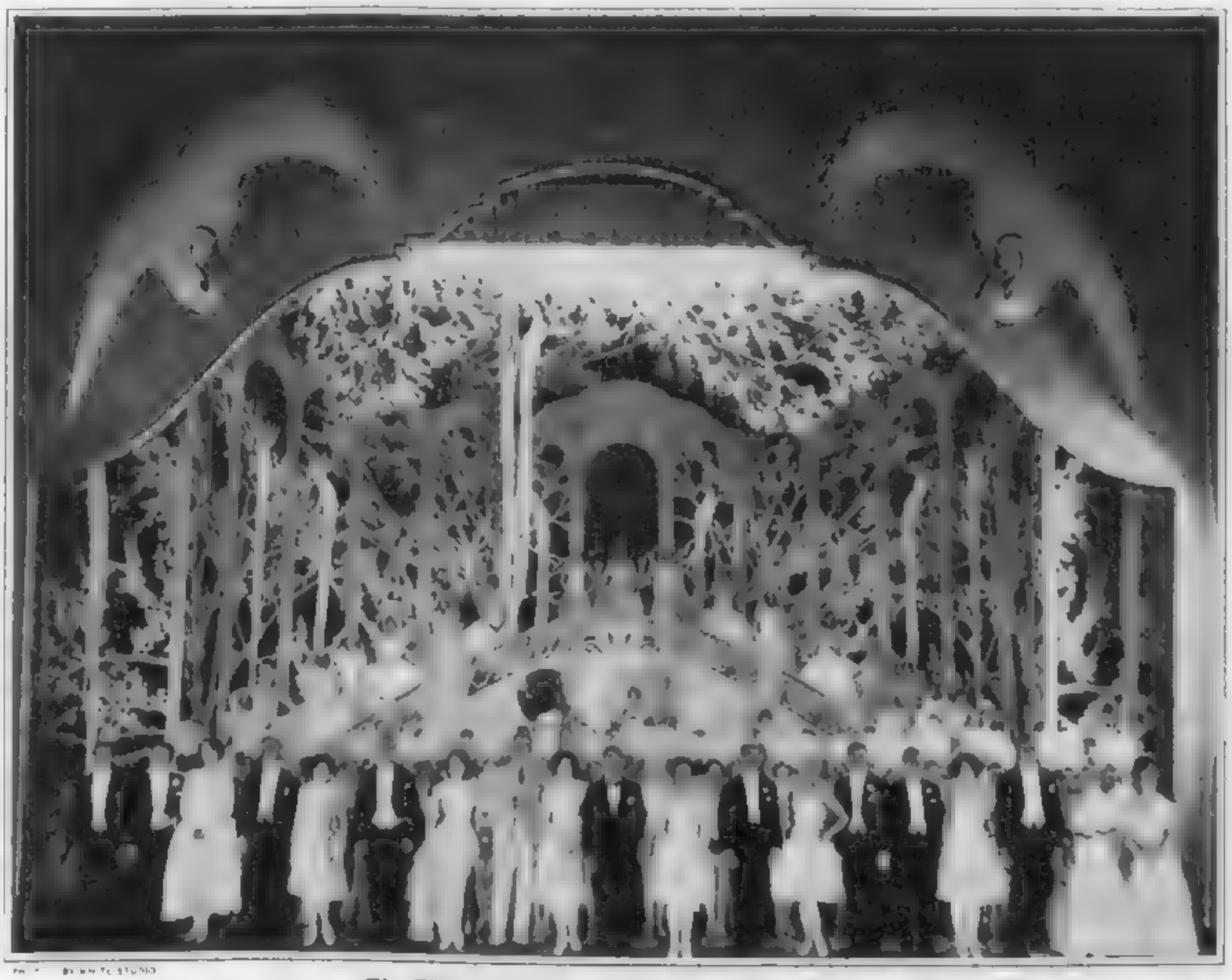
The refrain ran like this

For a drink that's fine
without a kick,
Try .
It's the only soft drink
you should pick,
Try — .

I sang it to the advertising outfit for all I was worth and Van and Schenck harmonized with all they had.

'Can't you see, gentlemen?" I added to the force of the melody. "You'll give out copies. It'll sweep the country!"

(Continued on Page 40)



The Finale in the Last Scene of the 1927 Follies

DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

V

HIRAM BOND sat at the desk just outside the office door of Amasa P. Worthington—and six months had passed. He had no title in the organization and no official position. He had no duties that one could lay hands upon and no authority definitely had been delegated to him. It was almost as if Amasa winked at his presence there, but hesitated to regularize his position. In this Hiram was content.

He was content for a number of reasons, but the chief of these was Mrs. Worthington. He knew she entertained toward him an aversion which was almost vindictive in its nature, and it was his intention to intrench himself so strongly that her influence could not oust him; he planned to dig in deeply before he allowed the real state of affairs to become public.

Indeed, he sought to the end never to permit the real state of affairs to become public, and was scrupulous always to act under cover of Mr. Worthington's authority. Upon the slightest point he made pretense of consulting his employer, and when he gave orders it was with the set phrase: "Mr. Worthington wishes thus and so to be done."

From the beginning he exercised the most scrupulous care to save Amasa's face, knowing well that in this manner only could he hope to grasp actual power. He did not care who wore the uniform so long as he wielded the sword. But whenever the weapon came into play, Amasa's gauntlet disguised the hand that held it. He understood well that vanity is a ticklish commodity with which to deal, and the skill with which he prevented any offense to Worthington's *amour propre* marked him as a devious diplomatist of no mean order.

"Whenever I Have Been Tempted," Said Hiram—Who Never Had Been Tempted in the Slightest Degree—"All I Have to Do Is Just to Think of You, Libby"

So also had his methods of encroachment marked him. Perhaps his first signal victory, though he made it appear negligible to Worthington—who never realized the importance of the matter to Hiram or to the business—was the matter of the pay checks for the hands. There were some hundred and fifty of these to be signed each Saturday morning. It was a chore, and Hiram adroitly made it appear a much more arduous chore than it was.

"It is a pity," he said upon several opportunities, "that you have to waste so much time important to this business in mere clerical work."

"But the men must have their pay. That is important," Amasa said.

"It tires your hand and irritates you," said Hiram. "It uses you up, sir—practically wastes an hour of your valuable time."

So Hiram, as opportunity offered, sowed the seed and waited for it to ripen. Gradually he created in Amasa's mind the belief that it was almost an economic crime for him to sign checks, and that the hours spent at this drudgery represented to the mills a loss of executive attention which was serious.

"But it must be done," Amasa would always reply, until Hiram considered the time to be ripe.

"A clerk could do it," he said. "Why, sir, a ten-dollar-a-week man could write those signatures, and you, sir, are far from a ten-dollar-a-week man."

"But," said Amasa, "his signature would not be mine. It is the signature of Amasa P. Worthington that makes these checks worth money."

"I've been thinking, sir, you could authorize the bank to honor another—a rubber-stamp sort of thing. We could print some new checks with your name in type and the word 'by' and a line for the authorized signer. It would save you ten full working days a year."

"Impossible, Hiram—impossible—absurd."

"You use about two hours each Saturday at this thing, sir. There are fifty-two Saturdays. That is a hundred and four hours." He spread his hands eloquently. "And that, sir, is more than ten working days."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Worthington. "I wonder I never realized that. Ten days of my time"—he underlined the pronoun as only an important citizen could do—"wasted in the manual labor of writing my name. I must do something about it. Why, in ten days, Hiram, I could accomplish something of importance."

"Indeed you could, sir."

Amasa knitted his brows. "It would have to be a trustworthy person."

"Someone under your eye, sir." Hiram managed to imply by this that it would be impossible for any inferior creature to misbehave within the range of Amasa's superior and all-seeing vision.

"You could do it," Amasa said with sudden inspiration.

"I'm always glad to take any weight off your shoulders, sir."

"See to it then. Have the checks printed and I will arrange at the bank."

Thereafter the signature which the hands saw at the bottom of their weekly pay checks was the signature of Hiram Bond. To them this was a very significant and tangible thing; it was a sort of symbol of power. True, Amasa P. Worthington's name was printed there, but the signature, the writing, which made the paper of value, was the writing of Hiram Bond. It was Hiram who dispensed the money. Amasa did not know he had passed over to another his authority over his employes, but Hiram knew it, and the hands took it for granted. By this one act, and without the vaguest knowledge of what he had done, Worthington had made Hiram general manager of the mill.

These first six months Hiram had devoted to the internal affairs of the factory—to the processes of manufacturing the various articles which went out into the world bearing the Worthington name. Always with Amasa's authority, he made changes. But he knew well how to stretch an inch of authorization into a mile of accomplishment.

He installed certain new machinery; he studied processes, found short cuts, coördinated departments. In him resided a genius for organization which showed on the balance sheet, and this balance sheet he called to the attention of his employer.

"These changes which you have let me make," he said to Mr. Worthington, "have been profitable. I know you will be gratified, sir, to learn that what you have done has lowered your costs and raised your output."

"Indeed, Hiram! Very good, very good. I—er—was looking confidently to some such result."

"In dollars and cents," said Hiram, "your net profits for the past six months are nine thousand seven hundred and forty-two dollars greater than for the corresponding six months of last year."

"Excellent! Splendid! But, Hiram, part of the credit should go to you. You have carried out my directions admirably."

"Thank you, sir," said Hiram.

In a vague but not uncomfortable way Mr. Worthington knew that more than part of the credit should go to Hiram Bond. He was conscious again, as he read those satisfying figures, of a sense of dependence upon this bulky young man, of a security which came from leaning upon his shoulder.

"Do you happen to know, sir," asked Hiram, "the amount of seasoned lumber we buy in a year from Brooks & Sons?"

"Approximately—approximately."

"But I wonder if you ever stopped to compute the profit they make on this transaction. We use, sir, about half their output."

"I take it for granted they make a fair profit, Hiram."

"I can give you the exact figures, sir."

"Eh? Brooks & Sons' exact figures? Impossible—quite impossible. It could not be done without access to their books."

"All the same, sir, I have come by the information, and you may depend upon it as accurate." He named the sum down to the very pennies after the decimal mark, but he did not disclose how the information had come into his hands. It had not come by accident; it had not come ethically, but Hiram Bond was not one to trouble himself

about ethics at that period—nor, perhaps, at any other. Business ethics then were not what they are—or pretend to be—today. Business rivalry was something harsher, more bitter. In 1881 manufacturers had not discovered the truth that it is not profitable to crush competitors or that throat-cutting is an economic crime. It required another twenty-five years to instruct them that there is but one way to meet and overcome competition, which is by manufacturing an article of unassailable quality and then by advertising it wisely and selling it efficiently.

Mr. Worthington considered the figures. "Astonishing!" he said.

"If," said Hiram, "you owned your own timberlands, cut your own trees and sawed them into lumber, this profit would be yours instead of Brooks'."

"Eh? What are you saying?"

"What you must have thought many times, sir. I am well aware I am pointing out nothing new to you."

Amasa cleared his throat, but remained otherwise silent.

Hiram went on to point out the advantages of owning the natural resources themselves, of carrying on under one ownership all the processes of manufacture, from felling the trees to the completed polished or painted article or novelty. He pointed out the cheapness of timberlands, and how total costs could be diminished mightily by instituting a single overhead instead of two or three overheads. He marshaled facts and figures and Amasa was impressed.

"Young man," he said pompously, "are you proposing that I go into the lumber business?"

"I am suggesting, sir, that you buy out Brooks & Sons and that you increase their timber holdings."

"Impossible—ridiculous, I may say. Brooks would not sell. Besides, think of the amount of money it would require—an enormous sum!"

"They will sell," said Hiram.

"Have they said so?"

"No, sir." His jaw, which would not become heavy and jowled for many years, shut grimly and his lips pressed together so that they formed a straight hard line. "I would make them sell," he said.

"Impossible—er—absolutely impossible." But even as he spoke, Amasa felt, with a twinge of apprehension, that he was here dealing with a force which he did not understand, with potentialities which he could not harness—and that Hiram would be able to do as he promised.

"And," said Hiram, "on your own terms, sir."

"But why, Hiram, should I consider this? I am content. This business is profitable. It will continue to be so. Why should I shoulder additional worries? No, young man. I am satisfied as I am."

Hiram waited. It always was his way to stand silent when opposed by Amasa—to let Amasa talk until he touched some point which would give Hiram an effective reëntry.

"And as for forcing him to sell, that may be very well with these railroad men, or down in Pennsylvania. But we are all friends here in Carthage. Why, Brooks and I attend the same church; our wives visit back and forth; our children play together. Besides, Hiram, where would I find the money for such a project?"

"I think," Hiram said, "we could get along without any. But I won't annoy you about this any more, sir. There were some things you wanted seen to in the paint shop."

Amasa was not aware of any matters which required attention in that department, but he did not say so. Hiram went out into the mill, leaving his suggestion to germinate.

It was, perhaps, on this very evening that he wrote one of his most illuminating letters to Professor Witmer. When one considers that, at this time, he had not read Darwin, the conclusions he reached in this piece of correspondence, though arrived at by different methods not of a scientific nature, exhibit a certain force of mind and daring of theory significant to the student of his character.

"The question of right and wrong," he says, "seems to me sometimes to be one more of necessity or expediency than of what we call morals. I observe that in a thicket of young spruce trees three or four of the hardier will come to maturity, crowding out and destroying by their growth the weaker. In a litter of puppies there always are one or two puny ones that get scant consideration from their sturdier brothers, that thrive by shouldering the weaker from the source of food. So it seems to go.

"We are accustomed to speak of the cruelty and selfishness of men, and particularly in the business world. We observe how strong men come to wealth and power by crushing or eliminating more feeble competitors. A certain amount of obloquy seems to attach to this process, but, I think, wrongly. If there be a law of Nature or a Divine law, what it seems to demand is success. It does not protect the weak and vacillating, but encourages the strong and determined. From observation of these facts I have come to believe that there is no right and wrong to the thing—as Sabbath schools teach right and wrong—but that there is a species of duty to grow in strength. Humanitarian twaddle, the righteousness of unselfishness, altruism—these, it seems to me, are inventions of the weak in a futile effort at self-preservation."

We may take it that this was an impersonal philosophy, a law to be followed during business hours, arrived at by reason, and not a natural part of the man. The bases for this conclusion are his well-known love of animals, his gentleness with children and their response to him, his ready hand to serve the individual in illness or misfortune, and his great, almost pitiful capacity for affection. When once his affections were engaged, they never faltered; neither time nor events could shake his friendship or his love once it had centered upon some individual.

A curious anomaly, Hiram Bond. Tremendous and amazing to us perhaps, but not because he was abnormal; rather, indeed, because he was surpassingly human, because in him those qualities and emotions which reside placidly in most of us, flowing along as measured rivulets, became in him rushing torrents.

We shall observe how fifty years of his colossal endeavorings were modified by an abortive attachment for a woman.

VI

HIRAM became a regular attendant of the Congregational Church, but not because of any sudden turning toward religion. His purpose was twofold, as most of his purposes were. Throughout his life it will be found he had in almost every action or plan a major and a minor end, for he believed in realizing to the full upon any investment of thought, time or money. In this instance his moving reason was Libby Bell; the lesser reason the bolstering up of his respectability.

Invariably he took his seat behind and a little to the right of the Bell pew. It was a point from which he could watch Libby's every movement of head and expression of face—a matter to which he attended strictly and without troubling his head who became aware of or commented upon his steady scrutiny. There was nothing shamefaced in his courtship of Libby Bell, and nothing undignified. It was massive, like himself; it was direct, simple, unashamed.

Once he had determined that she was the woman for him, he made no effort to repress his affection—quite the contrary. He derived a species of happiness—and a sort of satisfaction—from observing the growth of his feeling for this girl with whom it was as yet impossible for him to enjoy any measure of direct contact. He was in love—deeply and immovably in love.

His hours with her were few. Not yet had he carried out his promise to maneuver Henry J. Bell into inviting him to his home. But he did contrive invitations to houses where she was to be; he attended the social affairs

(Continued on Page 109)

Again Hiram Replied With Silence, and Mrs. Worthington, Pailing Now of Dignified Language in Which to Couch Her Disapproval, Was Somewhat at a Loss. The Silence Became Oppressive

THE AFTERMATH

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"We'll Not Touch a Thing," Said Harmsworth; "But Do Let's Get Out Into the Open Air!"

INGO HOUSE is not more than fifty years old at the outside. Possibly because the Fouhanauns came on the trail of William of Orange and have twice married back into Westphalian stock, it escaped the atrocious dun brick and window-box school of the 70's and 80's, and rose instead in the full hideous bulk of massive Germanic stone which clouded at once in the London smoke pall to a charred-bone gray.

Four inverted buttresses twenty feet apart rise from nothing in a most illogical manner, and sweep outward to support the overlapping second story that juts out in the manner of houses in the old town of Brunswick. Between the two center ones a fanning flight of marble steps tapers up from the curved and gated drive to the entrance, which in turn is sheltered by a scalloped shell in wrought iron and sea-green glass panels, coated to the depth of several inches with soot and dust, and mottled with bird lime.

The façade which fronts on the square has, of course, ample light. The other three sides also had light fifty years ago, but on the side toward Harley Street newer houses have encroached upon the defunct lawns, shrinking them to a bare strip twenty feet wide. On the other side, Mellish House comes right to the tradesmen's entrance. The back garden has dwindled to a forlorn fountain and a circular path with space, perhaps, for a border of flowers, and is all of eighteen inches deep in débris that never was removed after the building of Mellish House in 1923.

There is nothing that makes Ingo House different from other great, ugly London residences, unless it be the fact that for fifteen years its high, spiked gates have been locked and chain locked, its great doors bolted and shuttered with wooden guards, and its windows closed and sightless behind their solid board screens. The paint has long since peeled from the shutters, leaving them mottled and unsightly, but they still hold the house in the impenetrable silence that fell upon it on the evening of February 6, 1912.

Bills for taxes come to Merkel, Harmsworth, Merkel and Blount and are paid out of the office account. Once a quarter the vouchers and a statement of credit are mailed to John Gowan, Esquire, on board the yacht Nineveh, a hundred-and-eighty footer which for ten years has swung on her anchor chain off Kedlestone Light with a full complement aboard, steam up and her larders stocked.

Once in a blue moon, oldish gentlemen in occasional club lounges may recall an ante-bellum London wherein one evening Charles Albert Francis Fouhanaun, fifth Baron Ingo, and Lady Ingo left a cab in Kingsway and, walking toward Russell Square, disappeared from the face of the earth; or they may not mention it, in which case there is nothing left but the newspaper files.

On February 3, 1912, accommodations were booked for Lord Ingo and his wife on the Continental Boat Express from Charing Cross to Folkestone, via the Adelaide to Boulogne, and on to Paris. At Paris, apartments were reserved for the seventh, eighth and ninth at the Crillon. Tickets were taken for the Blue Train, P.L.M., for the tenth, and a suite was reserved by wire for an indefinite stay at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo. Sigismund took the tickets himself. It was known that sometime about the twenty-eighth of February, Mr. Frederic Mulcahey's Primavera would put into the Bay of Monaco and it was understood that Lord Ingo would join the party aboard.

The next morning at ten Lord Ingo drove to the offices of his solicitors and was closeted until noon with old Mr. Merkel. After he left, a long, sealed envelope was added to the Ingo files.

On February fifth, Sigismund took tickets for himself and Stope, Lady Ingo's maid, as far as Paris. Debbet, the cook, and the other maids were to return to Digiton Abbey until March, whence they had come for the London season. He also took tickets for the two footmen for Munkácsy Schloss, which Lord Ingo had let for the winter.

On the night of February sixth, Lord Ingo and his wife dined at home and alone. Sigismund served them. At 9:00 the cab came for the departing servants, and after Sigismund returned from taking them to the station, he found that his master had suddenly changed his plans and would spend the night at the Rutland Hotel. There was nothing strange in that, for Lord Ingo invariably changed his mind at the last moment.

With Stope to help him, Sigismund closed and shuttered the upstairs windows that had been left for the morrow, and made the rounds of the doors. After bringing all the hand luggage down, including Stope's and his own, he gave the keys to Lord Ingo in the foyer and went out to whistle two cabs. When he returned with them he placed the luggage on the racks, handed Lady Ingo into the first cab and mounted the steps once more. Lord Ingo and he closed the great front doors and locked them, shutting the wooden guards across and locking them also. Then His Lordship returned the keys to Sigismund, climbed into his cab and, leaning out of the window, instructed him to take them to Mr. Merkel's house in Sloane Square.

It was shortly after ten that he and Stope in their cab reached Mr. Merkel's home and gave the keys to him personally. Proceeding to the Rutland, they found Lord Ingo and his lady talking to Mr. Reginald Terwitt in the lobby.

As Sigismund came in, a boy brought a telephone chit to Lord Ingo. He looked at it and, handing it to his wife, said,

"It's for you. Why not? We'll both go—to say good-by"—or words to that general effect. Then he turned to Sigismund and said, "We shan't need you here. You and Stope take the midnight and meet us tomorrow evening in Paris."

Almost in the same breath he told the boy to get him a cab, shook hands with Mr. Terwitt and went out with Lady Ingo.

Sigismund and Stope took another taxi and, bewailing the vagaries of employers, drove to Victoria to change their bookings, and boarded the twelve o'clock train for Folkestone.

It was not until the tenth that an enterprising journalist in Paris smelled something wrong. Lord Ingo and his wife were not at the Crillon. On the eleventh, the London offices of the paper perked up interest. On the twelfth they discovered, through working up the sketchy interview their Paris man had had with Sigismund, that Lord Ingo had not stayed the night of the sixth in his suite at the Rutland Hotel nor claimed his luggage, which was still there waiting for him. Through telegraph the paper ascertained further that he was not yet in Monte Carlo, and sent a man to Merkel, Harmsworth, Merkel and Blount to inquire into the missing peer's whereabouts.

They were shooed off surreptitiously by Mr. Merkel, Senior. It was not his business to meddle with his clients' idiosyncrasies. They had better be very careful what they said in print or they would find themselves in hot water. There was no reason to suppose anything wrong. Lord Ingo was a man of peculiarities. Yes, his affairs were in perfect order. "This is insolence, sir. Kindly have the decency to go about your own business." But careful as Mr. Merkel had been, he dropped a word. Lord Ingo had "expected" it.

On the fifteenth the story broke modestly: Mysterious Disappearance of a Peer. Public feeling was mildly aroused. Mr. Merkel, Senior, on the seventeenth, felt obliged to tell what he knew, which was not much. For some weeks, it seemed, Lord Ingo had feared that something would happen to him. He had had several talks on the subject with his solicitors. It seemed an obsession with him. So strongly had it preyed upon his mind that he had covered the eventuality with a letter and a codicil. No, they were naturally not at liberty to publish the contents of either. Public feeling ran slightly higher. Lady Ingo, *née* Florence Kline, had been, until her marriage eighteen months before, the Flossie Knox who, as Elvire in the Dream Ladder, was reputed to have been proposed to by a prince of the blood, shot at by a grand duke of all the Russias, and the cause of the suicide of one Joseph Crummett Horton, who owned, according to hearsay, four-fifths of the oil wells in the state of Texas. Probably all three suppositions were erroneous—as most of those things are—but the fact remained that she had belonged to the world long before she had belonged to Lord Ingo, and the world wanted to know what had become of her.

Sigismund was interviewed. There was talk of taking him into custody. Letters were written to the papers about him, but his hands were clean as far as anyone could tell. He had given all the house keys to Mr. Merkel, who corroborated the fact. He had been seen by Mr. Terwitt in the Rutland lobby, talking to Lord Ingo around eleven o'clock. Mr. Terwitt had seen him leave for Victoria with Stope, and he had arrived in Paris via the midnight train and the first morning boat. Stope bore him out in every detail. The other servants, of course, knew nothing. Mr. Terwitt knew nothing. He was a friend of Lord Ingo, that was all. The clerk at the Rutland could recall no detail of the telephone message. There was no copy made of the chit and the original had been destroyed or taken.

The cab driver who had driven Lord Ingo and his wife was found and questioned. He had taken them to the corner of Kingsway and Aldwych, where he had been told to stop. "No, sir; not in front of any address. I thort it funny at the time. They just got out and walked. Yes, sir, in the direction of Russell Square." And there the trail ended.

Interest, for want of further evidence, began to flag about the twenty-eighth. It died completely in March. It revived somewhat in August, with a dispatch from Munich to the effect that Sigismund and Stope had been married and had realized one thousand pounds between them from Lord Ingo's generosity. The Honorable Reginald Terwitt was killed at Landrecies in 1914. Digiton Abbey was closed in the keeping of Merkel, Harmsworth, Merkel and Blount and offered for rent at odd intervals for the shooting. The town house had not been opened since Sigismund closed it the night of the sixth and took the keys to Mr. Merkel. Munkácsy Schloss, under German law, passed after the prescribed number of years in entail to an *Oberstleutnant* of Prussian Guards, who no doubt was glad to get it. An impecunious Fouhanaun came from Granada after the war to have Lord Ingo declared dead and to push his claim to the English Barony on the ground of thirteenth cousinship or thereabouts. To be sure, there were no other British Fouhanauns to contest, but the one from Granada hadn't a sou with which to approach the College of Heralds and, furthermore, the only property in English entail was a barren moor and a bit of crumbled wall near Daleith. Digiton Abbey and the house in London were free and covered in codicil. But he did manage to have Lord Ingo declared legally dead, whereon the title and privileges reverted to the Crown and Fouhanaun went back to Granada in a fine huff.

One raw November day a fortnight or so after Lord Ingo's legal death date had been handed down, Mr. Merkel, Senior, who had retired from active participation the year before, came stumping up the stairs and entered the offices. He nodded gravely to the senior clerks as if he had seen them last the evening before and went at once into Mr. Harmsworth, Senior's, private study.

He shook his head gravely and handed his fog-damp Inverness to Harmsworth's secretary. He placed his hat on the high overmantel and twisted his thin blue-veined hands before the fire.

"Cold," he said as the secretary went out.

"Yes," said Harmsworth. "Quite natural to see you here again." He smiled pleasantly.

"Shouldn't've given up so soon. Silly for a man to give up." He backed up to the fire and stood rocking on his toes and heels. "Shouldn't've done it if I hadn't had a son."

Continued on Page 143

Young Mr. Merkel Closed the Door Carefully Behind Them. "Well, Sir, We Had to Open the House and—We've Found Something"

SWORDS AND ROSES

Belle Boyd, or the Female Spy—By Joseph Hergesheimer

A FEMALE spy is an engaging creature, but in crinoline she has an especial, a romantic and absurd charm. Belle Boyd, the most famous woman concerned with official secret activities in the Civil War, not only was enveloped in a cloud of crinoline, she wore it with grace and elegance; she had a great many talents; she was carefully educated; and—of far more importance—she had the daring that is the property of beauty. She had all through her life the beauty of daring. It is difficult to write about Belle Boyd exactly, because, although she was both a celebrated and important figure in the war she ornamented, there are almost no records of her. Only a very little was written or preserved about her life and affairs. Her principal activity, of course, was closely guarded, hidden, by the Confederate Government. Her value depended upon the privacy of her movements and on the discretion of her public conduct. Privacy and discretion, it is clear, were not fundamental in her character; actually she regarded one with indifference, the other with disdain; beauty and courage supported her. And so, fortunately, through the necessary official silence, she appears in her proper person at absorbing and highly dramatic moments. It is precisely as though the smoke of battle lifted to disclose her in swift clear flashes—a perfumed girl in the widest of skirts, a ridiculous hat like a garnished plate, set at an absurd angle on a coiled wealth of hair, and a brilliant face.

Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., at the Close of the Civil War. In Oval—Belle Boyd

Belle Boyd was born in Martinsburg, when it was still Virginia, the May of 1844. In 1861, when she first visited a camp of Southern soldiers at Harper's Ferry, she was seventeen years old. That was in May—or perhaps it was June. Anyhow, in July, the same year, she shot and killed a Federal soldier. Her father, then a private in the Confederate Army, was absent in the field. The Northern soldier assailed her mother and Belle killed him with a revolver. That served to introduce her to the world of war. It gave her daring a great prominence, both in her own consciousness and with others; in short, it made her into a female spy. Her beauty—not necessarily a desirable quality—at once helped her and was a source of trouble. Of danger really. If it got her out of trouble, prevailing over the susceptibilities of Union generals and the governors of Northern prisons, it equally led her into difficulties.

A more desirable quality in a spy, male or female, is to be and to remain inconspicuous, to proceed unnoticed about the business of spying; and it was one of the triumphs of Belle Boyd's determination and wit that while she was by nature, appearance, a conspicuous individual, she was at the same time an invaluable spy. One thing is evident—her success was not the result of an effort to be as good as any man, better really; Belle wisely proceeded wholly upon the fact that she was a woman—an attractive woman. She didn't envy or copy any doubtful masculine privilege; on the contrary, she took shameless advantage of the limitations, the disabilities of women. During the Civil War they were at once heavier and more binding, and less burdensome, than they are now. In 1861 and for a few years after, a woman—a charming woman—was definitely that; she was not a creature who had given up a feminine power for an inappropriate masculine authority in impersonal and frequently ridiculous affairs. Charm, then, and grace were very potent, and Belle Boyd, who had them in large degrees, made no mistake in the historic and infallible manner of their use. She dressed beautifully, she was always, as I have hinted, sweet-scented; she used her grace, her voice, her eyes, a purely feminine wisdom, and gave little thought to logic or an equality of justice—clumsy and impracticable qualities compared to the arbitrary masked batteries, the stratagems and surprises, contained in her person. The women of the traditional South—the South destroyed by the changes of time and improvement—never realized that they were inferior beings; the qualities of allegiance and devotion, of fidelity to what they knew as love, were not regarded as marks of servitude; women then—even lovely women—were domestic and maternal. They were not, however, because of that, stupid. Varina Howell, who married Jefferson Davis, knew as much about the intricacies of national government as her husband; she prepared and transcribed a great many of his papers. But her knowledge only supplemented the fact—the inferior fact—that she was a woman. She was a woman and Jefferson Davis' wife. Belle Boyd, who had a very different character and fate—she was neither conspicuously domestic nor maternal—owned the unfortunate limitations of her period. She couldn't, unhappily, vote; she couldn't hold public office; she could only influence, assist or undermine the men who did occupy important places in government. In the capacity of a spy she affected and controlled great events indirectly.

That, naturally, is the sphere of a spy; it is, or at least it was, the sphere of women; and in Belle those two suitable consummations met perfectly. They were fused, given a gemlike hardness and brilliancy by the fire of her rebel sympathies. Through all the South there was no more ardent Confederate. She gave the cause of the South all the tenderness and passion and belief she possessed. Where it was concerned she was deeply feminine—illogical, bitterly partisan, unfair, without any necessity for truth, plausible, tireless, heroic and petty. She sang to it and nursed it, she smiled at it and wept over it; she went repeatedly to prison for it; and when the hope of the South sank into the coldness of imminent defeat, when her cause was plainly lost, she loved and cherished it more than ever. That, then, was her maternity; the whole South was her domestic hearth.

The actual records of Belle are not only inconsiderable, all that exists is scattered and, in the succession of events, contradictory. There is no agreement about the terms she served in prison. One account says two periods of three and seven months each; another seven months and ten months; a third—the Official Records of the War of Rebellion—is totally different and no more conclusive. Her memoir, Belle Boyd in Camp, is equally uncertain where her various sentences and months under close guard are concerned. It is certain, however, that at the age of twelve she was sent to Mount Washington College, and that in 1860, when she was sixteen, she was formally presented to society in Washington. The following year Belle became a spy.

The spring of 1862 she was captured and taken to Baltimore, but released by General Dix. In May, the twenty-second, of the same year she was detained by Colonel Beale, but liberated immediately. The next day she bore important information to Jackson, and on the twenty-fifth she was arrested by the Union General Kimball. A General Shields, on an unknown date, set her free. But at the end of July Mr. Stanton ordered her apprehension and she was conveyed by Cridge, a detective in the Secret Service, to the Old Capitol Prison. The spring, 1863, was occupied by a tour through all the Southern States. In August she was again arrested and confined in Carroll Prison at Washington, once a block of dwellings known as Duff Green's Row. On the first of December Belle was removed to Fortress Monroe. She made a second tour of the South early in 1864, and May eighth she sailed with important dispatches for England on the Greyhound. The Greyhound was captured by the U. S. S. Connecticut and Belle Boyd was once more made a prisoner. She, finally, in the private capacity of a woman, succeeded in reaching England, and August twenty-fifth she married a Mr. Hardinge, a Federal officer. He died and Belle became an actress; she married again and secured a divorce; she married for a third time and died at Kilbourn, Wisconsin, in 1890.

Spies throughout the Civil War were in even greater danger than is common to the hazards of their lives. This, mainly, was the result of the incompetency of the officers, the armies and governments they served. The ciphers arranged for them, in which their messages were transferred, were crude and easily made out; the arrangements for their movements were inadequate. A great many spies were captured and executed; the information they secured was often misinterpreted or entirely ignored. The South, however, with almost none of the resources of the North, was better served than the Union; the celebrated Allan Pinkerton, with the best will in the world, furnished Mr. Lincoln with some surprising misinformation. At the beginning of the war the city of Washington, the Government, were distinctly Southern in sympathy; when the members of the Government from the South departed home numbers of their wives and daughters remained for short or long periods. The South was handsomely supported by its men, but it was worshiped by its women; they were fanatical in its service; no sacrifice was too great; every Southern woman who remained in the capital was a potential or actual spy. They were, most of them, important socially, charming in appearance, schooled in personal and political tact. It is probable that their information brought about the Federal defeat at the first battle of Manassas. One of them, Mrs. Rose Greenhow, became openly defiant; she declared that, instead of loving and worshiping the old flag of the Stars and Stripes, she saw in it only the symbol of murder, plunder, oppression and shame.

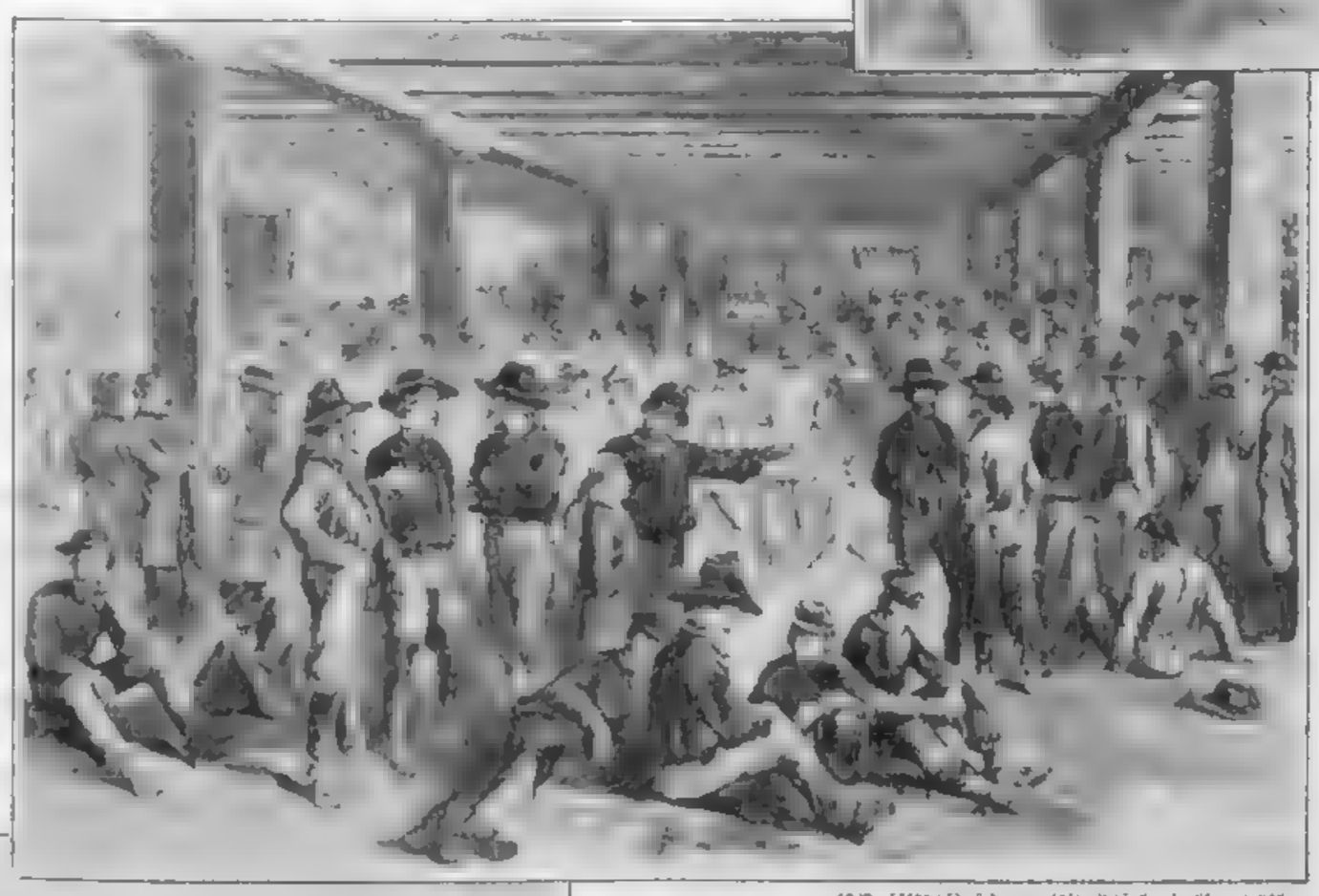
The Assistant Secretary of War desired Mr. Pinkerton to keep a close watch upon her; she was arrested and held at the Old Capitol Prison; but Mrs. Greenhow too—like Belle Boyd—was indiscreetly released; she continued her secret activities in America and England until, running the blockade outside Wilmington, North Carolina, the ship that bore her—the Condor—went ashore on the New Inlet bar. Mrs. Greenhow insisted on being taken to land, and her boat was overturned. Everyone else escaped—she was drowned by the weight of her heavy black silk dress and a bag full of gold sovereigns.

That is all very simple, very direct, compared with the variations in the accounts of Belle Boyd. There is even a lack of agreement about the date of her birth; in Vol. XI of the Southern Historical Publications, Richmond, it appears that she was born about 1835. This is plainly incorrect. The same authority asserts that she married and divorced a Federal officer in London; and that, as well, is an error. She didn't divorce Mr. Hardinge, he died. The details of her existence, ornamented by the spirit and floral style of her time, are engagingly set down in her memoir. Belle agrees, with the best opinions, that she was born in 1844. There was, she thought, no tract of country in the world more lovely than the Valley of the Shenandoah. No prettier or more peaceful little village than Martinsburg existed. Many beautiful houses gave it a degree of importance; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had begun to build the vast machine shops that General Jackson—to prevent their capture—was soon to destroy.

"Imagine," Belle Boyd proceeds, "a bright warm sun shining upon a pretty two-storied house, the walls completely hidden by roses and honeysuckle in luxuriant bloom. At a short distance in front of it flows a broad, clear, rapid stream; around it the silver maples wave their graceful branches in the perfume-laden air of the South." Her childhood, she remembers, was all golden; she was surrounded by loving, by beloved, parents and brothers and sisters. "I believe," she adds, "I shall not be contradicted in affirming that nowhere could be found more pleasant society than that of Virginia. In this respect the neighborhood of Martinsburg was remarkably fortunate, populated as it was by some of the best families of the Old Dominion, descendants of such ancestors as the Fairfaxes and Warringtons."

At twelve—it was, Belle says, the custom of her country—she was sent to Mount Washington College, and cherished a most grateful recollection of the principal, a Mr. Stanley. At sixteen her education was held to be complete, she made her entrée into the world in Washington City with all the high hopes and thoughtless joys natural to her time of life. It is impossible to ignore the stilted charm of her own description of that existence. "Washington is so well known to English people, I need not pause to describe its gayeties. In the winter of 1860–61 when I made my first acquaintance with it, the season was preëminently brilliant. The Senate and Congress halls were nightly dignified by the presence of our ablest orators and statesmen; the salons of the wealthy and talented were filled to overflowing; the theaters were crowded to excess, and for the last time for many years to come the daughters of the North and South commingled in sisterly love."

When Virginia, at once firm and reluctant, seceded, the call for troops was instantly and fully met. Belle Boyd's father was among the first to enlist; he was offered, she explains, a grade in the army proper to his social position, but he declined all privilege—he preferred to serve in the ranks and give to a needier man an officer's pay. He joined a regiment—the Second Virginia—armed and equipped by subscriptions raised by Belle and other ladies in the valley. Its colors were inscribed, Our God, Our Country, and Our Women. The regiment was attached to the corps commanded by Colonel Nadenbush, it belonged to the part of the army afterward known as the Stonewall Brigade and it was ordered at once to Harper's Ferry.



The Interior of Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, With Prisoners From General Lee's Army Confined After the Surrender

At Left—Harper's Ferry in Possession of the Confederate Forces

At Top—General Stonewall Jackson at the Battle of Bull Run, July, 1861

Martinsburg, when the troops had marched away, fell into a mood of sadness, a state of deserted and silent depression. Belle occupied the long summer days with reading and the packing of easily carried provisions for her father. But against all her efforts at reasonable contentment, she found her life very monotonous. It was not in accord with her temperament, and she decided—her phrase is "*coûte que coûte*"—to visit her father's encampment. Belle had little difficulty in persuading others to join her, and they found an animated scene at Harper's Ferry. The ladies, married or single, in the society of husbands, brothers, sons and lovers, had cast their cares to the winds, and seemed, one and all, resolved that whatever calamity the future might have in store for them, it should not mar the transient pleasure of the hour.

That insouciance, however, did not last for long. The Federal Army was reported to be advancing, and General Jackson, with five thousand men, marched out to observe their progress. The Southern troops withdrew to Falling Waters, near Martinsburg and nearer to Williamsport, and the battle of Martinsburg, in the July of 1861, followed. Belle heard the dull thunder of the artillery, the sharp roll of muskets, in her pretty two-storied house. She was informed that the Yankees, under General Patterson and General Cadwalader, were moving in force, but it was only a Federal advance guard; a skirmish followed that lasted five hours.

At ten of the morning General Jackson's troops, in full retreat but admirable in order, passed through

(Continued on Page 150)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 27, 1928

Static

RADIO is the great debunker of orators and oratory. In the air, personality plus often becomes personality minus. The flashing eye, the hand-on-heart, the organlike tones, the thundering climax, may all go for naught with the listener-in, sitting quietly in his library a thousand miles away from the emotional orator and the yelling crowd. Unless the ideas that the radio brings to him are sound and the logic convincing, broadcasting back-fires on the candidate. Something happens in the air to half truths, "wisecracks" and appeals to the prejudices of the crowd. Hot air is nicely cooled off somewhere in the great open spaces between the orator and the listener-in. Thunder and lightning at the mike is just static at the loud-speaker.

Rarely can the stump speaker survive the test of the radio. The ten thousand standing before him are in the humor for sound and fury; the ten million listening in can be caught only by convincing ideas and a constructive program.

Governor Smith's much touted "charm" and personality suffer severely at the hands of the radio. It reveals him as a rather superior Tammany politician—a master of appeal to prejudice; of attack by insinuation; and a sufferer from delusions of persecution. But when it comes to offering a constructive solution of the great questions before the country, he has no sound, workable answer. He begs the question, or, if he has an answer, it is the wrong one.

Particularly did the radio show up Governor Smith when he spoke in Oklahoma, though it has done him the same disservice on every occasion that he has used it. He must have placed a very low estimate upon the reasoning powers of his Oklahoma City audience or he would scarcely have ventured such transparent sophistry as characterized his speech in that city. Nettled by the opposition of Senator Owen on the score of his long affiliation with Tammany, he undertook to convince his audience that those who pretend to be against him because he is an outstanding member of the Tammany tribe, really oppose him on account of his religion and use Tammany merely as a red herring to drag across the trail.

Much as most of the governor's opponents endeavored to keep religion out of the campaign, neither he nor Senator Robinson would let it drop. After declaring that "religion" is a word that ordinarily ought not to be mentioned in a political campaign, Governor Smith opened a keg of red herring himself and went on to say a great deal about religion and bigotry and intolerance, but little or nothing about Tammany. Yet no one should know better than Governor Smith that the country at large is neither bigoted nor intolerant. The fairness, often amounting to favoritism, with which he has been treated by the press and the people as a whole, should be sufficient to remove any such notion as that from his mind. It is true that he has been and is being attacked in certain quarters on the score of his religion, but the governor knows that intolerant and bigoted members are not peculiar to any church, religion or sect, though the Quakers, throughout their history, have been singularly free from them.

Governor Smith is right to resent slander and misrepresentation, but he is too old a campaigner not to know that they have never been absent from any presidential campaign, and he has been too long in politics to cry baby. His own supporters have not been guiltless of attacking Mr. Hoover on religious and other personal grounds. But the former Secretary of Commerce is too sensible, too sure of the common sense of the voter to rush to the stump to deny the silly stories that are being circulated about him. Some of these are carefully calculated to appeal to race prejudice in the South, some are planned to hurt him in the North, and others with the farmers in the West. But Mr. Hoover holds no martyr pose, gives no sign of having a persecution complex. Governor Smith's friends should tell him that his reputation as a big, broad-minded, "happy warrior" has been badly jolted by the radio. Some of the stories that he repeated were preposterous on their face and called for no denial, when he could have used his radio time to some serious purpose—to add more definite facts and detailed programs to the promises and generalities he has been dealing in.

We are told that Governor Smith has "charm," personality—that he is a good friend and a good fellow. All this is no doubt true, but what the radio brings to us are the speeches of an opportunist, a politician who promises everything and offers no real solution for anything.

The country, for instance, would like to have him state clearly and in detail his reasons for believing that he could solve present problems and improve present conditions. If he would devote some of the radio time that he is using to tell us how the Republican administration has failed, to demonstrating just how he would do better, instead of accepting a principle and referring the whole matter to a committee, we could feel that he had something more than a superficial knowledge of national affairs. Nowhere is his ignorance of fundamental conditions more apparent than when he discusses the farm problem and farm relief. An economic whispering campaign on vital subjects has been carried on by the Democratic candidate, even when he was shouting loudest about them.

The governor is badly advised if he really believes that those who say they are against him because of his long affiliation with Tammany Hall are opposing him on religious grounds. Does he expect us to believe that Tammany is now a religious body, concerned with the uplift and political reform and civic righteousness? A high and beautiful note.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, but never has there been a stranger sight in a campaign than the dry South, some high-tariff Eastern manufacturers and Western farmers sleeping with the wet, traditionally low-tariff, city-of-New-York-raised governor. However, with it all, there is plenty of room and no danger of anyone falling out of bed.

The Builder

NOW that the campaign is drawing to a close, there is one fact of which the people may rest assured—namely, that Mr. Hoover is peculiarly fitted by temperament, training and experience to meet the problems of the hour. The country has very nearly passed through the period of readjustment which followed the war. We would not dare say that the need for watchful economy which Mr. Coolidge has stressed is over; but willingly or not, the country is entering a period of vast construction, of broad, heavy economic problems with which Mr. Hoover is particularly fitted to cope.

No matter what the voter's individual personal preference may be, it is certain that the next few years will witness a scientific, economic and industrial revolution. Mr. Hoover has proved himself a master of emergencies; he has handled armies of men in many countries, and has dealt with many governments in regard to matters of the largest import. We are more than fortunate in being able to hire such a general manager for the largest business in the world. It seems almost the hand of destiny that a man with such an equipment should be ready for the work before us.

New York City and Albany are important places, but Governor Smith himself must have too great a sense of humor to pretend that he is as well acquainted with as many sections of the country as Mr. Hoover. Certainly he has no such familiarity with international affairs. He has no such knowledge of agricultural problems and no such first-hand contact with vast operations in food supply and other commodities and industries.

But, it is said, Governor Smith, if elected President, will call conferences of the best authorities on agriculture, and take the advice of such men. Mr. Hoover, however, has not only had to do first-hand with these matters for years but has probably talked with more authorities and attended or called more conferences than anyone else alive. Already he knows what the facts are; he does not have to learn them from the ground up.

Mr. Hoover has always evoked enthusiasm and loyalty from armies of assistants and employes. He has probably done more than any other man to bring about better homes in America. Those who meet him, whether for the first time or after hundreds of contacts, come away with the impression that he has a wonderful fund of information concerning every section of the country and its peculiar problems. But those who know him—and their name is legion—have a far more significant impression of him than this. They are convinced by every word and act and movement of the man that he is far more interested in the country's welfare than in his own. He has no time for egotism; his idea is to get the job done. The progress of the country is his underlying thought. The main issue now is properly to direct and perpetuate our prosperity and to use it for the higher purposes of humanity. Does any fair-minded person seriously doubt that Herbert Hoover is the outstanding man of the time for this appointed task?

Bank Credit in Great Britain

DURING recent months public attention in this country has been directed to brokers' loans and the credit employed in stock-exchange transactions. The Federal Reserve System, by control of the rediscount rate and by open-market operations, has endeavored to restrain speculation in stocks. Whether this has been successful or not does not concern us at the moment. But it is important to realize that among the objectives of the Federal Reserve Board perhaps the most important is the maintenance of ample credit facilities for current business and for the prospective handling of the autumnal crops. There is no policy of restraint of credit in general involved.

In Great Britain is now raging a controversy over the policy of the Bank of England in relation to credit. Dating back to before the resumption of the gold standard, the policy of the Bank of England has been criticized as purposely repressive. In general, the critics of the policy interpret it as one tending to continuous deflation. Opposed to the policy of the Bank is a large section of public opinion led by Reginald McKenna, now the head of one of the largest banks, and John Maynard Keynes, the economist of Cambridge University. The opposition charges that restraint of credit has checked production, delayed revival of exports and intensified unemployment of workers. A moderate measure of inflation is urged in the interest of restimulation of industry and commerce. Keynes has contended that the repressive policy of the Bank of England over the past five years has reduced the wealth of Great Britain by more than two billion dollars. The relation of credit to stock speculation is not involved in the argument. It is credit for manufacturing and shipping that is sought.

Rip Van Winkle Wants a Job

By BOYDEN SPARKES

ONE of the first Americans definitely to recognize that medical science has increased his life expectancy by ten years or more is an old actor now past seventy; and instead of being thankful for this boon he has been complaining of it. His complaint has become a Broadway wheeze.

He was trying to borrow some money recently to tide him over between engagements and was chided for his lack of thrift by the old friend to whom he had appealed.

"You should not have to borrow money," he was told. "You always made a fat salary and your wife left you a decent fortune too. Why did you spend her money so fast?"

"Fast!" exclaimed the old actor, his white-haired meekness turning swiftly to wrath. "Fast, heh? How did I know I was going to live so blink-blanked long?"

Copy-book maxims are mean weapons with which to wound the feelings of old fellows who want jobs and cannot get them; or who cannot, at any rate, get jobs commensurate with what they regard as their capacity to perform. Besides, it does no earthly good to tell an old man that he should have made hay while the sun shone or to remind him how doth the busy bee improve each shining hour. Such lines are appropriate in a diagnosis, perhaps, but as a remedy for an old man looking for work, they are not worth repeating.

What he wants is not a lecture, not sympathy, nor yet charity. What he wants is a job, and the sad truth is that jobs for unplaced old men are the scarcest commodity in the American labor market; and this is true with especial emphasis where white-collar labor is concerned. Abroad the situation of the elderly white-collar jobless is much, much worse than it is in the United States. In England and Germany, which have serious unemployment problems, there is little hope for improvement; but in the United States, where there is an abundance of work and relatively little unemployment, it would seem that all that is necessary to work a decided change is a serious consideration of the need and desirability of setting aside certain places in industry for the elderly which can be filled acceptably by the elderly.

"The real problem," I was told by Richard A. Flynn, assistant director of the employment service of the United States Department of Labor, "is not with the elderly mechanic or skilled laborer, but with the white-collar worker, particularly if he has had only a grammar-school education and has not a good personality."

On this subject there is in the United States one militant and informed authority. He is himself an old man, judged by the standards of big-corporation personnel managers, since he is fifty-six years of age and their dead line is thirty-five or forty; but measured by behavior I should say he was about as youthful as Galahad. For several years he has been operating an employment agency for old men.

A German, with level, hazel eyes and a snowy mustache and thin goatee worn in the manner of Buffalo Bill, he has become a rebel against the dictum of business that "help wanted" shall mean only young help. Some years ago he went from Germany to the Philippines, where he worked as an accountant for a firm exporting shell. The shell was being shipped to Europe, where it was made into buttons that were shipped back to the Philippines to adorn the white duck and drill suits that are worn by all men in the islands. In this situation the young German accountant saw an opportunity.

What he saw was an economic waste and he proceeded to transform that needless freight charge on shell and buttons into a profit for himself. He sent to Muscatine, Iowa, for machines armed with tubular saws designed to drill button shapes from raw shell; set up a factory in Pandacan, a suburb of Manila; worked for a tariff on imported buttons; and in the course of a few years had created a prosperous business having more than three hundred exotic names on his pay roll. There was a man from Muscatine as superintendent of the factory, a German on the books, a Spaniard as a sort of *liaison* executive, and several other

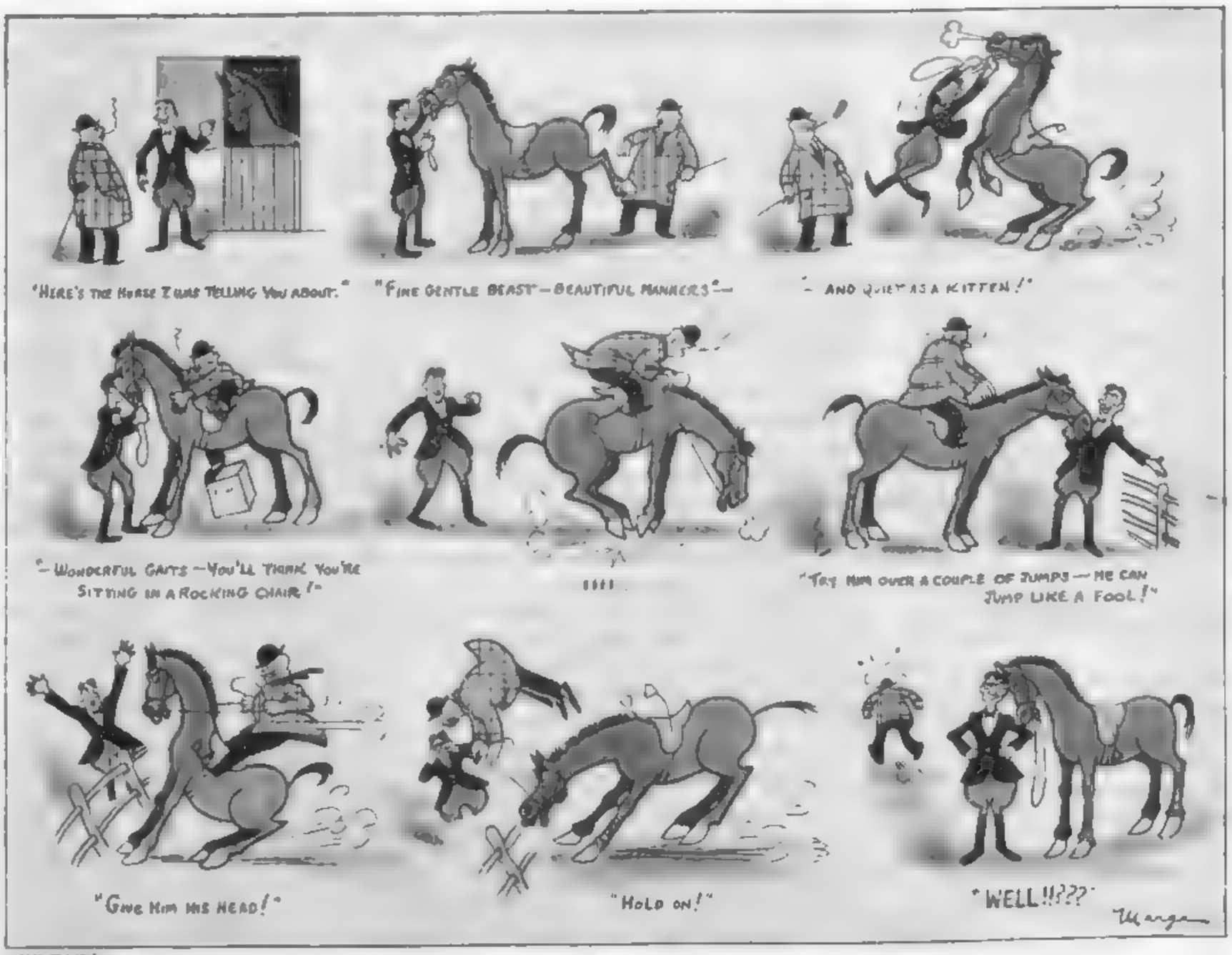
(Continued on Page 48)

THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMP

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

An Old-Fashioned Halloween

MARY gave us such a treat—a real old-fashioned party, and all her invitation cards were very, very arty. Neo-Russian witches, in contortionistic revels, romped in parabolic curves with early Gothic devils; "Come," they read in ancient script, with curlicues between, "let us fitly celebrate ye olde-tyme Halloween!" Mary decked the studio with shocks of purple corn, and rainbow jack-o'-lanterns laughed the optic nerve to scorn; we lacked the cellar atmosphere for candlelight romance, but Kathryn did the Mirror, an interpretative dance, then Olga danced the Witch's Drag, attired in orange roses, and Sylvia bobbed for apples in a set of thrilling poses. We tasted of the cider, which was rather odd and flat, but ice and ginger ale and things were remedies for that; the doughnuts from the shop were oleaginous and soggy, but everybody laughed it off and took another doggie; some nuts were indispensable, for custom is despotic, and litchi nuts from Chinatown were pleasantly exotic. We meant to tell some creepy tales, according to direction, but somehow switched to politics—'twas just before election; whoever brought the book of games had carelessly mislaid it, but there was always bridge, we said, and so of course we played it. We danced a while by radio, then gayly rode away to finish up the evening at a modish cabaret. Now wasn't it refreshing to go back to simple ways and taste again the joys of unsophisticated days? We complimented Mary with enthusiasm hearty, for everybody simply loved her quaint old-timy party! —*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*


"HERE'S THE HORSE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT."
"FINE GENTLE BEAST—BEAUTIFUL MANNERS!—
— AND QUIET AS A KITTEN!"
"— WONDERFUL GAITS—YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE SITTING IN A ROCKING CHAIR!"
"TRY HIM OVER A COUPLE OF JUMPS—HE CAN JUMP LIKE A FOOL!"
"GIVE HIM HIS HEAD!"
"HOLD ON!"
"WELL!!???"

The Horse Who Didn't Want to be Sold

Young Things

DAPPLED fawns of hills and holts,
Quaint and leggy calves and colts,
Pups and kittens soft as silk,
Full of innocence and milk,
Lambs and kids, a sportive crew,
Downy chicks and ducklings, too,
Cubs in rolypoly glee,
Babies, gurgling, pink and wee,
Children, mostly under seven—
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

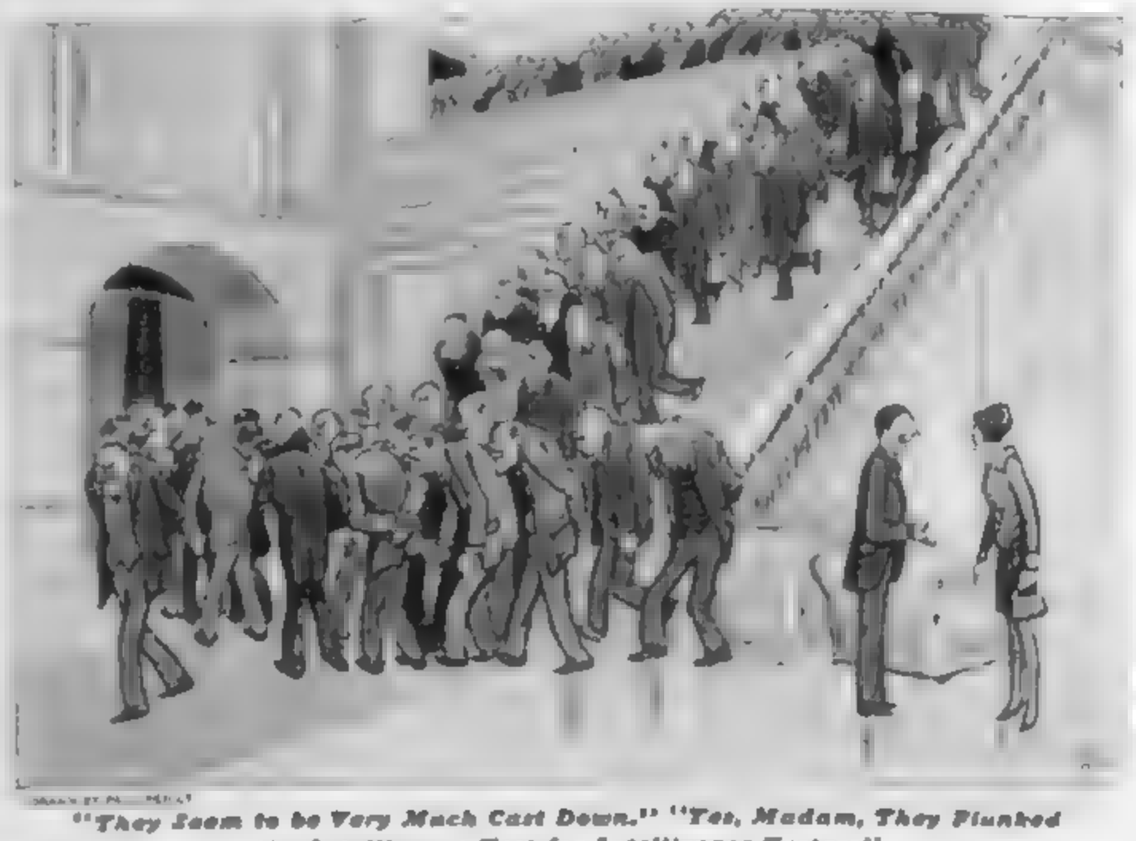
A Glance at the New Books

THE SUNKEN GARDENER, by Hyberia Busby. Melanie Kebbuck, an exquisite but eccentric blonde, troubled with bilingual hyperbole, lives in a decayed old manse, alone with her aunt, a victim of acute megalomania, and her guardian, Hugh Ffolliott, a retired steel magnate, who has an obscure form of cerebral osmosis. He is determined to marry his ward, but Melanie firmly refuses to be an old-manse darling. How Dick Burbleton, saxophonist, effects her escape, only to lose her in the labyrinthine hells of Chicago's underworld, is a tale which will delight lovers of the new criminology.

A DAY WITH THE JACKETEERS, by H. Collins Morebunk. An ex-publisher tells in a trenchant but humorous fashion of the peculiar and little-known people who make the jackets for our novels. What was the source of their glamorous and barbaric art, whose recent development has proved so significant? There are two theories, one of which links "jacket" with the older form "Basque," pointing, Mr. Morebunk believes, to the Primitives of the Pyrenees. On the other hand, Professor Acidophilus holds that "jacket" derives from "tunic," and accordingly concludes that the tribal art had its genesis in Tunis, North Africa. One scene in the book lingers vividly in the reader's memory: A jacket has been achieved and a hush falls upon the little band of artists, as the publicity manager, blindfolded, chooses from a box of typewritten slips the title of the novel destined to wear the jacket.

(Continued on Page 106)

Selecting the Trousseau



"They Seem to be Very Much Cast Down." "Yes, Madam, They Plunked the Intelligence Test for Intelligence Testers"

Here's the soup that always tempts!

SOUP
and coaxing "our gang" to eat

"WHAT do you mean coaxing? My trouble is to put on the brakes. My children have the appetites of boa constrictors!"

Wait a minute, lady, wait a minute. We know all about that. We have youngsters about the house ourselves. But we ask you if you don't stage a little play in your home just about every day. And it goes something like this:

SCENE: The dining-table. Actors: Several young huskies all rarin' to go at their food *if* and *when* they see something that's really interesting. You head the cast, of course. Come the vegetables and other necessaries. General indifference among the youthful players. You give the cue—in fact, you give it several times and there's a slow swinging into action. Pretty soon you notice a let-up and once again you prod the laggards. You speak sharply and by and by, your nerves get on edge. Does it make a dent? It does not. All eyes are set on the dessert and other more alluring dishes. Sly rewards are offered, followed by open threats. And in the end you are likely to have a band of noisy rebels to handle.

And all because you are doing your duty as a conscientious mother and trying to get the children to eat the food you know their health demands. Well, here's something that really works. Start them off with good, hot, delicious soup. They'll eat that—and like it. And it contains precious vegetable foods their growing bodies need.

SOUP, you know, retains far more of the valuable mineral salts of vegetables than if the cooking water is thrown away, as is so often done in the home kitchen. This makes soup especially beneficial to children. Then, too, soup promotes the free flow of the digestive juices and thus helps to keep the little tummies in good working order. That's mighty important, for even the most careful of mothers can't control all a child's eating.

Doctors and food experts all advise the mother to take special care to supply their children liberally with vegetables. In Campbell's Soups you have them at their best all through the year. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes and the soup is ready for the hungry children.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Vigor, muscle, pep and hustle
Make me brisk and snappy.
Campbell's flavor, food and savor
Keep my tummy happy!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

A SON OF ANAK

But Though They Smoothed It Out and Scanned It Page by Page They Found Nothing Save the Greasy Stains They Had Remarked Before

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IX

THE tide was ebbing fast, and the wind was slacking with the tide. The surges, rolling in from the Atlantic, still struck and battered, but they struck now listlessly, as though their task were done, like workmen who, as they put away their tools at the end of the day, give here a rap and there a rap to nails already driven home. There was no fury in their batterings now; there was not even a sullen, grudging anger in their slow withdrawings. Rather the sea and the wind and the rain began to hush together, almost wistfully, as though willing to comfort the man stricken there by the side of his friend. They drew off, whispering, and the wind stroked Bram's cheek, and if his eyes were full of tears the rain washed them softly away.

They had laid Thad on the deck, and Bram knelt beside him, doing little services. He caught together and tied the broken suspender; he salvaged and arranged the fragment of a shirt; he thrust back Thad's fair, sodden hair. Whitten stood above him, his foot braced against the submerged rail, his elbow on one knee; and he watched Bram, waiting for the big man's move. The tide withdrew from them; the water about the wrecked Bargee was little more than thigh-deep now. It was dark and darker, but abruptly there broke somehow a rift in the western clouds. Not enough to permit the sun to appear, yet enough to show a brighter spot against the gray of the sky, enough to seem by contrast like a shaft of sun. Whitten filled his pipe, waiting patiently, and he said once:

"Likely clear by morning."

Bram nodded at that, and he turned as he knelt on the deck to look up at the boatman. His hand rested on Thad's arm. Whitten saw that his eyes were clear as a flame, but his voice, when he spoke, was smooth as steel.

He asked gently, "Dark, how soon?"

Whitten looked up and down. "Inside the hour," he said. "Can you run by night?"

"Anywheres," Will assured him.

Bram moved; he rose and he lifted Thad like a baby in his arms. He walked back along the slanting deck till he came to its lowest point; and Whitten suddenly understood and jumped overboard into the water, and lifted his arms.

"Here," he invited. "I'll take him."

Bram said in that gentle tone: "I have him!" But for all his tone was so gentle, Whitten flinched away. Bram lowered himself from the deck to the footing four or five feet below him as easily as a great cat slides downstairs, with no leap nor jolt nor jar; and he went splashing through the water toward the shore, Thad held high across his breast. Whitten came behind, content to be behind. Bram walked alone.

He emerged from the water upon the shingle. The round pebbles rolled under his feet, and here in the shadow of the bluffs it was deep dusk. Yet his footing never wavered; he walked proudly, his head high, like one who feels upon him the inquiring stroke of many eyes of which he seeks to seem unaware. The bluff was steep, so for a little way he kept along the beach, till a rift opened where the waters had carved a gash in the hillside; and up this he turned, climbing effortlessly. Whitten panted behind. Bram climbed to the turf and on that better footing walked more swiftly up to the top of the eastern hill. When he came to that high place the approaching night was heavy all around them; below them to the north and south the sullen sea, raging from its long chastisement by the wind, was sinking into pits of darkness and of sleep. The wind, Whitten marked, had veered; he said under his breath:

"It's coming 'round."

Bram had paused a moment there—by a great rock like an altar—and at this word he nodded. He seemed to choose his way, and went on, swinging down the long incline toward the wharves a mile away, where the Patsy lay moored. The low ground before them and the bleak houses there were shrouded in a clot of shadow; the sea was like ink—an unreflecting black. They descended into darkness.

When they came by and by to the brink of the wharves it was no longer light enough to see an accurate path, and Whitten spoke again.

"Wait," he urged. "Some of them boards are rotten. I'll get the lantern."

Bram nodded acquiescence, and he stood like stone there at the landward end of the pier while Whitten hurried out to where the Patsy was and boarded her. He came back a moment later, the lantern by his knee, his shadow flung across the dark water and swinging like a tremendous pendulum as the lantern swung. He held the light low to guide Bram's steps; and when Bram came to the Patsy, Whitten whispered "Wait a minute now."

And he fumbled in the forward cubby and brought out the cushion and blankets on which they had slept the night before. He spread them smooth and Bram bestowed Thad there. The boatman cajoled the engine into life and they backed and swung and headed toward the sea.

Bram showed no mind for words at first and Whitten did not speak to him. He took the Patsy out of harbor and

(Continued on Page 34)

From spotless churns * * * *Creamery fresh!*

SWIFT & COMPANY has many creameries in selected dairy regions.

These creameries are noted for their orderly routine, their strict cleanliness, their spotless churns.

In them Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned from graded, tested cream.

Then it is delivered in Swift's immaculate refrigerator cars—either to Swift branch houses in the cities or direct to the dealers in the smaller communities.

This is the quickest, most direct route possible.

Hence Brookfield Creamery Butter retains the goodness of butter *just churned*—butter that you know is *Creamery Fresh.*

The name Brookfield is the assurance of high quality also in Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry.

Swift & Company

Brookfield

Butter -- Eggs -- Poultry -- Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 32)

swung her northwestward and held her that way bound. They ran for a while, and the Patsy, overtaking the great seas, pointed her lean bow high and climbed laboriously up the long slant of each roller, and tipped over its crest and slid slithering down, to climb again; and the monotonous motion continued endlessly. By and by Whitten saw a light far ahead, where a tug passed up the bay with barges in her train, and he remembered his own lights and asked Bram to take the wheel while he set them burning.

When he came back Bram asked, "You're going into Rockland?"

Whit nodded. "I'm heading there," he agreed. "That's the light on the breakwater, and Owl's Head off there." Bram said nothing. "I thought you'd want to take him there," said the boatman.

Bram silently assented. After a moment he stirred. "You know, Whit," he suggested, "Thad was an awful nice fellow."

"I bet," said Will Whitten.

"He was," Bram repeated; and he seemed to feel that he ought to make this clear to his companion. "I roomed with him," he explained. "Knew him pretty well. He was all right. Everybody liked him." He shook his head faintly. "I never knew anybody that got really sore at Thad, you know."

"Is that so?" Whit echoed. His tone was challenging. Bram, he saw, required the ease of words. "Didn't they?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Bram, in gentle pride—"no, sir, you couldn't get mad at him. I used to cuss him out sometimes, but he'd just laugh." He added, as though striving to make his meaning clear: "He was the darnedest man I ever saw to—to kind of do things—go out of his way to do things, help out, fix things up, give a fellow a hand. I'm not that way. I used to give him the devil for it, but he never cared what I said. Yes, sir, he was just naturally that way. He really was a fine fellow, Whit."

Whitten assented cautiously, puzzled by the other's mood. Bram was a shadow in the dark beside him, his head and shoulders in silhouette against the dull glow of the starboard light. Whitten saw him rub his hand across his brow and shake his head as though in dim bewilderment, and he repeated in a puzzled way:

"Why, Whit, you couldn't help liking Thad."

"I bet," Whitten once more agreed, and silence held them for a while. The Patsy went about her business, climbing the ranges of the sea and sliding down their farther sides. She overhauled the waves methodically one by one; and when her nose half buried in the flank of one, she shook herself as an osprey does when it rises from a dive with talons laden and feathers heavy with clinging drops of water. The engine sang; it had a high, clear, ringing note that underran the steady purr of the exhausts. The sound was a cheerful one.

Whit watched Bram's face in profile. The boatman was full of a lively and attentive curiosity, wondering what Bram would do. This wistful mood of reminiscence seemed to him not in character. He could understand the passion of that long and striding progress across the island when Bram bore a burden in his arms that must have made his body ache with sharp fatigue. But he wondered now whether Bram had in that manifestation exhausted all the fury of his grief. So he watched the other's countenance against the light, and they rode in silence through the dark while the waves marched in ranks along with them. And by and by he saw, or seemed to see, a change not so much in the lines of Bram's countenance as in their relation to one another. The big man's brow seemed lower; his chin a little withdrawn like that of a fighter tucked away to avoid a blow; and his lips that had been soft were more firmly set together. Bram had begun, Whitten guessed, to look not backward but ahead.

The boatman felt a growing content. He had seen and shared some gay battlings in his time; he thought there might be some such festivities to come.

Once the Patsy skipped a little, and Whitten remembered that the gas must be low. He carried a spare five-gallon can in the stern, and he let Bram take the wheel while he climbed on the bow and precariously manipulated funnel and can there. For the rest, they had no interruption of their progress, and by and by the light on the breakwater drew close aboard and they passed it and began to thread their way among the riding lights of the vessels, large and small, at anchor here.

"We're in," Whitten said under his breath; and Bram stirred and nodded at that.

"That's right," he agreed gravely. He hesitated for a moment. "You?" he asked. "Have I taken too much of your time? Must you get back to your own affairs?"

Whitten chose his words. "Why, I dunno," he replied. "You through with me? You—through with this business? I guess likely there's nothing you can do." His tone was level, not at all a challenge.

Bram looked at him in the dark; and as they slid under the stern of an anchored barge the lantern gleam struck Bram's face dimly. In that light he seemed pale as ice.

"Through?" he repeated. "Why—no, I'm not through," he said evenly.

The boatman chuckled and he spat contentedly over the side.

"Well," he said, "I ain't much of a hand to quit a job in the middle."

Bram startled him at that; he came swirling to his feet with a swift, lurching motion. The stout Patsy rocked with the violence of his movement. He cried out harshly, "Through? Through?"

His fists cracked together in front of him with a gesture full of baffled, futile rage; and the pain of the blow somehow quieted him. He looked at his knuckles, and he sucked at them thoughtfully where the skin was bruised by his own blow.

"No," he said then, in the gentlest tones once more. "No, I'm not through."

"I'll stick around," said Whit at that, and checked the Patsy's speed. She slid along the wharf, came softly to a stop and floated there. He stilled the engine, busied himself with the mooring lines, and Bram got to his feet.

(Continued on Page 80)

Someone Said, Behind Him in the Wood: "What are You Doing Here?"

A rubber mill reduced power consumption 12½%

A job like this needs doing only once

THE TURBINE BUILDERS—*One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter*

Have you ever traced how many daily problems and irritations come up to you directly or indirectly from lubrication difficulties?

How can you eliminate them? By making sure once and for all that the lubricants and the lubrication system used in your plant are the most efficient obtainable.

Scientific lubrication speeds up production and cuts down costs. It helps to eliminate shutdowns for repairs. It increases machine productivity. It lengthens machine life.

For example, high power-costs in a large rubber mill attracted executive attention. The Vacuum Oil Company was called in. The correct application of Gargoyle lubricants soon effected a saving of 12½% in power-consumption.

But the most significant results did not show up on the cost sheets.

The power-saving was merely the outward manifestation of the smoother and more efficient operation of the machinery throughout the mill. This meant increased production and reduced wear on costly machines.

This illustrates the great difference scientific lubrication can often make.

Fifteen minutes now may save you many hours later

In a quarter of an hour one of our representatives can point out what scientific lubrication can accomplish. He can give you a point of view that puts lubrication far above the cost of oil, or the saving of power, or the cost of repairs.

Each plant has its own problem. In our 62 years of specialized knowledge of lubrication, it has been our privilege to effect lubrication improvements in many of the country's largest industrial plants. Our diversified experience, with the coöperation of your engineers, will be found helpful in increasing efficiency and extending the useful life of your expensive machinery.

Please feel free to ask us to have one of our men call upon you at your convenience.

No matter what your product may be, correct lubrication can bring about definite economies and increased efficiency.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

As smart as Paris styles . . . .

Sealex Linoleum No. 6061 (4½" Tiles)
Sealex Linoleum No. 3042 (9" Tiles)
Sealex Linoleum No. 6061
Sealex Linoleum No. 1/4207
Sealex Linoleum No. 1/4210

"Granada"—an attractive Karnean marbled pattern in 6-inch diagonal tile
Sealex Linoleum No. 3031

HAVE you heard the word that's going 'round? . . . *"Floors as smart as Paris styles."* Everywhere, women are talking about the new *Sealex Linoleums* . . . about the smart new designs with their gay groupings of color. But that isn't all! The fascination of these floorings only begins with their chic beauty. There is something else that is inducing women to use these new linoleums in every room. It's just this:

These new floorings are actually impervious to spots and stains. They are made by the revolutionary *Sealex Process* which penetrates and tightly seals the minute pores of the material, preventing dirt, grime and spilled liquids from getting into the body of the linoleum.

Any soil is merely surface soil! An easy wipe over with a damp mop brings back the fresh, new beauty of the pattern.

When next out shopping ask to see *Sealex Linoleums.* Note their rich, non-glossy finish. Quality asserts itself in every detail . . . makes you know that here, at last, is linoleum which combines beauty and rugged serviceability with an easily-cleaned surface. And the cost is sure to make friends with your sense of economy!

The wide variety of *Sealex Linoleums* includes rich Inlaids, like those illustrated, two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship—a type for every interior.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Offices,* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

FREE — A valuable book on home-decoration by Winnifred Fales. Contains many helpful suggestions on how to adapt inexpensively the new trend in decoration to your own home. A practical Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

Name

Address

An Old Sweetheart of Mamma's, and Dimity Gay

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

VI

THAT rather grim old masterpiece of self-making, Sir Bessemer Crust, was charmed to learn that his only son Archie, in spite of the big accumulation which some day would be his, still possessed enough natural business instinct to be ready, even anxious, to pick up what quite obviously was to be a tolerably easy profit. So charmed was he with the simple little plans which the Dimity-trained lad faithfully recited to him within ten minutes of his return to Crust Court that he had no hesitation whatever in letting his local man o' business run over to Applegarth Holde next morning with Archie. Satisfied that Mr. Wesley's property was reasonably worth the money in any case, the legal man had taken up the option and effectively clinched the deal within an hour, greatly to Uncle Esmond Wesley's gratification.

Archie returned home, and over the telephone promptly received instructions to lunch at Dimity's, after which he was promised the boon of taking the little one for a motor drive, when things could be talked over.

Mr. Wesley's gratification was converted into a species of ecstasy when, not more than five minutes after the purchasers of the property had departed, a long telegram was handed to him, said wire being from the celebrated publishing house of Gainsborough Gay, requesting Mr. Wesley to call at the earliest possible moment, bringing with him the manuscript of his novel, The World Put Right. The good Gainsborough selected this novel from an old record of the bale of literature by Mr. Wesley rejected many years before.

Tittering with excitement, Wesley dug the novel from the obscurity to which its fervent rejection by every known and many unknown publishers in the country had consigned it, and accelerated himself forthwith to London. Being fortunate about his train, he was sitting face to face with the capable Mr. Gay at least half an hour before luncheon time, all thrilled up and bestaggered by the extreme cordiality which the excessively polite Gainsborough had put into his greeting. Now that he saw, or seemed to see, his work published, he had forgotten the harshness of Mr. Gay's former criticism and the sour peremptoriness of his earlier refusal.

He sat facing Gainsborough from behind one of Gainsborough's cigars, thinking what a delightful and appreciative papa Dimity possessed, and so obviously delighted that Mr. Gay cut out quite a good deal of the preliminary canter. There were a few flourishes, of course; but even so, Mr. Esmond Wesley, five minutes later, heard Gainsborough saying:

"And consequently, my dear Esmond, I have come to the conclusion that when your novel has undergone a few slight alterations, elisions, revisions and additions—all of which, being merely technical, can be done by a member of my staff—I may be able to make you an offer—a good offer—to publish it, and to pay you a something—um—not inappreciable in the way of an advance royalty. How will that suit you? I understand that Mrs. Wesley mentioned to my wife yesterday that it was an ambition of yours to sell your property at Bilsberry Magna and settle down to literary life in London when you once made a start."

"Yes, Gainsborough, that is my idea," beamed Mr. Wesley.

"Well, We—Your Daddy and All of Us—are Rather Anxious That You Will Be a Staunch Little Business Comrade of Ours and—er—Tell Archie to Sell it to Us"

"An excellent idea," purred Mr. Gay; "and the time may come, as I trust it will—as I certainly trust it will—when I shall be proud to tell people that I was largely instrumental in giving you your start. By the way, my wife took a great fancy to your little place, Applegarth Holde, yesterday. And as you are a willing seller, I may as well admit that I am inclined to—er—indulge Elaine's fancy for a little country week-end and holiday resort, and to buy it. How much do you want for it?" inquired Gainsborough carelessly.

"Why, Gainsborough, I wish you'd mentioned that before," said Mr. Wesley. "It would have been a pleasure to sell it to you—you, of all men."

Gainsborough smiled. "Well, if your figure is not too outrageously high, you will be able to give yourself that pleasure, won't you?"

"Well, no, Gainsborough," replied Esmond reluctantly; "unfortunately, I can't. I sold it this morning."

"What's 'at?" Mr. Gay snapped it out like a terrier just missing a very active rat.

"I sold it this morning."

"Sold it, man! Who on earth to?"

The publisher's tone was peremptory and irascible. Wesley noted it, and it helped him respect his compact of secrecy with Dimity.

"To Sir Bessemer Crust. He wants it for a week-end cottage," he explained.

Gainsborough sat up angrily. "Sir Bessemer Crust! Crust! Why, my girl Dimity's engaged to marry his boy Archie! How comes this? What does a man like Sir Bessemer Crust see in a place like that?"

"Oh, well, it's not such a bad little hole," said Mr. Wesley defensively. "Wants a little money spent on it, of course—nothing to a wealthy man."

"Expense is never nothing," said Gainsborough sourly. "How much did you get out of him?"

"Four thousand."

"Have you signed anything?"

"I signed several things this morning."

"And did they pay a deposit?"

"Oh, yes—a heavy one," said Wesley.

"And it's final?"

"Humph!"

Mr. Gay reflected a little. Then he rose impatiently. "Well, it can't be helped, apparently. Had rather set my heart on that place of yours—for my wife. Pity—great pity. Might have paid you a trifle more for it, myself." Mr. Wesley instantly looked extremely dejected. "Anyhow, keep in touch with me, will you, Wesley? Something may crop up—some hitch. Sign nothing more without consulting me."

"Certainly I won't, Gainsborough," promised the author readily.

"Very good. Then I needn't keep you any longer. I'll look into the matter of your—er—novel and you will hear from me about it later. Good-by," concluded Gainsborough rather clammily. Mr. Wesley looked as if he would have liked to stay a little longer—as authors will. But he went—as authors do.

He was not well clear of the building before gentle Gainsborough was on the telephone to Julius Balm's office. Julius, struck by the note of urgency and baffled appetite in the voice of Mr. Gay, came instantly—at least as instantly as a normally uninstant taxi could rattle him along.

With publisher-like directness, Gainsborough Gay broke the evil news, like a bad egg, all over Julius, and the business expert looked solemn. He thought for a long time. "Queer coincidence, Gay—very queer. Something I don't quite understand about it."

"Plain enough, surely," grated Gainsborough. "By a curious and unlucky chance, Sir Bessemer made up his mind a few hours before we did—that's all. Wanted it for a week-end cottage or something, I understand."

There was a brief pause, broken by Mr. Gay: "We shall have to get it—the orchards and plant—from Sir Bessemer at the best price we can, I suppose."

"Oh, decidedly. I shall go into it, when I have seen Mr. Hackett, who will be most undisguisedly hurt about it. He and Sir Bessemer are tolerably good friends again now, but I fear that either would cheerfully drive a deep financial fang into the other, just for the fun of the thing."

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Gay curtly. "Still, with you handling it, Julius, something might be made of it."

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Balm in his turn. "We shall see. We shall do what we can."

(Continued on Page 39)

PACKARD

* * * * "Gules, a cross lozengy between 4 roses or. A pelican in her piety."

So, in the language of Ancient Heraldry is described the Coat of Arms and Crest of the old English Packard family, first transplanted to the new world by Samuel of that name in the year 1638 via the good ship Diligent from Windham.

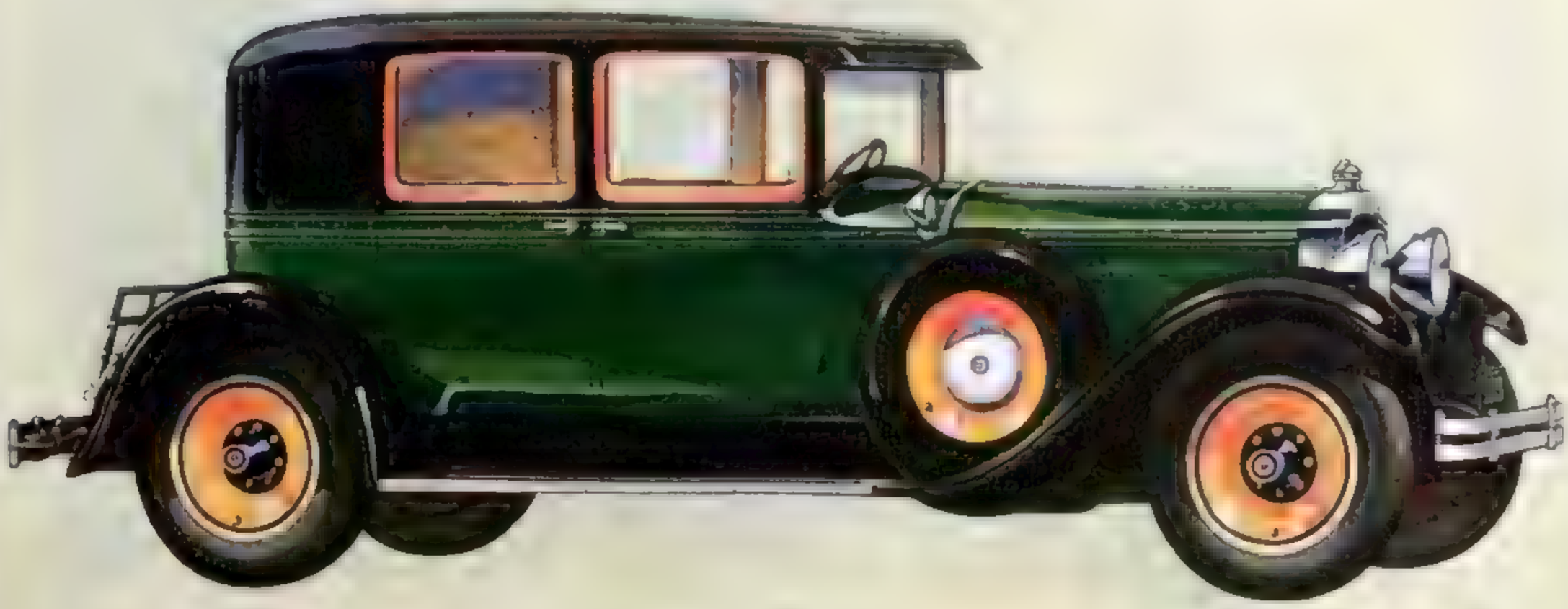
It was to be 290 years before that device was shown and known to fame in America—adopted with pride and as a mark of respect to James Ward Packard, and his brother and co-worker William, by the great company which they founded and lived to see win world leadership in the manufacture of fine cars.

For it was not in the Packard code to adopt a crest without meaning or significance, and the Packards were not the men to press their personalities or family in the public eye. So for thirty years the characteristic Packard radiator has neither borne nor needed a distinguishing symbol.

But now with the passing of Ward and William Packard, they who built largely with their own hands the first Packard car, the Packard Company has appropriately adopted that honorable family's Coat of Arms.

The Packard Arms will continue to stand for quality, taste and integrity—an everpresent pledge that the ideals established will always be faithfully upheld.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Continued from Page 37

"Do—do, my dear Julius. The thing is serious. Why, among other things, I have practically committed myself—verbally—to publish a most infernal novel by the person Wesley—a matter of, say, seven hundred pounds, more or less, nowadays. Something must be done about that, I assure you."

"Oh, verbal!" said Julius. "Something can be done about that, no doubt. Meantime I'll see Mr. Hackett."

He left, presumably with that object in view. But, to judge from his mutterings as he proceeded officewards, he was concerned less with the fact that Mr. Gay had committed himself to publish Mr. Wesley's novel than with the fact that his niece—by marriage—little Dimity, had been among those calling on the Wesleys the day before Esmond sold his property. For gentle Julius was dimly aware of an invisible force stirring somewhere, somehow, in the affair of Mr. Wesley's apple orchards.

There was something odd about the very curious coincidence that Sir Bessemer Crust, Dimity's Archie's papa, had nipped in, as it were, to snatch from Mr. Gay's jaws that titbit upon which they were so competently closing. And when, shortly after, Mr. Balm's car went softly moaning southward out of town its proprietor was fully determined to go on from Avery Hackett's Sfitz works to Ernemouth, there to have a chat with Dimity. It was entirely without pleasure that he looked forward to the interview, for he had interviewed her on business before, and he had always found it a highly expensive method of using up valuable time.

"If she hadn't gone there with her mamma and the other girls yesterday, I wouldn't give the matter another thought," he reflected. "But—knowing her, as I ought to by this time—I have to look full in the face three facts—namely, that Applegarth Holde was available yesterday, that Dimity went there and that Applegarth is no longer available"—a painful thought pierced him—"at the price."

His face went wry, and stayed wry until he was sitting with Mr. Avery Hackett in that salt-water manufacturer's highly austere office at the Sfitz works.

Julius broke the news bluntly, and the normally bleak face of old Avery went bleaker than ever. "Can't buy the orchard, Balm? Hey, what's all this pack o' nonsense? We've got to buy it, man!" snapped grandpa.

"In which case, we shall buy it from Sir Bessemer Crust, providing he is willing to sell it," said Julius flatly. "For it's useless to deny that he is unquestionably the owner of it."

But this did not daunt Grandpa Hackett. "Well, s'posing he is. What of it? We're very good friends again, and there's that little maid of mine, Dimity, engaged to be married to his boy Archie. Oughtn't to be hard to arrange something suitable, should it?"

Grandpa reflected. "Now, lookee here, Balm, you got to be tactful about this, y'see. You go to my little maid Dimity and be tactful with her. Get her to feel sympathetic with her daddy and her gran'pa and her Uncle Julius. Give her a little mite of a present—very fond of presents, these young gals are—and kind of get round her. Persuade her to tell Archie she won't be happy till her daddy can buy this Applegarth Holde from Sir Bessemer—see, Balm? Play on her feelings, same as I did when I had the same sort of difficulty about that spring Sir Bessemer owned. See? See now?"

Julius hardly attempted to conceal his impatience. "For probably twenty years it has been my daily lot to conduct just such delicate, hair-triggered affairs, and I venture to believe that my long experience, practice and training have equipped me to deal with little Dimity. I shall do my best. Leave it to me," he said with dignity, and rose.

VII

GENTLE Julius found Dimity alone with a novel on the lawn, and as the lovely little thing could guess perfectly why he had called, he had no difficulty in coming to the point. Indeed, he was rather steered to it. He serpentined a little, but discarded the tortuous gambit as soon as he saw that it wasn't necessary.

"In fact, to be perfectly frank, my dear," he said unclewishly, "your daddy, your grandpa and I happen to be rather badly in need of that bit of property which Archie or his father bought the other day—Applegarth Holde. Did you know that?"

Dimity thought for a moment.

"Oh, yes, I knew that, Uncle Julius," she said presently, without much interest. "It is a lovely place, all foamy with apple blossoms."

"Yes, so I understand," said Julius rather dryly. "Do you think Archie might be persuaded to sell it?"

Dimity laughed, happily, confidently. "Oh, I should think so!" she cried.

"Well, we—your daddy and all of us—are rather anxious that you will be a staunch little business comrade of ours and—er—tell Archie to sell it to us. After all, he doesn't need to bother his handsome head with all the worries of dealing in small properties, when he could be enjoying life with you, Dimity, does he?"

"No-o, I shouldn't think so," agreed Dimity in rather an undecided sort of voice. "But, of course, Sir Bessemer might like to bother about it."

Julius looked a little sad. He knew few folk more likely to enjoy the bother of making an easy but large profit than Sir Bessemer Crust. He agreed rather feebly. "But even so, Dimity, I question whether Sir Bessemer would deny you and Archie the little favor of reselling to us, at, of course, a reasonable profit."

Dimity nibbled a pink finger tip. "Well, I will ask him about it if you like, especially if you will pay for a present I want to give to mummy."

Julius stared. The idea of a present for mummy had not occurred to him. "A present?" he echoed. "Does your mummy want a present?"

Dimity laughed happily. "Why, of course she does, dear Uncle Julius. How funny! Wouldn't you like a nice present if you were mummy?"

Knowing the good but prudent Gainsborough Gay as he did, Julius agreed. He wisely conceded the point of a present for mummy and rose before anything else expensively occurred to the child.

"Well, so be it then, Dimity," he said as heartily and comradely as he could. "That's our little private arrangement. You can go and buy a present—er—something nice—nice but reasonable—for your mamma and send the bill to me, and in return you will persuade Archie and his father to sell Applegarth Holde to us—our little company—British Vintages, Ltd."

Dimity's beautiful little hand fluttered into Julius' like a small bird settling into its nest. She looked up at him smiling—and corrected him on one small point: "I will talk to Archie about it, Uncle Julius, but I ought not to promise that I will persuade him—in case I fail—though I shouldn't think Archie would like very well to let me fail to persuade him, should you?"

"No," said Mr. Balm, with a peculiar dry urbanity: "no, I should think it would make Archie very sad and miserable to deny you anything that you let him see you required."

Dimity slipped a hand through his arm and walked with him to his car. "I will do my very best for everybody, Uncle Julius," she promised, and Uncle Julius let it go at that—he had to.

Dimity's notion of doing her best for everybody seemed to start with a visit to Colonel Lindsay Haslar, D. S. O.—Distinguished Service Order; M. C.—Military Cross; O. S. M.—Old Sweetheart Mummy's—that afternoon in company with Torfrida the Truly Regal, Maulfry the Golden Fatty and Bethoe the Darkling.

(Continued on Page 125

Dimity Steered Him to a Balcony Facing the Sea. "Please Stay There, Archie Darling, and See the Sea Until I Come," She Invited

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from Page 21)

"We'll give you five thousand dollars for it," they agreed.

"Ten thousand or nothing!" I cried, walking out in disgust.

As we reached the hall, Van grabbed me by the neck. "I'll cripple you!" he growled. "Now we'll get nothing!"

The next day I received a call from the firm. "The best we can do is seventy-five hundred."

"Good enough!" I said.

I was steadily earning more money, and even my father-in-law was beginning to reconcile himself to my occupation, though he always regretted the gents' furnishing store I could have owned. Still, I knew that one day he would capitulate, and he did. It was while he introduced me to an old friend of his that he said in awed tones, "I want you shall meet Eddie Cantor. He makes eight hundred dollars a week." But he felt I was not a real business man. He once saw Harland Dixon in our show and asked me, "What does he get?"

"About seven hundred a week."

"What? For a little dancing? You see, if you was a real business man, you'd take that up and make the seven hundred on the side!"

As money came in I found myself in constant debt, thanks to Lipsky, who bought up large blocks of stock and made me pay them off with earnings that would otherwise have been frittered away in silly extravagances. We started a thrift account for each of the children. There were three now. On the night of June 10, 1918, when the Follies opened in Atlantic City, my third child was born. After two girls you would naturally expect a third girl, and that's what it was. Edna arrived when I was on the road, but later, on my return, I was properly introduced to her.

Ever since the day of her birth she and her two sisters have had thrift accounts, and we have put aside five dollars a week for each. Their savings are invested in bonds, so that they will all have substantial sums when they grow up. I increased my insurance proportionately as my family and income grew. The income on the principal is the same while I live and the fund of protection it affords my household is to the extent of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It would have been greater, but there was no need, for my other investments turned out to be wise ones.

In 1920, returning from the road, I drove up to 631 East One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street, the Bronx, where we had been living all this time and found the flat to let. No one was home. I called up Dan, surprised and a little alarmed. I could not understand what had happened.

Dan tried to reassure me: "It's nothing, Eddie. Ida needed a little rest and went with the children to a place in Mount Vernon." He promised to join me at once.

I had a vague idea about what it might be. "Maybe this time," I thought, "it will be a boy." We drove up to Mount Vernon and the peaceful suburban atmosphere, with rich embracing trees and lawns of green, aroused a dreamy, gentle feeling in me. I recalled the days at Surprise Lake Camp, when I first met Nature face to face. We stopped before a beautiful country home with white façades and heaving bosoms of foliage.

"What a lovely place this is!" I exclaimed. I was tired from the long journey East and this seemed the ideal spot to be united with Ida and the children once more.

"This is your home," said Dan.

"You mean ——" I was thrilled. Tears came to my eyes.

"The two years are up and you've got what you want."

"You mean it's all mine—my home—my place?"

"Here's the deed to the property. Ida and I picked it. We thought we'd surprise you. Mr. Jonas himself sent up an appraiser from the bank to see that we were getting the right value for our money. And now it's yours. You've earned it."

XIV

IN THE spring of 1907 a handsome man in the middle thirties, with a rather prominent nose, got off an ocean liner in New York Harbor and stepped on Manhattan soil flat broke. Three years before, he had run a vaudeville show in partnership with Joe Weber at the famous old Weber and Fields Music Hall at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway. But he suddenly grew tired of the show business and resolved to quit it for good. He sold his share of the partnership for solid cash, went to Europe and loafed across the Continent for three years until he blew in every dollar he had, and now he was back again, walking up Broadway and wondering how he could get into the show business once more.

For fifteen years he had dabbled in production and as many times his fortunes had zigzagged up and down. His first show, a musical comedy called The Red Feather, opened on the night the Lyric Theater opened in 1892. It was a success. But he couldn't hold money. He liked the gesture of it. He drifted into many musical and vaudeville enterprises and even produced farces, such as Papa's Wife and The Parlor Match. But he never tried to capitalize his successes or organize his finances. He was essentially a brave, bold adventurer of the theater who was on his mettle only when he was on his uppers.

He needed plenty of mettle now. Few remembered him and fewer cared to as he strolled penniless and hopeful along the bright White Way. Spring puffed its warm breezes in his face, the promise of a hot, arid summer—the worst possible time of the year to launch a show. Nevertheless, he went up to see Mr. A. L. Erlanger, who was already then the Little Napoleon of the theatrical world.

He had a soft, persuasive manner combined with the gambler's cool confidence, and even the cautious Mr. Erlanger was inclined to take a chance. He agreed to back him in the production of a small summer show not exactly vaudeville, nor yet musical comedy, but something different and entirely new in this country—a revue. It would be a modest experiment for a short summer run, and if it served no other purpose it would at least keep one of the Erlanger theaters open during the torrid months.

Most of the acts were borrowed from burlesque, but there was a novel and refreshing touch of beauty to the show that distinguished it at once and made it an instantaneous success. It was the first revue in America and the first time that pretty coquettish girls walked off the stage into the audience. It could have played longer, but the theater had already been booked for another show and the revue traveled to Baltimore and Washington, where it played to capacity houses. This was the first Ziegfeld Follies. It cost thirteen thousand eight hundred dollars for costumes and scenery and thirty-eight hundred dollars a week in salaries and running expenses. One of the last Ziegfeld Follies cost two hundred and seventy thousand dollars to produce and thirty thousand dollars a week to run.

In the past twenty years the Ziegfeld Follies has become an American institution of international renown. It is the ultimate ideal of young American beauties, not barring the movies. The Erlanger circuit that the first Follies of 1907 traveled is the same circuit it has traveled for twenty years, expanding in scope with the Erlanger interests. During that period many hundreds of girls from all parts of America have been glorified through the Follies ranks and attained rich husbands or fame on the stage and screen. Lilian Lorraine, Marion Davies, Justine Johnstone started their careers in the chorus of the Follies. The Follies programs of 1917, '18 and '19 listing the girls of the chorus read almost like an alphabetical arrangement of the headliners of today.

But more impressive even than the famous beauties of the Follies were its casts of stars, staggering in magnitude when measured by the salaries they now command. In the Follies of 1917, the first that I joined, there were Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Walter Catlett and Eddie Cantor. Today such a cast would cost twenty-five thousand dollars a week, and counting the celebrities in the chorus, the salary list would be ten thousand dollars more than the gross receipts.

The greatest musical-comedy cast ever assembled in a single show, I believe, was in the Follies of 1919. In that production, Ziegfeld had Eddie Dowling, Bert Williams, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Van and Schenck, George LeMaire, Ray and Johnny Dooley and Eddie Cantor. The salary for this cast today would just about equal every dollar the box office could take in for the week, not counting the chorus, musicians or running costs. I reproduce the program of the 1919 Follies as an interesting and unexpected development of the little summer show that Flo Ziegfeld innocently started back in 1907 to tide over hot weather.

When Will Rogers first went with Ziegfeld he got a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for the season. In his last appearance with the Follies, Will received thirty-five hundred a week for fifty-two weeks in the year. During his third season with Ziegfeld, Will was earning only three hundred and fifty a week, and he came to Flo, saying, "When I left Oklahoma I promised my wife and children that some day I'd make four hundred a week, and if I could ever make that, the dream of my life would be fulfilled." Ziggy promptly fulfilled his dream, but the next year Will asked for six hundred.

"What's the idea?" said Flo. "I thought your wife and children were perfectly satisfied with four hundred a week."

"They are," replied Will. "But since then I've got another child and he's kicking."

In those days Ziegfeld concentrated his whole year exclusively on the Follies and built it slowly, consummately. He conceived it, directed it and worked upon it with a staff of able lieutenants until it was architecturally perfect. Gene Buck wrote the lyrics, Dave Stamper composed the tunes, Ned Wayburn staged the dances, and Ziegfeld introduced Urban with a new conception of scenic art. Urban has since designed the new Ziegfeld Theater.

When I say that the Follies of 1919 was the greatest of its kind, I am not judging merely by box-office receipts. For in that respect the Follies of 1921 was unique. It ran for two seasons in New York. But the 1919 show was one of those ideal organizations of entertainment that bespoke the last word in stage generalship and the most perfect harmony of actors and material. Everyone in the cast clicked. Each specialty, no matter what its character, was performed by the acknowledged master of that field.

First of all, there were four big song hits where two would have been ample. Tulip Time and Mandy, by Buck and Stamper; A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody, by Irving Berlin; and My Baby's Arms, by McCarthy and Tierney, who afterward wrote the music for Kid Boots and Rio Rita. Eddie Dowling, Ray and Johnny Dooley played the bullfight scene. John Steele and Delysle Alda sang the leading sentimental numbers. Bert Williams and George LeMaire, the best heavy straight in the business, played the sharpshooting scene. Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington and Mary Hay, who later married Richard Barthelmess, held up the dancing end of the show. I played the osteopath scene with LeMaire and also introduced the popular song, You'd be Surprised. Then we had Van and Schenck for melody rhythms. If you were a hit in a show like that, you were a hit.

I must have made an impression on at least one person, for nine years later he not only remembered the song I sang but the special slurs and peculiar inflections I had used in its delivery. I met him in a rather embarrassing moment. He was a motorcycle cop and interrupted me at Queens Plaza just as I was about to establish a new record with my car for the trip from Great Neck to New York.

"Get over!" He waved me sullenly to one side and dismounted. "Gimme your license!" I took my license out of a pocket in the car and he read it with a frown. Then he looked up at me suspiciously. "Are you Eddie Cantor?"

I don't know why I hesitated. At best, I am no Adolphe Menjou, but with a two days' growth of stubble and my coat collar turned up I pass for a genuine freight-car resident, and the feeling that I looked grimy and unkempt must have made me self-conscious.

"You got any other identification?" growled New York's finest. I took out a watch that Ziegfeld had inscribed to me. The cop's eyebrows lifted and his eyes fairly popped. He looked at my new car, then at the inlaid timepiece, then at my hairy face, and thought here was a prize catch. I was not only a speeder but probably a robber too. He already had visions of elevation to the detective force. But he tried a last clew.

"You say you're Eddie Cantor," he snapped. "Well, do you know a song, You'd be Surprised?"

"Yeh."

"Well, sing it!"

And there in the rain, with my collar turned up and two days' growth of beard, I sang a verse and chorus with the special slurs and peculiar inflections I had used nine years ago, and the cop seemed to listen for just those touches that characterized my delivery. His eyes were screwed in an expression of stern intensity, but gradually they relaxed and a broad grin spread over his face.

"You're Eddie Cantor, all right!" he cried, patting me on the back. "Now run along and take care of yourself!"

In the Follies of 1918 I roomed with Frank Carter, who afterward married Marilyn Miller. For a long time I played as important a rôle backstage in this romance of the wings as on the stage in blackface. Marilyn's parents strongly opposed the match, and having had my own experience with Ida's parents, I became a willing and handy Mr. Fixit for the lovelorn couple. I arranged little tête-à-têtes for them at restaurants, slipped notes from one to the other under the nose of Marilyn's watchful family and the love match went through as per schedule.

One day while we were playing in Boston, Frank Carter bought a magnificent high-powered automobile for his dancing star. He drove it himself to the theater, hoping to surprise her with it. The car was struck in a collision and he was killed. For a time it seemed that poor Marilyn would not survive the shock of this tragedy. They had only recently been married and were extremely fond of each other. The grand suite they had occupied at the Copley Plaza Hotel was now a lonely place with haunting memories, and Marilyn sat all day in a daze of anguish, lapsing from spasms of sobs to blank morbid moods.

After each performance of the Follies, Van and Schenck and I would go up to her rooms in the hotel and give a special little performance for her to lift her out of her melancholy and make her forget. Our own hearts were heavy and we often had lumps in our throats while trying to entertain, but

(Continued on Page 42)

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Is there a doctor in the house?"

When the scene shifts, when make-believe suddenly gives way to grim earnest, when the cry "Is there a doctor in the house?" tells of a sudden emergency—

Every eye in the hushed, expectant theatre then seeks the *one* man whose duty and privilege it is, even in leisure hours, to respond to such a summons and protect human life with trained judgment and skill.

Few persons realize, perhaps, that *another* powerful protecting force is also called into play at such times—dependable medicines at the physician's command, medicines in which he can place absolute confidence.

To justify this confidence—to insure this dependability in medicines—has been our guiding thought since our beginning in 1866. If we could take you through our great laboratories—in Detroit, in Canada, in England, in Australia, in South America—you would see in constant operation a system of checks and tests that would astound you by its extent and complexity.

Extreme caution—for your health's sake

Each of the more than 10,000 yearly incoming shipments of raw material to be used in Parke-Davis medicines must first of all be examined and tested by our own trained chemists, botanists, and pharmacologists. We accept nothing on the maker's word. Unless each drug and chemical proves by these tests to be the best and purest obtainable, it cannot win the Parke-Davis stamp of approval.

Out of 27 shipments of a certain drug received recently, for example, 13 were rejected after testing.

From first to last, the identity and amount of every ingredient that goes into a Parke-Davis medicine is repeatedly checked and rechecked—never fewer than five times.

The final tests on all Parke-Davis serums and vaccines for your physician's warfare on smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid, and other infectious diseases are made by three different bacteriologists, working independently. The result of each test must say "Pure—Safe!" Otherwise the lot is destroyed.

Thus, absolute accuracy is the established order in every department of the Parke-Davis laboratories.

* * *

If you would like to know some of the ways in which your physician is equipped today to *prevent* disease in your own family, we shall be glad to send you an interesting, non-technical booklet we have prepared, called *Fortresses of Health*. Send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ont.; or London, Eng.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Here are a few Parke-Davis special preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your pharmacist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines.

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream—Two fine white soaps are scientifically combined to produce this soothing and effective cream. Soap No. 1 makes the lather quick and voluminous; Soap No 2 adds the richness and fine texture which hold the water against the base of the beard to keep it soft throughout the shave. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues. It helps to prevent the bleeding of gums after hard brushing. It is effective in refreshing the mouth and alleviating impure breath when caused by mouth conditions. (No mouth wash can affect breath impurity which arises from other causes.) "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Neko (*Germicidal Soap*)—The odorless lather of this pure soap *removes* body odors—it does not substitute one odor for another. This is the soap that physicians and nurses have used for years to keep their hands hygienically clean and thus guard against infection. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, for bath, and for shampooing the hair. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide—Distinguished among peroxides because it retains its strength for many months. Its purity makes it dependable in emergencies caused by cuts or abrasions of the skin, before medical attention can be obtained. When used for this purpose, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

(Continued from Page 40)

we clowned it through and it was a touching sight to see her smile. Marilyn was as brave a trouper as ever marched the boards, and a little while later she was twinkling gracefully across the stage again. But behind the dancing star that smiled at the audience so charmingly was the little heartbroken widow who wanted to cry.

It was in this Follies, too, that I faced a crisis of my own. I had made the resolve that Old Black-face must die. In a moment of emergency I had put on his dark mask and he had helped me to success. Now the audience knew only this cork-smeared face while I stood hidden behind it wondering what would happen if the blacking came off. I feared that in this lay the seed of a greater tragedy than any I had yet experienced, and I had made up my mind long ago to leave tragedy to the Booths and Mansfields. I was not going to be a slave to a piece of burnt cork for the rest of my acting days. For the Follies of 1918, I prepared a scene in white-face. My agent, Max Hart, asked Ziegfeld to let me try it and he agreed, but in an evasive way.

I rehearsed my skit with Frank Carter, but on the opening night Ziegfeld refused to let the scene go on, saying there was no room for it in the show. The fact was he doubted my chances in white-face and feared to risk the change. But this change meant more than my job to me. It meant my future and freedom from the pale of the black label. The second night I gave him an ultimatum: "Either the scene is in or I am out—altogether." Ziegfeld reluctantly agreed to give the act a trial. This marked my first appearance on the musical-comedy stage in my own face, and good or bad as that face might be, it was the first time that I felt revealed to the audience and in personal contact with it.

In the scene, I played a ludicrous weakling applying for admission to the aviation corps and received a grueling physical examination at the hands of Frank Carter. He whacked and banged me, clapped me together and pulled me apart like an accordion and did everything but twine me around a spool. It was the first physical-comedy scene I ever played and it turned out to be the biggest hit of the show. In the next Follies I followed it up with the osteopath scene, which transplanted the idea of bodily punishment to a new and more fertile locale. A scene of physical comedy has since become a standard element in my repertory of fun.

It seems that audiences love to see somebody knocked and battered about to the point of insensibility as long as they feel he isn't really getting hurt. But if they suspect the punishment has passed the point of fun, they suddenly stop laughing, and even show resentment. This happened one night at Kid Boots when the burly doctor who mangled me in a variation of the old osteopath scene did it so well that afterward I had to go to a real osteopath to be treated.

In my last Follies, ten years after the Follies of 1918, the aviation scene was new again, and we considered using it as a physical-comedy skit.

But by a curious freak, in trying to adapt it to the recent developments in the news, the physical punishment took the form of a mental examination; and the laugh effects I once produced by being thrown all over the stage, I now got by sitting quietly in a chair and answering questions.

I played the part of a Jewish aviator from Newark and named my plane Mosquito—the Spirit of New Jersey. Major Brown, in charge of the flyers at Mitchel Field, said he would like to quiz me. It is interesting to observe how by stringing our gags together from line to line, we made the quiz take the place of a physical scene.

The major scanned me contemptuously. "You don't look like an aviator!"

"You don't look like a major."

"Sit down!" he growled. "You were in the Army? Did you get a commission?"

"No—a straight salary."

"Have you ever flown before?"

"I had flu during the war."

"Flown! Flown!"

But I was adamant. "Flu! Flu!"

"You must say, 'I have flown.' You can't say, 'I have flew.'"

"Are you telling me? I was sick in bed with it! I ought to know what I had." The major changed the subject.

"Can you name some of the principal aviators of 1927?"

"Well, Chamberlin, Levine, Ruth Elder, Levine, Commander Byrd, Levine ——"

"Who else?"

"Did I mention Levine?"

The major eyed me suspiciously. "What is your name, anyway?"

"Ginsberg."

"Your first name?"

"Gregory."

"Gregory Ginsberg! Is that your right name?"

"My right name is Levey."

"Why did you change it?"

"Well, I was in the South, around the Mississippi, during the floods, and I read headlines in the papers that they were going to blow up all the levees."

The officer curled his lip in disdain. "I have a few formal questions to ask you. Married?"

"No."

"Children?"

"Major!" He ignored my shocked expression and continued.

"Where were you born?"

"In Chicago. I'll show you the scars."

"Never mind. How do you sleep?"

"Like that." I clasped my hands as a cheek rest.

"I mean do you sleep well? Are you disturbed at night?"

"Yes. I'm disturbed terribly."

"What disturbs you?"

"My brother Morris. I sleep with him."

"How does he sleep?"

"Like this." I put my feet in the major's lap and he shoved them off in a rage.

"How long can a man live without brains?" he exclaimed, beside himself.

"I don't know—how old are you?"

When the examination was finally completed I was to hop off like Lindbergh, with one bottle of water and five sandwiches, but unlike Lindbergh, I intended to eat on the way, and called off the whole flight when I discovered that all the five sandwiches were ham.

I recalled this skit so minutely because in its earliest essence it was my first scene in white-face. And it must be said for Ziegfeld that despite his hesitation he had the showmanship to let me experiment. For in theatrical production precedent is not a safe guide, and the sheer spirit of gamble is often two-thirds of the victory. In this regard, Ziegfeld is without exception the biggest sport in the business. With a wave of the hand he has often discarded a scene in the Follies that cost fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, where another producer would hesitate and sacrifice the rest of the show to preserve a dull but expensive set.

On the other hand, Flo has many peculiarities that are often bewildering and embarrassing to his actors. He has a phenomenal passion for sending wires, and I have tipped off my friends that should Ziegfeld happen to pass away, they could sell telegraph company stock short and become millionaires overnight. Ziggy has often stood in back of the orchestra during a rehearsal and instead of calling out to the actors and telling them his criticism or suggestion, he would go out into the lobby and send them telegrams backstage.

He once sent me a twelve-page wire and added: "Will write you in detail tomorrow." On one occasion, at least, I hit upon a temporary cure for this telegraphic flood. I received an enormous telegram from him while playing with Kid Boots in Chicago. He made certain suggestions, saying he believed a certain song should go out and certain lines should be changed, while certain actors were slipping up and certain scenes needed watching; and what did I think of this and didn't I think that was better and wasn't the other thing as good as the first. The whole was such a bewildering tangle that I knew here would begin the world's longest correspondence in telegraphy, so I simply replied, "Yes." I thought this would cap the volcano, but I promptly received another telegram twice as long as the first, saying, "What do you mean—yes? Do you mean yes, you will take out the song, or yes, you will put in the lines, or yes, you will fix that scene, or yes, you have talked to those actors?" And so on for pages. To this I answered, "No." That ended the bombardment.

But there may have often been a subtle purpose in this onslaught of messages. Toward the end of the season, as the contracts with actors began to expire, they would get the most irritating and bewildering reams of wires, criticizing them, and those who had planned to ask for a raise got worried about their jobs and were glad to sign again on the old terms. But once this method didn't work. Ziggy shot me a couple of stinging messages, and instead of blushing with shame, I flushed with anger and came back with a sudden resignation. He quickly wired that he was only kidding me, but it was one time I couldn't see the joke. He had to tack on a thousand dollars a week extra as heart balm for the rest of the season and then the humor of the messages dawned on me. Those were two wires that cost him twenty thousand dollars.

But it is all in keeping with his flourish in the grand manner, which is not affected but comes natural to him. He lives like a potentate and his musical-comedy settings reflect his innermost quality of the far-flung and majestic. He has an uncanny sense of lighting effects, color combinations, costume harmonies and scenic backgrounds. He pays the highest salaries to artists and is the greatest manager for girls that America has ever had. As far as actors are concerned, a man to Ziggy means nothing. But girls—he has made many girls and girls have made him, and on that principle is based his chivalry, theatrical display and success.

XV

ON THE opening night of the 1917 Follies, three figures stood backstage of the New Amsterdam Theater, looking through the wings while waiting for their cue. One of them was a tall, lean Westerner from Claremore, Oklahoma, who chewed gum with the slow, measured rhythm of eternity; the second was a man of medium height, puffy faced, big nosed, a juggler with sly, peepy eyes who had come out of Philadelphia; and the third was a thin, nervous chap, younger than the two others, and smaller, with dancing, popping eyes and hands that moved all around him. He had arrived from the depths of New York's East Side.

They were three different types of comics who had risen from widely different schools of acting and the most diverse schools of life. The first, Will Rogers, had come upon his stage career by accident. As a youth he went down to South America to teach the gauchos how to swing a lasso. When he came there he found that their ropes were too long and their motions were all twisted, but they could lasso like nobody's business. There was no one to teach, so in disgust he took a cattle boat and sailed for Africa. When he landed in the dark country he met another man of the open spaces, Texas Jack, who was running a small-time rodeo show, and Will joined the company as a rope twirler. That was Rogers' first appearance on the stage—a cowboy in Africa.

The second, W. C. Fields, had a totally different development. At the age of eleven he left his home in Philadelphia to take his first job as an actor at Plymouth Park, a little Coney Island in Pennsylvania. His wages were five dollars a week, out of which he paid an agent's commission of a dollar and a half weekly. From there he went to play at a drinking garden in Atlantic City for ten dollars a week and cakes, which meant food, but it was neither cakes nor food—just beans. There was no charge for entertainment and the proprietors of this fancy saloon did all their profiteering on five cents a beer, pretzel and Fields thrown in. His first real break came in burlesque, where he got eighteen dollars a week—when he got it. At one time he was willing to settle all his back-pay claims for fifty cents to ransom his laundry.

"If I had fifty cents," growled the burlesque manager, "I'd start a Number 2 Company!" This line has since become a catch phrase in the profession.

While Bill Fields has achieved fame mainly as a juggler and comic pantomimist, many people have the mistaken idea that he never opened his mouth on the stage until four years ago, when he starred in his first big musical-comedy vehicle, Poppy. At that time the critics united in applauding him as the man who had found his voice and hailed Bill's larynx as if he had just had it installed. The truth is, Bill had been talking on the stage for over twenty years. He had a speaking part as far back as 1905, when he played in his first musical show, The Ham Tree, with McIntyre and Heath. But the story of his protracted silence sounded like such good publicity that Bill never took the trouble to correct the critics.

If anything, Bill Fields talked so much on the stage that at least once his talk got him into a serious mess. He was playing at the Winter Garden in Berlin and had translated his monologue into stilted German, using old textbook words instead of colloquial idioms, so that he found himself saying such awkward things as, "I'll break your throat" and "I bit my language." What was worse, some of his innocent wise cracks became, in translation, highly blasphemous and even profane, and instead of the snickers and giggles he expected, he got hisses and boos. In France, they laughed at the wrong places and in Italy he was threatened with stilettos. After that, Bill made his European tours without words, relying solely on pantomime, but back in the States he always talked. As an actor, he played the longest circuit around the world twice. It was on his first trip that he met Will Rogers in Africa.

These were two of the comedians who stood in the wings of the New Amsterdam Theater. I was the third. It was our first night together in the Follies. We had drifted here from strange places through many hardships, and tonight we would be taking turns on the same boards, in front of the same footlights. It felt as if from the very first we had battled every inch of the way together. There was never a thought of rivalry or envy. Though each would try his hardest to excel, he hoped his colleagues would achieve the same distinction. Frank Carter, one of the handsome straight men of the show, passed us as we stood there. He must have thought we were queer, curiously contrasted figures, and he smiled.

"As I live," he exclaimed jovially, "the Three Musketeers!"

Probably at no time in theatrical history did three comedians in the same show work so harmoniously together. In a business where a laugh to a comedian is life itself and he usually begrudges every chuckle another comic gets, the Three Musketeers of the Follies were ready to lay down their laughs for one another. Will Rogers would watch my act from the wings or W. C. Fields' skit, and offer changes in the lines or situations that invariably improved the original material. We tried to do the same for him whenever possible.

One day Will, Bill and I made a covenant among us and went further back than Dumas' Musketeers for our idea of friendship. In fact, we went all the way back to Omar Khayyam, the original old soak of Persia. According to Fields, Omar had formed an alliance with two other tent-makers which provided that whatever might befall, any one of the three could always come to the others and share their tent, their loaf of bread and jug of wine. Fields might have had an ulterior motive in telling us this story. Maybe he intended to retire on us. Nevertheless, we gave the

(Continued on Page 44)

The ancient University of Paris, which has made Dr. Rosenthal Laureate of the Academy of Medicine

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

Laureate of the Institute, and of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Academy of the Moral Sciences, Paris. Doctor of the schools of the City of Paris. Doctor of the Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensaries of the Social Hygiene Department, Paris. Assistant at The Pasteur Institute, where he has a laboratory for research work. Laureate of the Municipal Welfare Work of the City of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Yeast keeps the body cells young

says Dr. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, *noted French specialist*

"*Yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the alimentary canal. It reduces the poisons which, penetrating into the blood stream, make the body cells grow old and wear out more quickly. Yeast is one of the best agents of intestinal purification. The continued use of yeast, by cleansing the organs, protects human health.*"

Dr Georges Rosenthal.

FAMOUS alike in Europe and America for his remarkable studies of the blood, Dr. Georges Rosenthal speaks with acknowledged authority.

This distinguished scientist and physician confirms the discovery made by thousands of Americans that eating fresh yeast prevents sluggish, poisoned intestines and—in his own words—"protects human health" from all the ills that follow.

"Yeast feeds on and absorbs the wastes," he says. "It deprives the disease microbes, which are always ready to develop in our bodies, of their nourishment. That is how yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. At the same time it stops poisonous decay and thereby helps to a great degree the normal working of the intestine." Dr. Rosenthal's words, taken from an authorized interview widely printed in American newspapers, reveal the importance of a healthy and *active* colon, shown at the left.

Where the trouble starts . . where yeast works

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Here is where 90% of your ailments start, doctors say. Fleischmann's Yeast, a food as fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps this entire tract clean, active, healthy; prevents poisoning, promotes health, youth.

Keep Young with Yeast

Clogged intestines are easily restored to normal activity when you eat fresh yeast which Dr. Rosenthal has shown to be so effective.

More than half the doctors reporting in a recent survey in the United States said they prescribed yeast. Thousands have found the joy of health and happiness by eating this fresh, natural food every day.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly—daily*—one cake before each meal, or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Cheeks will bloom; skin will clear; that tired feeling vanishes; happiness and success seem easy. All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-74, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free

NO man in this world can go far alone. Some one said it, I don't know who. But no matter who it was, it's true. The man who thinks he can go the whole distance by himself, is a "smart alec." I don't want to be placed in that class, and that's why in this column, I am continually asking for your opinions, constructive criticisms and suggestions. I am ambitious to please and entertain—to make greater and better pictures—but I must have the Public's assistance inasmuch as I know I don't know it all by a long shot. The greatest thing in the moving-picture industry is The Public, and if the Public will help me, I will give it what it wants.

C. L.

A timid, fear-stricken girl, thrust onto a haunted stage and beset on all sides with menacing shadows, clutching hands, doors that open and close themselves, this is but part of Universal's mystery picture, ***"The Last Warning,"*** adapted from the great Broadway stage success and from Wadsworth Camp's great novel ***"The House of Fear."*** The lead girl is LAURA LA PLANTE, and the picture, in my estimation, will be another ***"Cat and Canary,"*** in which MISS LA PLANTE starred with such signal success. Paul Leni who produced ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** is directing ***"The Last Warning,"*** and Carl Laemmle, Jr., will supervise production.

Joan Hersholt in "Jazz Mad"

THIS I WANT YOU TO KNOW —that all over America and Europe, critics and special writers are of one voice in praising Universal's productions of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** and ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** both of which by the way have been synchronized with sound effects. Perhaps we builded better than we knew. I expected some criticism, but there wasn't any. This is music, is it not? You should ask your favorite theatre whether it includes these masterly productions in its Fall or Winter schedule.

Marian Nixon in "Jazz Mad"

Peter B. Kyne wrote ***"Freedom of the Press,"*** a melodramatic story of American city life and a faithful portrayal of how a great newspaper is produced and conducted. Universal has made it into a picture and placed it in the hands of such capable players as LEWIS STONE, MARCELINE DAY, MALCOLM MacGREGOR, HENRY B. WALTHALL and HAYDEN STEVENSON. Hon. Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution declares that it is a wonderful picture. Other prominent editors share his views. Just a fine story of the effort of a great newspaper to exterminate a vice ring.

George Lewis in "Jazz Mad"

Ask your favorite theatre to book ***"Phyllis of the Follies,"*** featuring ALICE DAY and MATT MOORE also ***"The Michigan Kid,"*** by Rex Beach, starring CONRAD NAGEL and RENEE ADOREE

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word. To meet a popular demand Universal will send photographs of actual scenes from "The Georgians" as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

pledge. Strangely enough, we have never needed to call on one another. To this day each of us has managed to do a fair business in his own tent.

Only once did all three of us play in a single sketch, and it was one of the worst sketches the Follies ever had. It was Ziegfeld's idea to put his Three Musketeers in an opening skit and start the show with a bang. It was not only a bang but a blow-out. Fields was grotesquely made up as the director of a patent office and many inventors and cranks forced their pet ideas upon him. Will Rogers and I were among the patentees. Each night we changed our inventions and always sprang something new on Fields, who was unprepared for the surprise. He had to keep right on edge to make sure the laugh was not on him.

As neither Will Rogers nor I had to use make-up for this scene, we would rush in from the street the last minute and patent anything we could lay our hands on. It was the first comedy scene in the show, and if Will did not arrive on time I ran on for him, too, and he often served me the same way. Only Fields had to be on hand very early every night, make up carefully and go down with a heavy heart to his worthless patent office.

But he bided his time and turned a laugh on Rogers in which I was an unwitting accomplice. One night during the war Bill arrived in Rogers' dressing room with a new joke he had just heard. The Germans had unloosed the Big Bertha that shelled Paris at a range of eighty-five miles, but the American wits failed to be impressed.

"Aw, that's nothin'," they said. "Uncle Sam's now got a gun that can shoot everybody in Berlin right from Staten Island, and all those it don't kill, it takes prisoners'"

Will Rogers thought it was such a funny line that he decided to work it in that night as the finish to his monologue.

Hearing this, Bill promptly came to my dressing room. He knew my act went on ahead of Rogers', and he said, "Eddie, I heard a great one today that you could use in your specialty." He told me the same joke, but didn't tell me that Rogers was planning to use it. I thought it was nice of him to give me the gag. During my specialty I put it over and it brought a big laugh. But while I was on the stage Fields kept Rogers busy up in his room and Will suspected nothing when he went on for his cue. He did his act as usual, and then for a smashing finish he told the gag about the gun.

"Well, how did it go?" asked Fields eagerly as Rogers came off looking rather sullen.

"Strange," muttered Will. "It sounded like a funny line to me, but nobody laughed except the musicians."

When I played in the porter scene with Bert Wilhams, I came on as a college youth just back from the halls of culture with two empty satchels, but one night I nearly broke my neck trying to trip lightly onto the stage with them. They were as heavy as light cannon. Fields had secretly filled the bags with telephone directories and bricks. To reciprocate this courtesy, I invited him the following week-end for a game of golf. Bill takes his golf very seriously and can play very well. I led him to believe that he was in for a hard match and he came all primed, canceling a real game for this one. When I met him on the links I took off my coat and stood in my pajamas and bed slippers. Bill laughed, but he didn't enjoy the game after that. He felt foolish following me around in my night clothes for nine holes. As for me, the way I play golf, I should always wear pajamas and sleep through the game.

Practical jokes were a part of the theater and the comedy we started on the stage overlapped into life. No member of the show escaped being involved in some prank, and once or twice there were almost serious consequences. While we were in Atlantic City with the 1919 Follies, Irving Berlin and I stopped at one of the large hotels. Berlin got a rush message to return to New York and he asked Harry Akst, who was with the show, to pack his bags for him the same afternoon. I volunteered to help Harry and took a few pictures off the wall which I tucked into Berlin's satchels. In New York, Berlin's valet unpacked the luggage and Irving never knew that he had taken along these strange souvenirs from the city by the sea. But he soon received a letter from the hotel sarcastically observing that they thought he was a gentleman and asking why he marched off with pictures from their wall and why he didn't take the walls too!

Berlin was amazed. He grew highly insulted and came back with a snappy denial. Moreover, he demanded an apology or he would have a lunacy commission investigate the management. Other letters followed that consumed a lot of time and temper on both sides, but I don't think the dispute has ever been settled. This is the first light shed on the mystery. The pictures are probably still in Berlin's attic and he has undoubtedly never seen them.

Another jest that took a more earnest turn than we expected was one that Fields and I framed around Will Rogers. If he reads it here, this will be the first time he learns the facts and discovers the culprits. Will would often tell us of the dearest friend he had in the world—a pal of his early days back in Claremore, Oklahoma, called Clay McGonigle. At first we thought the man was a fictitious character—the name sounded too pat; but Will told us so many interesting tales about good old Clay and himself that gradually the feeling came upon us to conjure up Clay and one day bring him on to New York. Unknowingly Will Rogers himself showed us the way.

It was wartime and we sat in Will's dressing room listening to his stories about the old days and his inseparable crony, Clay McGonigle.

"Haven't seen him in years," said Will. "But I've got a hunch that I know just where he is right now. He's out in France with the doughboys holding the front-line trenches. He must have gone over the day war was declared—he was that adventurous"

This was our cue. We'd have McGonigle going over the top. But we had to fashion our material skillfully to fool a shrewd one like Rogers. Luckily his valet confided to us that Rogers had a nickname which McGonigle had given him and which nobody else ever heard. When Will and Clay rode the freight trains together, Rogers would often pass a night in a carful of chickens and emerge in the morning covered with feathers like the last of the Mohicans. Clay grinned at him, exclaiming, "Look at Chickenchief!" and the nickname stuck. With this priceless secret in our possession, we were ready to frame a letter that Rogers would have to believe. Bill wrote it out in a clumsy hand:

Dear Chickenchief: Will be out front tonight watching your show. Will see you for the last time. Tomorrow I'm on my way to France. Whoopee! Your old pal,

CLAY MCGONIGLE.

We relayed this note to Will Rogers, and soon after he came down to my dressing room with a twinkle of excitement in his eyes. Fields, who dressed in the next room, joined us casually.

"Boys," cried Rogers, with an emotional tremor in his tone, "you'll never guess who's out in that audience tonight!"

"Who?"

"My old pal, Clay McGonigle!"

"No!"

"Yes," said Will. "He left a message for me with the doorman. Funny, we just talked about him yesterday. Gee! It'll be great to see him again!" It was a pity that Clay had forgotten to specify where he would be sitting in the audience, but Will Rogers felt sure he could locate him. "I could pick him out of a thousand!"

"Will Rogers!" shouted the call boy.

Will snatched a piece of gum he had plastered under my make-up shelf, stuck it into his mouth and ran down for his cue. He would keep the same four pieces of gum going all season and stick them in strategic places where he could get one at a moment's notice. Gum was as much a prop as his ropes and he never chewed it offstage.

Fields and I were consumed with curiosity to know how our joke would develop and we went down to watch Will's act. He was twirling his loops with more energy than usual and shooting all his gags at Clay. There was no audience for him that night but Clay. Every line he uttered began with Clay and finished with McGonigle.

"Remember the old days, Clay?" he exclaimed, hopping into his circling ropes. "What would the folks back home say, old pal, if they knew you were sitting here tonight?" It was a total blank to the audience. But what did Will care? Somewhere out there was his oldest pal and dearest friend and he was going to give him a good time before he sailed for France. "What do you say, Clay? I'll meet you after the show!" Fields and I had to hold each other lest we collapse.

After his act, Rogers told us he wouldn't show up in the finale that night. "I've got to get out early and stand in the lobby to catch Clay as he leaves the theater. See you tomorrow, boys."

He stood in the lobby watching the crowds go out, certain that he could spot Clay among thousands. But there was no Clay. He waited till remnants of the audience straggled out and the last man left. Then he came back thinking Clay might have called at the stage door. He grew impatient, swore, and finally called up the William Penn Hotel as the most probable place where his friend might be stopping. But the clerks had never heard of McGonigle. He tried every hotel and club he could think of and hunted through the night for his pal. It had ceased to be a joke. It was a lesson in devoted friendship that Fields and I never forgot.

For a long time after that Rogers often wondered what had happened to Clay that night. Now he'll know.

But the practical joke is a ruthless weapon with a double edge and I've often had it turned on me. Van and Schenck once took me to a restaurant in St. Louis after the show. While I went to get a table they lingered behind to tell the manager and waitress that I had just returned from a sanitarium, not entirely cured, and that I was still slightly deranged. The manager and waitress looked queerly at me and treated me with caution. Gus Van further confided to them that my whole mental disorder was due to drinking too much milk and that under no circumstances must I get near a glass of it. They knew I was dieting at the time and that milk was my main item of diet. Suspecting nothing of all this, I asked for milk and was surprised to hear the waitress suggest that I take cocoa or tea instead.

"Why can't I have milk?" I asked, getting irritated.

"We haven't any," said the waitress glibly.

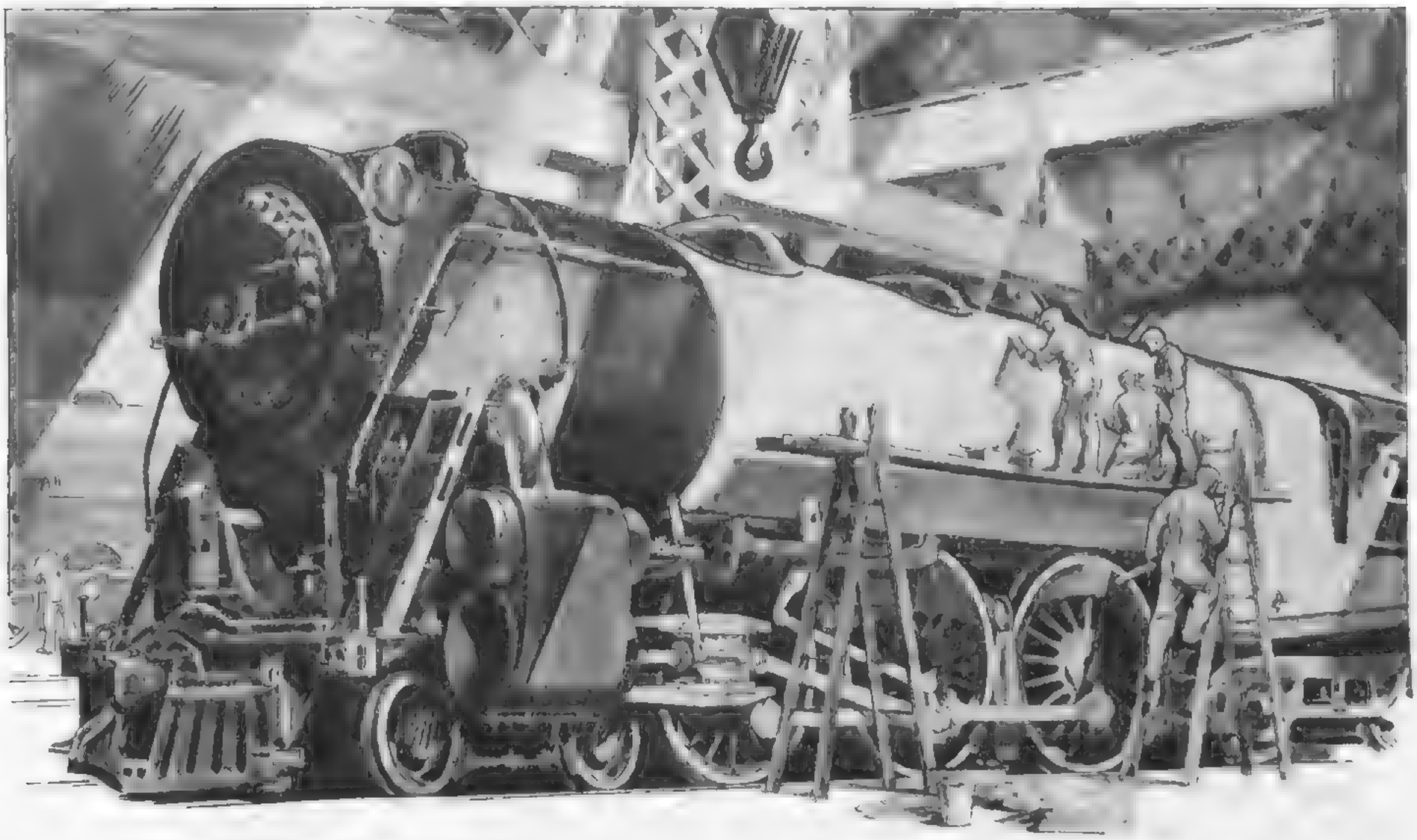
"But I see a lot of people at other tables drinking it," I protested angrily. "How is that?"

"They—they brought it along with them when—when they came in," explained the waitress, becoming alarmed. This seemed very peculiar to me and I insisted on speaking to the manager.

I made such a strong and lucid appeal to him that he almost relented, but Van and Schenck motioned to him as if mortally afraid. "No! No milk! He'll calm down!" Van whispered to him. "But if you give him milk, he'll bust up the joint!" I finally had to drink cocoa.

But sometimes, without anybody planning or anticipating it, a practical joke would be born of itself. We were playing in Cincinnati and Fannie Brice, who was staying at the Sinton Hotel, acted mother to the troupe. Fannie is of the type that, in spare moments, will sew hats for poor chorus girls, mend stockings and even wash

(Continued on Page 46)



Insulating the boiler of one of the New York Central "Fifty-two-hundreds." These huge locomotives pull the Twentieth Century Limited, and no small part of their efficiency is due to Johns-Manville Insulating materials.

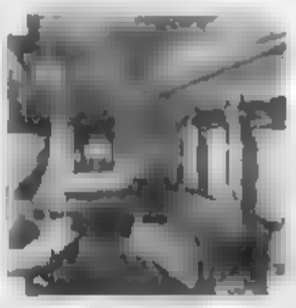
50,000 Locomotives *Conserve Power* with Johns-Manville Insulation

THROUGH chilling rain, freezing sleet, and biting cold, the engine crew must drive their train on schedule time. Every ounce of steam must be conserved. If the great boiler area of an engine were exposed, enormous losses of heat and power would result even in warm weather. GOOD insulation is such an important factor in locomotive efficiency that today more than 50,000 of America's "iron horses" have their boilers covered with a protective blanket of Johns-Manville Magnesia Blocks.

More power and greater comfort

On the swift fliers that pull the limited trains, on the mighty freight locomotives, on the powerful yard switching engines—Johns-Manville is aiding in power conservation with boiler insulation, steam pipe covering, and special railroad packings and a variety of high temperature cements.

Johns-Manville renders a real "Service to Railroads"—and it extends back along the entire train. Insulation for the pipes which heat passenger cars—an insulation which lines the steel walls of the cars themselves and guards the passenger against excessive heat or cold.



J-M products add to the comfort of ...

From the head end of the locomotive to the rear of the last car, Johns-Manville products contribute to safety, comfort and economy in modern transportation. It is a real tribute to Johns-Manville that the engineering officials of the leading railroads of the country have standardized on J-M products—choosing them because of their outstanding superiority in actual use.

And for the same reason engineers and operating men in every phase of industrial activity have adopted Johns-Manville products wherever quality and genuine dependability are essential.

Meeting the needs of industry

From fire-safe roofing to power-conserving packings—from insulations to industrial flooring—there are hundreds of J-M articles which are built to satisfy industry's constant need for products scientifically designed to deliver a full measure of service.

Let us tell you the complete story of Johns-Manville's possible contributions to *your* operating requirements.

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

INDUSTRIAL INSULATIONS

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
We are interested in facts concerning—
Heat Insulations —Roofing —Industrial Flooring
Name
Company
1-53-10
Address

GLOVER'S

...used with the Natural System of Hair Culture...

brings hair health

DON'T give up hope of a head of thick, lustrous hair—turn to Glover's. Its medical formula cannot be improved for stimulating new hair growth. And used with the system explained in our new booklet it offers even quicker and more positive results. Write for this booklet. Then ask your druggist for a bottle of—

GLOVER'S
Imperial
HAIR APPLICATION
AND
MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

mailed free!

Tells the true facts about hair health. Explains a scientific system of hair culture endorsed by foremost authorities. Free if you write to:

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. F, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. 40 East 34th Street, New York

(Continued from Page 44)

light underwear. She is a natural-born mother, and W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Don Barclay and I became her children by adoption.

One night we visited her at the hotel to take her along for a bite after the show, but she insisted on feeding us right there.

"I'll save you boys some money," she said, but in reality she prided herself on her cooking skill and wanted us to sample her master dish. We consented, and waited an hour and a half while she busied herself in her improvised kitchenette, preparing the famous spaghetti à la Fannie, with tomato sauce and all the fixings. Luscious flavors of food tickled our nostrils and our hunger grew steadily keener. At last Fannie beamed triumphant as she set the grand steaming platter before us.

We had to admit it was worth waiting for and began to eat heartily. But before the second mouthful an afflicted expression came over our faces. At first I thought my sense of taste was at fault, but all the others sensed the same fault. It seems that Fannie's maid had filled the jar for powdered cheese with powdered soap and Fannie had sprinkled the spaghetti full of it. Our mouths were foaming with soap. We had to go out to eat, after all, and Fannie laughed all the way. But there was a disturbing hysterical note in that laugh.

The Ziegfeld actors formed a happy household in those years. A spirit of genuine fellowship and helpfulness prevailed in the Follies of '17, '18 and '19 that has rarely been equaled by any other troupe. The older members of the cast took it to be their pleasant duty to give the younger ones the benefit of their stage experience. Each actor felt like a guardian over the others and took pride in their success. There was no doubt that such bonds of friendship could stand any test of endurance. And soon came the biggest test of all. In 1919, while the Follies played in New York, an alarm was sounded. For the first time in its history the theatrical profession was called out on strike.

There had been grave abuses in the producing business. Actors would rehearse for ten and twelve weeks without pay, then the show might play a week or two and they'd have to start rehearsing in a new piece all over again. On the other hand, if the show was a success a manager could play as many extra holidays as he pleased without compensating the actor for the extra performances. On holidays, such as Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, the actor played gratis. In fact, whenever the manager saw a flag waving he declared a holiday or an extra matinée, and there were producers who ordered special performances in honor of their own birthdays. Out West, where Sunday shows were permitted, actors played seven nights a week as well as two matinées and received no extras. Chorus girls particularly were hard hit. They never received a cent during months of such long rehearsals as made the recent Marathon dance look like a short afternoon. Besides, when their show finally opened they got as low as twenty-five dollars a week, and out of that had to pay for their stockings and shoes.

It must be said for Ziegfeld that he never deducted the cost of stockings from his chorus, and his general wage scale for girls was much higher, but the strike was not directed against individuals. As long as he remained apart from the Producing Managers Association he was unaffected by the strike. The first day of the walkout it was rumored that he had joined the managers' group, and I quit. I went to see the Scandals that afternoon, but Ziegfeld located me there and called me back an hour later with the assurance that he hadn't joined. I promptly returned to the show and in the second act did my first-act bit. Five days later, however, I discovered that Ziegfeld was a member of the Producing Managers Association.

That evening I took my stand in Forty-first Street opposite the stage door of the New Amsterdam Theater and as the actors of the Follies arrived I whistled to them. The first to appear were Van and Schenck. They heard the siren call and turned their heads.

"What's up, Eddie?"

"Strike."

Without a word they crossed over to my side of the street and stuck. As the next actors arrived all three of us whistled. They halted at the signal and turned. They were Johnny and Ray Dooley.

"What's the matter?"

"Strike."

In a short while the whole cast was lined up on our side of the block and we marched to the headquarters of Actors Equity. Frank Gillmore, who headed the organization, was delighted to receive us. This was the one big show that had held out. After we joined Equity, success seemed certain. At the time, Bill Fields was playing up on the roof. As the Midnight Frolics was considered part of the vaudeville field, its actors were not included in the strike. But Bill heard the clarion call of the musketeers and left the show to join us.

None of the Ziegfeld stars had anything to gain by the strike. But neither had Frank Bacon, who, after long years of struggle, had just hit his stride in Lightnin'. Yet he quit readily on behalf of his colleagues, even if it meant that he and Mrs. Bacon would have to take up once more the hunger-racking struggle of a lifetime. There was no question of personal profit. It was a spirited movement to elevate the profession as a whole, and the more successful actors made sacrifices freely that their less fortunate associates should gain a measure of protection.

The Actors Equity Association opened a benefit performance week at the Lexington Opera House, where the greatest vaudeville bill of all time was given on behalf of the cause. The opening day, before the show began, all the actors marched down Broadway, each company bearing its banner, and I carried the colors of the Ziegfeld Follies. It was the first war art ever waged for bread and it was an inspiring spectacle to see. At the Lexington Opera House prominent actors sold tickets while other celebrities of the stage acted as ushers. The rest played on the bill, which included such names as Ethel Barrymore, her brother Lionel, Frank Tinney, John Charles Thomas, Eddie Foy, Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields, Frank Bacon, Brandon Tynan and the Follies cast.

Never were performances given with such enthusiasm and zest. Each actor thrilled with purpose. The comedians were never funnier, the tragedians never wrung such tears. Most of the men dressed together in a grand democracy. They shared one another's make-up, outfits, gave lavishly of all they had. We played twelve performances in six days and were eager to do more. We made bonfires of our emotions and swept our audiences into a blaze of excitement. It was the greatest week in our lives.

Ed Wynn was taken out of the show by a court order. According to his contract with the Shuberts, they had the power to enjoin him. A comparatively new actor, James Barton, just risen from burlesque, took his place. The week at the Lexington Opera House made Jimmy Barton, and, soon after, the Shuberts signed him too.

Some theaters, only partly handicapped by the strike, refused to shut down and we formed committees to try to keep the public from attending their shows. Bill Fields, Ernest Truex, Frank Fay and I drove along in a car which we intentionally stalled in front of one of these theaters. We pretended to be fixing the car and clowned around until the prospective ticket purchasers were attracted by us. We entertained them so well on the street corner that they willingly missed the show inside. The policemen were in sympathy with us, so was the public, and we invariably captured the day for Equity.

The actors won. Most of the abuses were eradicated. Chorus girls were provided with a better wage. No actor would have to rehearse more than four weeks without pay. There would be extras for holidays. Though managers retained a free hand in casting, they could no longer try out an actor and make him rehearse for several weeks, only to fire him before the show opened. They would have to decide within the first ten days whether he was fit for the part. If they retained him after that he was entitled to the regular two weeks' notice with pay. Irresponsible producers would be required to post a surety to prove they could pay salaries for at least a month. This was as advantageous to legitimate managers as to the actors. It helped to clear the show business of undesirables. Equity has since developed to be as great a boon to producers as to its own members. It is now recognized by both sides as a monument to the growing dignity and stability of the American theater.

Shortly after this the Three Musketeers were separated. Will Rogers had accepted a movie contract with Hal Roach. Bill Fields drifted back to the Frolics and I was alone, with no immediate prospect in view.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Girl: "Fred, You Know I'm an Orphan, So You'll Have to Go Ask the Trust Company"

HOLD YOUR CAR IN BALANCE

The juggler tosses the ball in the air—catches it on a billiard cue—moves quickly and easily about the stage—climbs chairs—tables—runs and walks. The ball stays there. It is a question of balance. Perched in your car, you are like the juggler's ball—at the mercy of bumps and jolts—ruts and rough spots—unless the car has learned the juggler's secret. Continental Hydro-Check Shock Absorbers are the most recent, most modern contribution to the battle for balance. They are built upon a proven principle of cushioning shocks—a principle which does not fight the bumps but smooths them out in a continued flow of graceful motion. Thousands of car owners will testify that with Continental Hydro-Check Shock Absorbers—they rest while they ride. Easily installed on any type car, their cost is surprisingly low. If your garage or repair shop cannot supply them write for name of nearest dealer.

1 A smooth, rhythmic body control to any car under all driving conditions.

2 Air control for smooth going and "two-stage" oil control for rough going.

3 No replacement difficulties. No necessity for adjustment, but easily adjusted from outside in case of emergency.

4 Absolutely no leakage and no need of refill. Compact. Simple. Easily installed.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Mich., U.S.A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

The Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturer in the World

Continental Hydro-Check Shock Absorbers combine pneumatic control with hydraulic. On smooth pavements a cushion of air controls the car; on rougher roads the action is against oil.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS · AMERICA'S STANDARD · Powerful as the Nation

Continental Hydro-Check SHOCK ABSORBERS

A PRODUCT OF CONTINENTAL MOTORS

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Only on Brunswick can you hear these radio favorites

A & P GYPSIES

Harry Horlick, Director

The A. & P. Gypsies is the orchestra you hear regularly over WEAF and the N. B. C. chain, playing those unusual and different arrangements that make popular tunes classics and classics popular . . . as, for instance, "Chiquita." Brunswick Electrical Record No. 3982.

ALLEN McQUHAE

Tenor

Allen McQuhae... the greatest Irish tenor on the air ... has become one of radio's most eagerly awaited artists. McQuhae sings everything from the latest popular songs to operatic arias. He is always at his best on Brunswick Records as evidenced by his recording of "Jeannine," theme song of the movie, "Lilac Time." Brunswick Electrical Record No. 4017.

LEW WHITE

Organist

Lew White is organist at Roxy's Theatre, New York City, and headliner on the N. B. C. chain. This master of the greatest movie theatre organ in the world has a pleasurable thrill in store for you on Record No. 3956, "My Angel," the theme song of the movie, "Street Angel."

Would you like to be on the mailing list to receive latest news about Brunswick Electrical Records? Send your name and address to Dept. R-17, 623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radiolas

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Chicago · New York · Toronto

Branches in All Principal Cities

RIP VAN WINKLE WANTS A JOB

(Continued from Page 29)

Americans. The laborers were natives—women in high-heeled mules with dresses that swept the factory floor, and patent-leather hair reeking with rancid coconut oil; men with hair like shoe brushes; barefooted, half-clad strangers to the processes of a factory.

It was a prosperous business in 1916, but the owner was convinced by that time that he, as a citizen of Germany, was going to be in an awkward predicament when America inevitably declared war. His wife was a Brooklyn woman. After talking things over, chiefly with himself, he decided to sell out, and did so. Then they came to the United States, and the business man proceeded to hunt for work. He was indisputably a competent business executive. He was an accountant; he spoke English, German, Portuguese and Spanish, and yet he could not get a job.

At first he was inclined to attribute his failure to the fact that he was a German, and when he did secure employment at the end of the war there seemed to be some logic behind that conclusion. Once he arranged to go to Brazil to install an auditing system in an American branch establishment there. There were other temporary engagements, and for a while he was occupied with an investment of his own in Central America. Then, in 1922, aged fifty, he settled down to a systematic hunt in New York for a job equal in emoluments and responsibility to his capacity. But he made no progress.

Employment-agency contact people, after one glance at his white hair, would shake their heads from side to side. If he responded to an advertisement, it was apparent to him that the business executive with whom he talked was interested only in the color of his hair.

Youth and Old Age

"Finally," he told me, "I grew tired of the monotony of trying to scale this unseen wall of prejudice, so I determined to try a new scheme of approach. I was interested in the advertisement of a concern seeking an executive. The place seemed to have been made to order for me. It was an export company doing business with Latin America.

"Instead of applying in person, I sent my application to a friend in Chicago and had him mail it for me from that city. I did this so that I could get them to consider my qualifications before they had seen my hair. I sold myself, too, because one day I received a telegram, relayed by my Chicago friend, asking me to come on and close the deal. After the lapse of enough time to account for my supposititious journey from Chicago to New York, I went to the office of the company and asked to see the president, sending in my name. I was admitted with flattering promptness, but when he saw me his face became expressionless. My white hair had spoiled another chance. Once more I was against that wall of prejudice.

"This business man gave me the satisfaction of betraying embarrassment, but the interview was concluded when he said there had been a mistake. Now, it was about that time that I saw an account in the newspapers of a middle-aged man who had attracted attention to his plight by carrying a signboard on Broadway that advertised his despairing need of a job. That served to dramatize the situation for me as my own fix had failed to do. Once more I saw an economic waste, as I had seen that other waste in freight in the shipment of shell to Europe and the reshipment of the manufactured buttons to the Philippines. This was a waste of man power, a waste of skill, of experience and judgment.

"Since then I have been in this thing up to my neck. I have formed an organization designed to assist not merely old men but middle-aged men to find jobs. I have found jobs for many, but where I can help a few hundred the need embraces thousands. In New York, through publicity, I have succeeded in interesting many employers in the problem, but when you undertake to fight a tradition you enlist for a lifetime struggle. I have no quarrel with business. I know that I have the business man's point of view and I feel that the problem is far from being hopeless. All that needs to be done is to persuade employers, especially large corporations, that if they wish to use age as a standard of fitness they ought to use a man's true age as measured by his spirit instead of his years. There are plenty of men who are old at twenty-five or thirty; conversely there are men who are young at fifty or sixty."

The efficiency men and the personnel directors of large corporations are the ones who receive the largest share of blame for this condition; and of course they are no more to be blamed than that group of middle-aged and elderly men who are indexed in the Directory of Directors.

It was the personnel man of one of the largest of American corporations who undertook to give me the hard-boiled view of the matter by asking:

"If you were buying a horse, and the market afforded young horses and old horses, wouldn't you buy young horses?"

An answer to that, of course, is that human beings and not horses are the issue here; but another personnel man proceeded to elaborate on the thesis:

"The progression of young workers is a barrier to the hiring of old and middle-aged men. The men of forty or more have to meet the competition of men of twenty-five or thirty. Openings occurring at the top that get out into the open market are few and far between. In justice to the younger workers, the places that become vacant at the top should be filled, if it is possible, from within the organization.

"Even if this were not so, the age limit with our company is forty-five years for the reason that our pension system requires that men of sixty-five who have served the company for twenty years must be retired. If the rule seems to work a hardship on unemployed men of more than forty-five, please remember that it was designed to protect people who have spent many years in our service."

Retirement systems for employes are a comparatively recent development in American industry, and proof of this may be seen in the fact that out of 261 formal pension plans considered in a recent study, 85 per cent had become effective since 1910. Every one of these plans has sprung from the same source of human sympathy that motivates the activities of those who are concerned with finding jobs for elderly men who are jobless, and if these two attacks on the problem of old-age dependency seem to a middle-aged man out of a job to be working at cross purposes, this does not alter the fact that industrial pensions are providing a secure living for a great many more people than the combined activities of all those persons who are now laudably engaged in finding jobs for old men.

Security in Pensions

A preliminary report on a study of pensions for industrial and business employes in the United States and Canada, which became available recently, reveals that there are more than 500 such plans in existence and that there is a sweeping tendency in American industry favoring the adoption of some type of retirement system. How many Americans are prospective beneficiaries of such plans? Thus far information on this point has been obtained from only 140 companies, who in October, 1927, had 10,640 pensioners and more than 950,000 employes. Certainly altogether there are millions of Americans who are looking forward, thanks to industrial-pension systems, to an old age secure from serious financial worries. But the significant thing to be considered here is the complete proof thereby given that there is no basis for assertions that American industry has no use for old men or men of middle age. Any such statement, in spite of the fact that it is frequently made, is just plain nonsense.

The majority of the pension plans in force were inspired by a very lively desire on the part of employers to induce their workers to remain in their employ through middle life and into a time that certainly verges on old age. Most of the plans provide for retirement at the age of sixty-five, a great many fix the retirement age at seventy, and one plan permits employes to continue at their jobs until they are seventy-five.

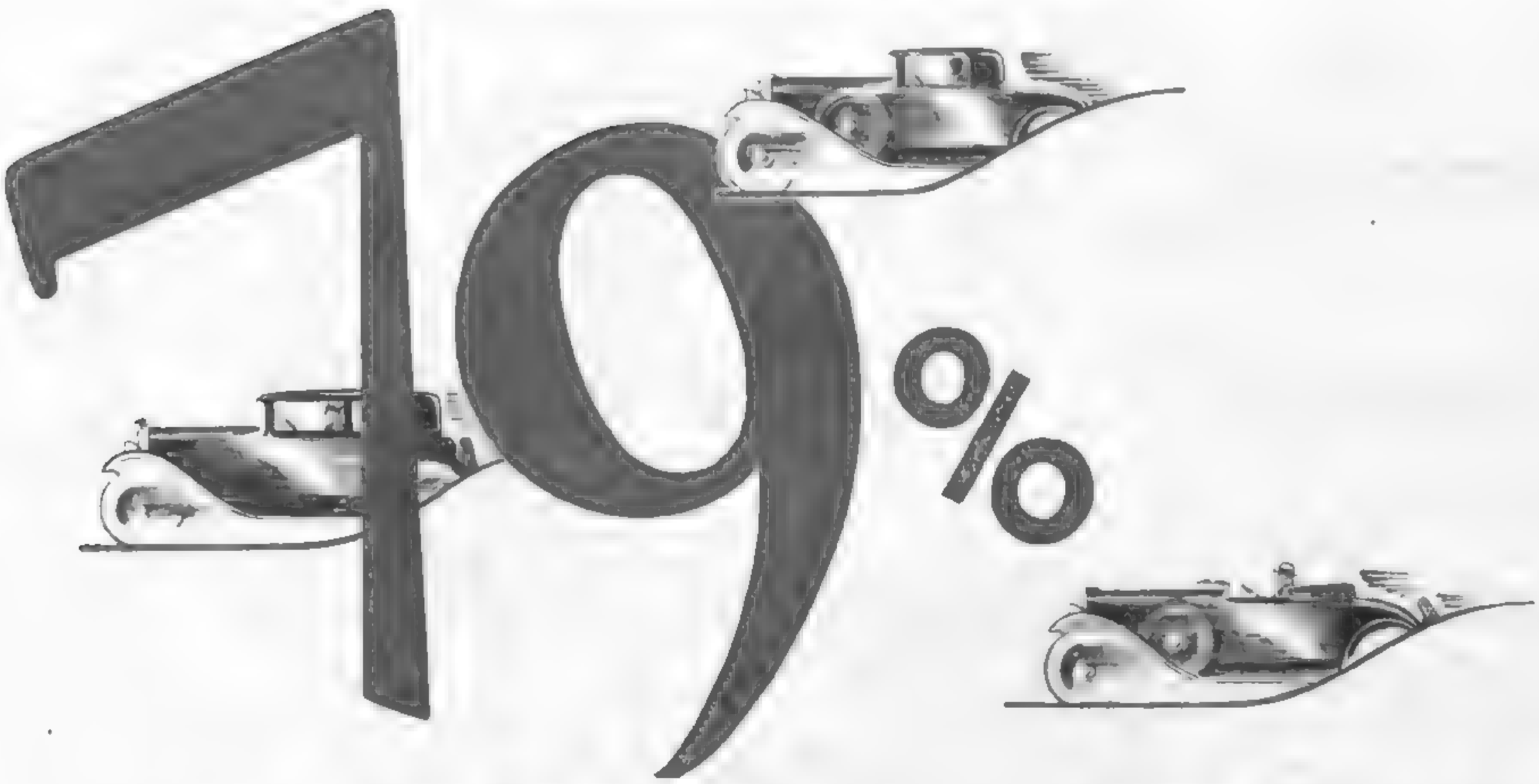
It is quite true that the desire to keep experienced employes on the pay roll through middle life is not the only motive that has inspired the directors of many large firms to establish pension systems. Humanitarian reasons are a big factor, but probably an equally large one is the necessity, which becomes apparent sooner or later in the course of every large business, of displacing employes who have grown too old to render efficient service.

The Ultimate Cost

"In the first stages of the development of industrial pensions," it is stated by Bryce M. Stewart in his report on the pension study mentioned, "the humanitarian motive seems to have played an important part. Ordinarily, a firm a few decades after incorporation finds that it has several old employes manifestly unable to perform their duties. Inquiry reveals that financial necessity forces them to retain their jobs, and the management, with a view to the workers' needs or with the purpose of getting the work done efficiently, or from both motives, grants some retirement provision. But these informal arrangements establish a precedent: other employes advancing in age expect and secure similar provision. New pensioners are added to the list, and since the exits do not balance the entrants the pension roll begins to assume unexpected proportions in the course of a few years. It is revealed that the liability accrued through the back service of employes on the active roll far exceeds that on account of pensioners, and a stock-taking of objectives and results probably ensues. Usually at this point the management discovers that there are credits which should be set up against the cost of pensions, and these non-humanitarian considerations begin to receive formal recognition. If the profits of the business justify, a formal, actuarially constructed plan is frequently substituted for the discretionary method and a procedure for financing it is determined upon."

It has been discovered that several of the industrial plans already have impressed their administrators with the magnitude of the financial burden they impose, just as the earlier pension schemes for civil-service employes similarly awakened alarm concerning their ultimate cost. The money has to come from somewhere, and the most likely place in which to find it is in the pay envelopes of those who are to benefit. The new pension plan curves upward in cost with the passage of each year, and the progress of medical science is tending to increase that cost by adding to the numbers of those in industrial employment who survive to pension age. In America there are believed to be about 100,000 aged or disabled employes drawing a total in pensions of about $50,000,000 a year. All these pension plans are undeniably a factor in the situation of the man in middle life who finds himself out of a job. Every one of the millions of jobs which carry with them some kind of pension protection is necessarily closed to the ranks of the elderly jobless. When they want work they are wasting

(Continued on Page 50)



OF ALL MAKES OF AMERICAN MOTOR CARS USE ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS

LYNITE Strong Aluminum Alloys, made of Alcoa aluminum, are indispensable to high compression motors — fours, sixes and eights alike. Their heat conductivity is far greater than that of any other metal which might serve the same purpose. They weigh only one-third as much as iron or steel. Demand LYNITE Pistons and Connecting Rods for these two fundamental reasons.

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power.
Several seconds quicker acceleration.
Less wear on cylinders and bearings.
Vibration reduced to a minimum.
Less weight—greater fuel economy.
Cooler motor—with less carbon.

LYNITE

PISTONS AND RODS

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM ' IN ' EVERY ' COMMERCIAL ' FORM

Good bye Shaving Brush
Make way for MOLLE
Farewell Lather!
Shave with a healing CREAM
Welcome MOLLE
(Mō-lay)
Apply with fingertips
No Rubbing in No Steaming or Lotions
Saves you 8 minutes a day
Makes Your face feel Like a Million Dollars
All day afterward
A Whale of a Tube 50c
Your Druggist Has It
REG U.S. PAT OFF.
MOLLE
·MŌ-LAY·
for Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

"A Million Men Can't Be Wrong"

Are the MILLION MOLLÉ shavers wrong? Will MOLLÉ shave you quicker, smoother, than lather and brush, or not? Does it make the old face feel like a "million dollars," or doesn't it?

Here's how to find out. Get the "whale of a tube" from your Druggist, or send a dime for a week's trial tube. Don't take our word for it—don't take anyone's word—*use* MOLLÉ *and see how your face likes it.*

The MOLLÉ Company, Cleveland, Ohio

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 71B, Cleveland, O
Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which please send a week of MOLLÉ Shaves, to:

Name

St. No.

City State

(Continued from Page 48)

their time when they apply to a firm with a pension plan in force, except when an individual possesses such extraordinary ability that his employment is a matter of direct concern to the board of directors of the establishment.

Aside from the inexorable fact that middle-aged mediocrity cannot hope to compete with youthful mediocrity in the labor market, there are certain other economic barriers that have grown up in recent years. In addition to pension requirements, some other plans that have been developed primarily for the protection of employes act against the middle-aged and elderly jobless. Certain kinds of group insurance tend to restrict the hiring of persons advanced in life and workmen's compensation laws are putting an increasing pressure on employers that forces them to hire only men who are physically fit.

At its last session the Michigan state legislature increased the maximum in the workmen's compensation law to eighteen dollars a week or two-thirds of the weekly wage. It provided that for total disability an injured man would receive eighteen dollars a week for five hundred weeks, or a total of $9000. In Michigan this has resulted in arrangements for strict physical examination of all employes and has tightened up the age limit considerably. Similar laws in other states have resulted in giving a valuable protection to men with jobs, but have forced employers to be much more strict in selecting new employes. Men with slight physical handicaps, defective eyesight, ruptures or lameness are finding the market for their labor restricted, and, naturally enough, the older the man the more likely he is to have some physical defect.

Many of the companies that in self-defense have been required to bar employes below physical par from certain jobs have made independent studies to determine how these men could be kept in the organization. The Louisville Railway Company has been so successful in providing such jobs that it has only a very few men on its pension roll. The experience of many companies has shown that there is a way out for them which does not involve discharging men who have slipped from normal efficiency.

Jobs on the Shelf

They find it comparatively easy to find a place for a clerk whose capacity for work has diminished with age, but in the shops the problem calls for earnest study. One of the biggest manufacturing concerns in Chicago makes a practice of refusing to hire old men who have not previously worked for the company. Is this done because of a ruthless disregard for the needs of old men? Not at all. The company is saving those jobs for old workers to whom it owes an obligation. It is the policy of the company to make the superintendent of each division feel that it is his duty and should be his pleasure to find jobs for his old workers who have given his department the best years of their lives. Careful job analyses are made and great care is taken not to place young men on jobs that can be handled by old employes.

A Baltimore public-utility company saves for superannuated employes all positions such as messengers, ushers, mail-assorting clerks, receiving clerks, watchmen and office-boy supervisors. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company saves for its old employes such jobs as tool-room attendants, helpers at bench, watchmen, material checkers, gatemen, crossing watchmen and minor clerical places. A Middle Western soap manufacturing company preserves for its own old workers jobs as factory guides, night telephone operators, watchmen, restaurant help, salvage sorters, sweepers, clean-up men, lawn and garden workers. A Philadelphia public-utility company gives its own employes a chance to remain on the pay roll when they are long past the age of normal usefulness. They keep for such men jobs as collectors, as gatemen, mail distributors and mail messengers between district offices, hallmen, janitors.

Probably there is no long-established company in the country that does not do the same. The bigger and older the company the more likelihood there is that soft jobs are hoarded for faithful employes; which is the chief reason an elderly stranger is apt to find his hunt for a job a bitter series of disappointments.

On second thought, there is at least one exception to the general rule. It is a Middle Western newspaper which has a decent pension system. Some months ago I had occasion to go to the editorial department—a room with which I had once been familiar. At the door I was stopped by a gentleman with a white Vandyke beard. He had the bearing of an ambassador, but his only concern at the moment was to discover my business. He was doing with firmness and courtesy, I discovered, a job that used to be performed by any one of half a dozen office boys who happened not to be engaged with other matters, such as crap shooting, horseplay, teasing the switchboard operators or pecking at some more valuable employe's typewriter.

A Place for Every Man

I made some inquiries afterward and learned that the old gentleman in charge of the reception room was one of sixteen old men who were working in the plant, all of whom had been hired when they were long past the normal retirement age, regardless of the fact that they had not worked for the company when they were younger.

Someone in the institution possessing authority and a warm heart had made a survey of the jobs that might be filled acceptably by old men, and since that day no such job has ever been held by a young man. But the best part of the arrangement is that the old fellows have sold themselves to the company by performing the tasks assigned to them with greater spirit and more real interest than might be expected from younger men who realized they were in blind-alley jobs without hope of advancement. Most of the old fellows are employed as messengers, but they are often intrusted with the performance of tasks that could not safely be given to the average half-grown messenger. They are earning their salaries.

Together that group of old men form a corps that is proud of its collective knowledge that there is a place in American business even for the oldest of men. All of them are around seventy and some are well beyond it. Among them are a former traveling salesman, a cigar manufacturer, a reporter, a police sergeant, a farmer, an oil company's cashier—drawing a pension—a printer, a professional baseball player, several storekeepers, and one interior decorator.

I learned that the old man in charge of the reception room had celebrated his eightieth birthday not long before. A few days after my visit I recognized his white Vandyke and stern eyes in the traffic throng in the shopping district. He had a cane, but he was not leaning on it. He was swinging it.

There can be no doubt that if every business house in the country were to make a similar study of the available jobs for old men, the question of old-age dependency would be a minor problem. Henry Ford has done this in his plants, and in his factory at Highland Park among the thousands of workers there are ninety-one men over seventy; one is eighty-eight years old. All of these are making a daily wage of $7.13 for eight hours' work.

"Take a cross section of a community," he said recently. "It will show a certain number of men of eighty or thereabouts. Perhaps it may have a man who has reached 100 years. It will have a larger number of men who are seventy, a still larger number who are sixty, and so on down until we reach the boys.

"It used to be thought that a man had only a certain number of working years—say, from twenty to sixty, or perhaps only to fifty, for sixty used to be considered old. The boys were supposed to be getting ready to earn wages and old men to live off the earnings of their children.

"The principle of age can now be eliminated. In our employment we are placing the old men in jobs where they can be just as effective and earn as high wages as young men. And we are placing the boys in jobs where they can be as effective as older and more experienced men. Thus, we are employing on the cross-section plan, so that we will have a quota in the shops corresponding to the quota of the community. This is, as we conceive it, our duty. But, as usual, duty and the best way are one and the same. The presence of the older men establishes a balance which otherwise would be lacking.

"We have for a long time applied this cross-section rule also to physical infirmities. We have jobs for blind men and jobs for one-legged men; in fact, a job for nearly any kind of a man. More than this, we want crippled men about and blind men about, if for no other reason than to assure the other employes that physical disability does not mean the poorhouse. The ultimate social effect of big business has hardly been dreamed of by the majority of Americans."

Mr. Ford himself has reached the age at which most pension-paying firms would compel him to retire from service. On the occasion of his sixty-fifth birthday, last July, he expressed impatience with a suggestion that he might be thinking about retirement.

"You take all of the experience and judgment of men over fifty out of the world," he said, "and there would not be enough left to run it."

There are 117,000 men working for the Ford plants in Detroit; about 40,000 of them are more than forty-five years of age, but there are no seniority rules out there.

"We are," said Mr. Ford, "after the best men, regardless of age."

In considering this situation it is futile to point out that the world contains such extraordinarily capable octogenarians as Thomas A. Edison, Elihu Root, Capt. Robert Dollar, George F. Baker, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hindenburg and Clemenceau.

It is equally useless to refer to certain notable men in the seventies, such as Secretary Mellon, George Bernard Shaw, A. Lawrence Lowell, Haley Fiske, Marshal Joffre and Sir Thomas Lipton. It is an empty gesture, because men with such talents have work thrust upon them and do not have to seek it. The problem concerns, chiefly, men of moderate abilities.

Drama Condensed

There is in New York one employment agency that was formed some years ago by certain influential leaders of American industry and finance. It is easily the biggest market for white-collar labor in the country. Between 10,000 and 11,000 men and women are placed through this agency every year. During a recent month there were 4000 applicants—an average number—and 1500 of these were turned away at the counter because they were obviously not the sort of persons who could be placed by this organization. Some were unprepossessing foreigners, some were factory workers, and some were thus hopelessly disqualified in their hunt for work merely because they were obviously too old and forlorn.

Out of the 2500 or so who are admitted to the offices each month, approximately half are placed in positions that may pay anywhere from $10 a week up to $25,000 a year. The others are not so lucky. If crisis is the essence of drama, that employment agency ought to be the haunt of dramatists, for there is a theme for a play written on every one of the cards in the filing cabinets of the institution. Some of them are better than that. They are condensed novels awaiting an understanding

(Continued on Page 52)

6 Keen Reasons why every man wants a Schick *Repeating* Razor

1 These blades are super-keen, infinitely sharper

2 They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip

3 Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches face

4 The razor itself is perfectly balanced

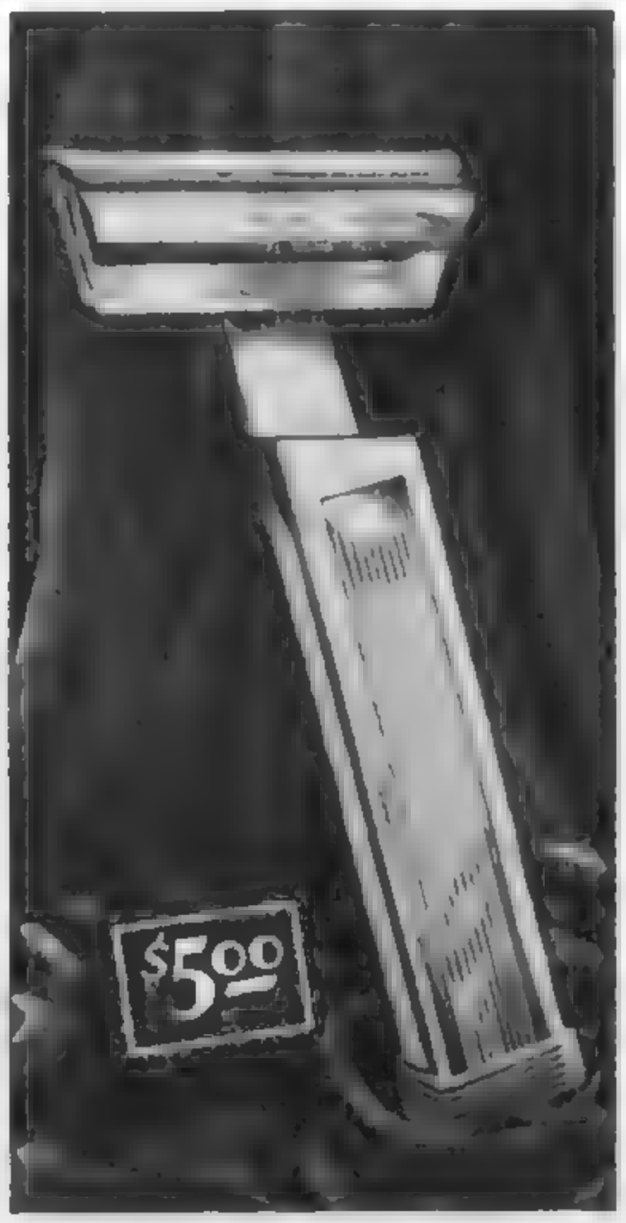
5 Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger

6 Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

THERE is nothing a man wants more or appreciates more than a smooth, quick shave. His business or profession demands that he be facially neat. It is his duty. The Schick makes it a *painless* duty.

When you acquire a Schick you acquire a lifetime of smooth, quick shaves—the silver Schick for $5.00 or the golden one for $7.50. A clip of twenty blades—they'll last a long time—goes with either. Extra blades at 75c per clip may be secured any time, anywhere.

Drug Stores, Hardware, Jewelry, Men's Wear and Department Stores all have Schicks to show you. Any good store can get you the gold or silver plated model on short notice.



NO other razor works like the Schick or uses Schick blades. The razor balances perfectly in your hand. It is easy to get the correct shaving angle *and to keep it* so that the beard is removed evenly.

And Schick's handle contains 20 fresh untouched blades, each good for many shaves. A quick pull and a push of the plunger removes the used blade and puts a new one in shaving position. Ask your dealer to show you.

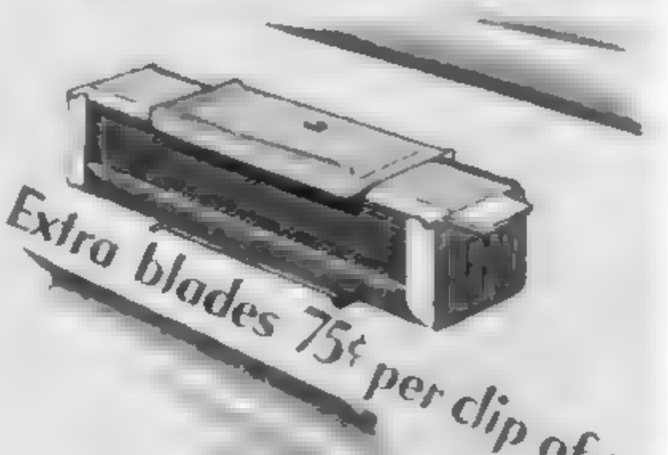
Sold in Better Stores

Schick, silver-plated $5.00, including 20 blades. Gold model $7.50. Additional clip of 20 blades 75c. In Canada slightly more. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

APERFECT razor steel is the foundation of the perfect painless shave. Schick steel is new . . . It has just the right temper to produce the marvelous edge which shaves without pulling or scraping.

The Schick blade is different—it feels different on your face, if you can feel it at all. It glides over your cheek in long smooth strokes. It severs every hair close to the skin line but leaves no sting or soreness. That is because in the Schick plant there are new processes of grinding, honing and stropping.

No other blade shaves like the Schick. No other blade is made of the same metal or finished in the same way.



A smooth shave, quick with a Schick *Repeating* Razor

(Continued from Page 50)

interpreter with imagination enough to finish them. Each card is an uncompleted life story.

But the tragic stories are all indexed in what is known as the inactive file. Into those cabinets go the cards of applicants for whom work cannot be found. They are nearly all stories for which one might predict an unhappy ending. They are the stories of men—and women—who have let their years slip past them without preparing for old age. Now they are trying to sell their services in a market where they are rated as culls. They are so many Rip Van Winkles in search of work.

I saw one sitting on a chair in one of the long rows where applicants wait their turns for interviews with the agency employes. It was late in the afternoon, long past the hour where there is any likelihood of linking a job seeker with a job. His fedora hat was a trifle too small for his round skull and heavy jowls. Otherwise he was decently dressed. A scowl suggested, though, that he was disgruntled with Opportunity for keeping him waiting.

His card was lying on the desk of the agency employe who would shortly inform this man that there were no openings listed for which he was fitted. It revealed that he was fifty years of age, that he had a family, that he had been employed in the past as a superintendent of a textile plant and as a sales manager at a salary of $5000 a year.

Originally his card had set forth that the least salary he would take was $100 a week. Subsequently, though, he had placed a different value on his services. A pencil had been drawn through the typewritten figure and a new price set down. The new estimate was his own. Instead of $100 a week he was asking $60, and there were no bidders.

"The industry with which he has been associated is moving South," explained the agency official. "This man does not want to leave the city. Can't do much for him. If he was a good salesman, of course, he would not be sitting on one of our chairs. He would know where he could sell himself."

"Do you ever place men over forty-five?" I asked him.

"Certainly," he replied, "but if there is a younger man around with similar qualifications, the younger man usually gets the job. Here is the card of a man of fifty-four. He has earned between $30,000 and $50,000 a year in the accounting business. Now he wants to become the assistant to the president of some big corporation. He is asking $12,000 a year and I can guarantee that he will get the kind of a place he wants. He has real ability. His age won't be a barrier.

"Here is a man of forty-eight. He has been earning $8000 a year as assistant to the president of a typewriter-manufacturing company. New interests are in control and he is out of a job. He says he will take $7500. There is a market for his kind of ability; although, of course, certain big corporations will not take him on because of his age. They have younger fellows on their pay rolls who are entitled to such chances as this man is looking for.

"This card tells of a man of forty-five. He has been getting $100 a week as chief accountant in a firm where he worked for seventeen years. Opposite the question, 'reason for leaving,' he has written: 'Reorganization.' He is not asking $100 a week now. He will take sixty dollars.

"Here is another man of forty-four who will take sixty dollars a week who was earning seventy-five dollars in his last place, where he had worked for five years. It was the home office of a chain of shoe stores. It has moved to New England.

"This card was filled in by a man of forty-eight who wants $100 a week. When he was forty he was earning $15,000 as the treasurer of a die-casting corporation in which he had a part interest. He got out a few years ago after a merger and became controller of another company at $8000 a year. He resigned that position and, as you see, is ready to work at forty-eight for one third of the amount he was earning at forty.

"Here is a man of forty-seven with a wife. He was getting fifty-five dollars a week from a department store and resigned five months ago to better himself. He is still looking for another place and is asking sixty dollars a week.

"Here is a better one. A college graduate aged forty-six who has been earning from $10,000 to $12,000 a year as a consulting engineer. He is tired of being in business for himself and wishes to get on someone's pay roll at $15,000. He may have to take less, but there will be a place for him all right.

"This card is ready for our inactive file. He says he is forty, but his appearance suggests that he is almost fifty. He has good manners, but he has never earned more than forty dollars a week in his life. His last place was as night auditor in some office. We have sent him out to nine places where there were openings, but he has failed to land.

"This man was an office manager. He is forty-seven. His position was abolished by an efficiency expert after a merger. For two months he was carried on the pay roll to give him a chance to find another place. He has made as much as $8000 a year and is now willing to work for $100 a week.

"On rare occasions we place an older man in a clerical position. Here is one who gave his age as fifty-two. I believe he is at least fifty-seven. The most he has ever earned was forty-six dollars as a bookkeeper. Why was he out of work? His card simply states that his position was given to another.

"We finally placed him with a small chemical company at forty dollars a week. I understand he is striving desperately to make good. The old fellows have much better chances with small concerns than with large ones where the matter of employment is governed by a settled policy administered by subordinates.

"I have another man of fifty-seven listed here. He will take seventy-five dollars a week and has earned $5200 a year for the last eight years as the supervisor of the office and collection department of a business firm. Our judgment is that his personality will rule him out of consideration for any executive post.

"Here is one of sixty-three who is hopeless from our standpoint. During the war an oil company for which he worked gave him considerable responsibility. He had built and operated plants for them and they placed him in charge of their foreign department, including shore control of some sailing vessels. He never made over $600 a month and he will do well if he ever gets $100 a month hereafter. At the age of sixty-three you can safely predict that this man is not going to find work unless he is willing to take a place as a watchman, a bank guard or a reception-room attendant.

"Here is another whose search is fairly hopeless. Age fifty-seven, a bookkeeper and cashier for a towing company during most of his working career. Reason for leaving: 'Betterment.' There is irony in that word. He speaks German and has a high-school education. If you ask me, he is out of luck now. His card is now in our inactive file. It is quite useless to send him around to any more offices. They want younger men. You could argue about it all night, but if you were looking for a bookkeeper or a cashier, you, too, probably would want a younger man."

Certainly there are exceptions. In that same agency not long ago the head of an instrument-manufacturing concern sent in a request for a salesman experienced in handling their line of merchandise.

"How old a man?" asked the agency representative who listed this opportunity.

"Listen," commanded the business man, "you find a man who knows how to sell our goods and I don't care if he is ninety. I need experience and technical understanding more than I need pep."

The job went to a man of fifty-five.

Selling ability, incidentally, is something that does not encounter the age barrier. It is the one field that is wide open to men and women of all ages, provided they are equipped with enough faith in their capacity to work on a commission basis. If they are willing to take that kind of chance, they need not be disturbed because the help-wanted columns usually specify "young help."

EN ROUTE

(Continued from Page 5)

The reform of the universities has been coördinated with the reforms in the primary and intermediate schools. Its purpose is to divide the university students into different organic institutions without useless overlapping. The rule of state examinations is imposed also for the universities, to which both the students of the state and independent schools can be admitted. The Institute of *Libera docenza*—authorities independently attached to certain faculties of the universities—has also been reformed, not being appointed any longer by the single departments but by central committees in Rome.

During a visit of the delegations of the Fascist university groups, I had the opportunity of declaring that the Gentile reform "is the one most revolutionary of all the reforms which we have voted on, because it has completely transformed a condition of things which lasted since 1859."

I was the son of a schoolmistress; I myself had taught in the elementary and secondary schools. I knew, therefore, the school problem. Because of that, I had wished to bring it to its concrete conclusion. The Italian school will take up again its deserved place in the world. From our university chairs true scientists and poets will again illuminate Italian thought, while secondary schools will give technical and executive elements to our population and the public school will create a background of civic education and collective virtues in the masses.

I have willed that, in collaboration with the universities, departments of Fascist economics, of corporative law and a whole series of fruitful institutes of Fascist culture should be created. Thus a purely scholastic and academic world is being penetrated by Fascism, which is creating a new culture through the fervid and complex activity of real, of theoretical and of spiritual experiences.

But, more than the institutes of Fascist universities, closer to my heart is a new institution which has all the new and original marks of the Fascist revolution. It is the national organization of Balilla. Under the name of a legendary little Genoese hero was organized the new generations of children and of youth. These no longer depend, as in the past, upon various playground associations, scattered political schools and accessory formations, but are trained through rigid and gay discipline in gymnastic exercise and in the general rules of a great, well-ordered national life. They are accustomed to obedience and they are made to see a sure vision of the future.

To prove the importance that educational revival has in my mind, I myself gave a lecture at the University of Perugia. It has been pronounced by scholars as an enlargement of the world's concept of its duty to youth.

Finally, to pay a tribute to culture and to higher culture, and to everyone that, in the field of science, art and letters, has kept high the name of Italy, I have created an Italian academy with a membership of immortals.

The armed forces of the state had fallen into degradation in the years 1919, 1920, 1921. The flower of our race had been pushed aside and humiliated. Conditions even reached the point when the Minister of War in those liberal days had a circular distributed advising officers not to appear in uniform in public and to refrain from carrying arms in order not to be subjected to challenges of gangsters and hoodlums.

This aberration—which it is better to pass over quickly for the sake of one's country—was destined to find its avenger in Fascism. It was one of the factors which created an atmosphere ardent with passion for change. Today the spirit of the country is much different; today the armed forces of the state are justly considered the worthy and honored defense of the nation.

I had a very clear and decisive program, when, in 1922, at the moment of the march on Rome, I selected as my collaborators the best leaders of the victory of 1918. General Armando Diaz, who, after Vittorio Veneto, had remained aloof in silence, overwhelmed by the difficulty of the moment, and who had been able to voice an indignant protest in the Senate against the policies of Nitti's cabinet, had been selected by me as Minister of War. I appointed Admiral Thaon di Revel, the greatest leader of our war on the sea, as Minister of the Navy. On January 5, 1923, General Diaz presented a complete program of reform for the army to the Council of Ministers. That was a historical meeting; fundamental decisions for the renewal of the armed forces were taken, and we were able to declare to the country in a solemn and explicit fashion that, with that meeting, the army was given a new life to "accomplish the high mission that had been intrusted to it in the supreme interests of the nation."

I had fulfilled the first promise I had made myself and to the Italian people. Immediately after that I dedicated myself to a reorganization of aviation, which had been abandoned to the most complete decay by the former administrations. The task was not easy; everything had to be done again. The landing fields, the machines, the pilots, the organizers and the technicians all were restored. A feeling of abandonment, of dejection, mistrust, had been diffused in Italy by the enemies of aviation; this new kind of armed force, many people thought, should be developed only as a sport. Into this situation I put my energy. I gave even personal performance and devotion. I have succeeded in my purpose; the successes of De Pinedo, of Maddalena, of Ferrarin, the flights in squadrons, the great maneuvers, have demonstrated that recently Italian aviation has acquired great agility and prestige, not only in Italy but wherever there is air to fly in.

The same can be said of the navy, which has reordered its formation, bettered its units, completed its fleet and made its discipline efficient. Fourth, but not least, by its spirit of emulation and daring, comes the Voluntary Militia for the Safety of the Nation, divided into 160 legions, commanded by distinguished officers and by enthusiastic Fascists. These are magnificent shock troops.

Finally, our barracks and our ships can be said to be, in the true sense of the word, refuges of peace and strength; the officers dedicate their activities to the physical and educational bettering of the men; the training conforms to the modern technic of war. The army is no longer distracted from its functions, as happened too often under the old governments, to assume ordinary duties of public order which were exhausting and humiliating, and to which entire divisions were assigned. I changed all this.

(Continued on Page 57)

When a traveling city puts to sea

LIGHTS pierce the river mist. The hawsers slip, and the tugs lunge backward, churning green water about the piles. The liner edges out into the current and turns its bow toward the open sea. A sound of muffled whistles echoes along the dark river front. The crowd disperses on the lighted pier.

Night after night these giant liners put out to sea, great traveling cities bearing behind their towering walls the life and craft of a nation. Here as in a colorful bazaar are gathered together, placed on display, practically all the products of industry—and here we have a graphic picture of the multitude of uses for Duco.

Occasionally there is a product so essential, so basic, that it is carried through a multitude of different industries, into the life of almost every living person.

Such a product is Duco.

Everyone knows the colorful parade of motor cars finished in enduring Duco. You can get this famous finish on your present car from any one of more than 2,000 authorized auto refinishers who have pledged themselves to use only Duco.

But gather together the products of the nation as behind the towering walls of an ocean liner and consider the multitude of Duco uses.

Brilliant, flashing Duco colors on hundreds of home furnishings—clear, transparent Duco that gives a satin-smooth surface to the natural grain of woods—Duco on airplanes and baby carriages—Duco on dining cars and bird cages. The uses for Duco are bounded only by the imagination. On practically anything that will take a finish you can get a Duco finish.

The reasons for Duco's outstanding superiority, its unique position among finishes, go back to the du Pont laboratories, where du Pont chemists sought, through the years, to find a finish which, undimmed and ever lustrous, would withstand the ravages of time and weather.

No chance discovery, no lucky find was the creation of Duco. It was the result of perseverance and patience and unlimited chemical facilities.

Oxygen has always been known as a drying agent and the destructive enemy of finishes. Duco dries by the simple physical action of evaporation.

Whatever you buy that will take a finish you can probably buy finished in Duco. But to protect yourself, to insure Duco service through the years, ask if it is made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories. Duco for general household use may be purchased from good paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish, Limited, Toronto, Can.

DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

DUCO

Wherever you see this du Pont Duco trade-mark on tag or seal you will know that the finish is Duco.

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

Delco

preferred where

[FAMOUS DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS]

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

Delco-Remy *Electric*
Windshield Wiper

LOVEJOY
HYDRAULIC
SHOCK ABSORBER

KLAXON
HORNS

The nationwide organization of United Motors gives official Delco-Remy service everywhere

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

-Remy

quality counts...

Delco-Remy electrical equipment is not only preferred by the majority of passenger car manufacturers, but it is also the choice of leading builders of buses, trucks, motor boats, airplanes and racing cars. For designers and engineers know, from years of experience, that Delco-Remy quality assures maximum dependability in these vital engine parts.

Delco-Remy builds to only one standard—the highest. Only the finest materials are used. Painstaking accuracy and precision are observed through every step of manufacture and assembly. And these high standards are maintained by rigid inspections.

The name Delco-Remy is known throughout the motor industry as a synonym for finest quality. That is why Delco-Remy electrical equipment is preferred where quality counts.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Avoid Winter Repair Bills!

Change Now to ALEMITE Winter Gear Lubricant

Protect Against Grinding, Noisy, *Worn-Down* Gears
—Avoid* 80% *of Repair Bills

WE urge you to regard this not as an advertisement, but as a scientifically founded warning to avoid ruining the gears on your car. To protect you from grinding, noisy, worn-down gears—*avoiding 80% of your repair bills.*

The summer grade lubricant now in your gears is "heavy" lubricant, especially made for use in hot summer driving; it will not withstand low winter temperatures. When the first cold snap comes along, summer lubricant hardens. Then your gears "stick." Shifting gears on frosty mornings becomes an ordeal.

Then, too, when neglected, "sticking" gears soon become noisy, worn gears—the result of grinding, metal-to-metal wear. Hence costly bearings, lubricated solely from gear boxes, need replacing. Which means a big repair bill.

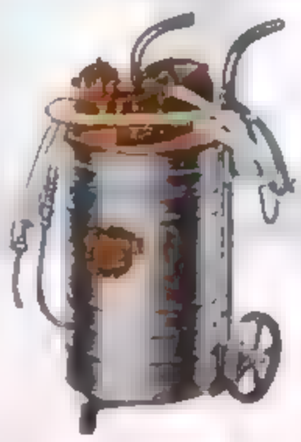
To avoid trouble and expense, go at once to the nearest Alemite-ing Station. Tell them you want the gears in your car thoroughly cleaned out and ALEMITE WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT put in.

Special Winter Gear Service

A special electrical Alemite Gear Flusher sucks out all the old, hardened grease in differential and transmission. Sucks out the chips of steel, grit and dirt that can seriously injure your car's gears. Then flushes gear cases clean with kerosene.

Then—fresh Alemite WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT is forced in. A special WINTER lubricant that actually FLOWS at zero temperatures and retains its lubricating qualities at far below zero. Thus your gears shift with summer ease, even in coldest weather—and you are *assured* of efficient lubrication.

But be sure you go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Note sign below.) You are sure at these stations of genuine Alemite Lubricants and efficient Alemite mechanics. To protect your interests and our own, we have developed special Alemite Lubricants for both gears and chassis bearings. And the special service called "Alemite-ing."



Alemite Gear Flusher

All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the sign shown below. They use genuine Alemite lubricants. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.

What to Ask For

1. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

2. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. And you can be sure of easy gear-shifting and proper lubrication at even sub-zero temperatures.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2694 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R.A.S.—Recorded Alemite Service.
A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

(Continued from Page 52)

For the last five years the army left its barracks for its tactical maneuvers and for no other reason.

After some time General Diaz had been obliged to resign on account of the condition of his health. General Di Giorgio commanded during an interim. But afterward I saw clearly the necessity of gathering all the armed forces of the state under one direction. I assumed then the portfolios of war, navy and aeronautics. In consequence of this program I have created a commander in chief of all general staffs, who has the task of preparing, with a complete vision of ensemble, all the plans of the various branches of our forces, to one end—victory. Our military spirit is lively; it is not aggressive, but it will not be taken by surprise. It is a peaceful spirit, but it is watchful.

To complete the revival of Fascism, it was necessary to keep in mind also several lesser problems which, for the dignity and strength of the life of the nation, were in need of an immediate solution.

The retired employes of the government, who received very small pensions before the war, had with alarm seen the value of their already meager resources diminish because of the successive depreciation of the currency. I had to make a provision of exceptional character for their protection, by making their pensions more adequate for the necessities of the day and for the value of money. I made a provision favoring the clergy also; it was a question of a just and necessary disposition. This would have been inconceivable at the time of the demagogy and social democracy which was dominated by a superficial and wrathful anticlericalism. Our clergy number about 60,000 in Italy. They are extraneous to the controversy—which I may call historical—between State and Church. They accomplish a wise task and assist the Italian people in all their religious practices, without meddling with political questions, especially since the rise of Fascism. Because many of them lived in poverty, we took measures of general character to better the conditions of their existence.

Resurrecting Past Glories

The policy of public works in Italy had always had an electoral character; works to be done were decided here and there, not according to an organic plan and to any plain necessity, but to give sporadic satisfaction to this or that group of voters. I stopped this legalized favoritism. I instituted bureaus of public works, intrusting them to persons in whom I have complete confidence, who obey only the central powers of the state and are immune from pressure by local interests. In this way I was able to better sensibly the conditions of the roads of the south; I mapped out a program for aqueducts, railroads and ports. All that is just finds in the Italian bureaucracy an immediate comprehension. All the officers of governmental character have received a new impulse and new prestige. The great public utilities of the state—railroads, mail, telegraph, telephone, the monopolies—function again. Some persons are even sarcastic about the new regularity. And this is easily explained. We should not forget that the Italian people has been for many years rebellious to any discipline. It was accustomed to use its easy-to-hand and clamorous complaints against the work and action of the government.

Some remnants of the mental attitudes of the bygone days still come up to the surface and even whine because there is efficiency and order in the world. Certain individualistic ambitions would slap at our strong achievements of discipline and regularity. But today the state is not an abstract and agnostic entity; the government is present everywhere, every day. Who lives in the ambit of the state, or outside the state, lives and feels in every way the majesty of law. It is not a thing of small account that all public utilities are conducted with an efficiency which I might call American, and that the Italian bureaucracy, proverbially slow, has become eager and agile.

I have given particular attention to the capital. Rome is a universal city, dear to the heart of Italians and to the whole world. It was great at the time of the Roman Empire, and has conserved a universal light. It was the historical seat and the center of diffusion of Christianity. Rome is first of all a city with the aura of destiny and history. It is the capital of the new Italy. It is the seat of Christianity. It has taught and will teach law and art to the whole world. I could not refuse the resources necessary to make this magnificent capital a city aesthetically beautiful, politically ordered and disciplined by a governor. With its natural port of Ostia, with its new roads, it will become one of the most orderly and clean cities of Europe.

By isolating the monuments of ancient Rome, the relation between ancient Romans and the new Italians is made more beautiful and suggestive. This work of revaluation and almost re-creation of the capital was not made with detriment to other Italian cities. Each one of them has the typical character of ancient capitals. They are cities like Perugia, Milan, Naples, Florence, Palermo, Bologna, Turin, Genoa, which have had a sovereign history worthy of high respect; but none of them think now to contest with Rome and its eternal glory.

Guardians of Order

Some writers who, as keen observers, have followed point by point the vicissitudes of our political life, at a certain moment raised an interesting question: Why did the National Fascist Party not decree its own disbandment or slip into disorganization after the revolutionary victory of October, 1922?

To be able to answer this question it is necessary to bring into relief certain essential points. History teaches us that, normally, a revolutionary movement can be channeled into legality only by means of forceful provisions, directed, if necessary, against even the personnel of the movement. Every revolution assumes unforeseen and complex aspects; in certain historical hours the sacrifice of those who were the well-deserving lieutenants of yesterday might become indispensable for the supreme interest tomorrow. Nevertheless, in my own life I have never deliberately desired the sacrifice of anyone; therefore I have made use of the high influence which I have always had over my adepts to stop stagnation or heresies, personal interests and contentions. I have preferred to prevent rather than to repress.

But when it has been necessary, I have shown myself to be inexorable. In fact, I had to keep in mind that, when one party has shouldered the responsibility of all power, it has to know how to perform surgery, and major operations, too, against secession. Because of my personal situation, and having created the party, I have always dominated it. The sporadic cases of secession, due not to differences of method but to personal temperament, usually withered under the general loss of esteem and interest, and by disclosure of selfish ends.

This consciousness of my incontestable domination has given me the ability to make the party live on. But also other reasons were opposed to the disbandment of the party. First of all, a sentimental motif had stamped itself upon my soul and upon the grateful spirit of the nation. The Fascisti—the young, particularly—had followed me with blind, absolute and profound devotion. I had led them through the most dramatic vicissitudes, taking them away from universities, from jobs, from factories. The young men had not hesitated when confronted by danger. They had known how to risk their future positions together with their lives and fortunes. I owed and owe to the militiamen of previous days my strongest gratitude; to disband the party and retire would have been first of all an act of utter ingratitude.

There was in the end a much more important reason. I considered the formation of a new Italian ruling method as one of the principal duties of Fascism. It would be created by the vigor of labor, through a well-experimented process of selection, without the risky creation of too many improvised military leaders. It was the party's right to offer me the men of our own régime to take positions of responsibility. In that sense the party was side by side with the government in the ruling of the new régime. It had to abandon the program of violent struggle and yet conserve intact its character of proud political intransigence. Many evident signs made me understand that it was not possible to patch the old with the new world. I had, therefore, need of reserves of men for the future. The chief of the government could very well be the chief of the party, just as in every country of the world a representative chief is always the exponent of an aristocracy of wills.

In the meantime, to mark a fundamental point for the public order, my government, in December, 1922, gave an admonition to the Fascists themselves. It was in the following terms:

"Every Fascisti must be a guardian of order. Every disturber is an enemy, even if he carries in his pocket the identification card of the party."

Thus, in a few words, the position and the duty of the party in the life of the Fascist régime were indicated.

We had plenty of pitfalls and snares in 1922. The party had reached a peculiar sensitiveness through its intense experience. In the moment of its hardest test it had shown itself to be equipped to guide the interests of the country as a whole. The revolution had not had long, bloody consequences, as in other revolutions, except for the moment of battle. Violence, as I have said before, had been controlled by my will.

Nevertheless, the position of some opposing newspapers was strange indeed. That of the Corrière Della Sera, of liberal-democratic coloring, and that of the Avanti, Socialist, agreed—strange bedfellows—in harshly criticizing the simultaneous and violent action of Fascism, while they wished in their hearts and wrote that the Fascist experiment would be finished. According to these political diagnosticians, it was a matter of an experiment of short duration, in which Fascism would be destroyed either on parliamentary rocks or by the obvious insufficiency to direct the complexities of Italian life. We saw later the wretched end of these prophets; but to reach results it had been necessary for me, particularly in the first year, continually to watch the party. It must always remain in perfect efficiency, superior to opposing critics and snares, ready for orders and commands.

Credentials for Membership

One grave danger was threatening the party—too numerous admissions of new elements. Our small handfuls in the warlike beginnings were now growing to excess, so much so that it was necessary to put a padlock on the door to prevent the influx of further membership. Once the solidity of Fascism had been proved, all the old world wanted to rush into its ranks. If this had happened, we would have come back to the old mentality and defects by mere overhaste in adulteration instead of keeping our growth selective through education and devotedness. Otherwise the party, augmented by all the opportunists of the eleventh hour, would have lost its vibrating and original soul. A stop had to be put to the old world. It could go and wait with its bed slippers on, without spoiling a movement of young people for Italian rebirth.

After I had closed, in 1926, the registration in the party, I used all my force, care and means for the selection and the education of youth. The Avanguardia was then

"Bristol"
STEEL GOLF SHAFTS
GOLD LABEL
Look for this GOLD label on the shaft itself, no matter who is the maker of the club. It means the only shaft made of "spring steel."

THE ONLY Golf Shaft made of this HIGH CARBON STEEL

ALL steel golf shafts are made of steel, of course. But there is as much difference in the life and strength of various kinds of steel as there is in various kinds of wood.

Probably the finest of all steels is "spring steel," from which the ever-moving hair spring of the watch is made. It must have maximum strength, resiliency and smoothness of action. Yet there is but one steel golf shaft made of this high carbon "spring steel"—and that is the Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft.

Just as snappy hickory makes a good wooden shaft; so high carbon steel makes a fine, lively steel shaft.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

Free booklet—write

Upon request we will send you an interesting little book on golf, containing some very valuable tips by a well known instructor.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
2010 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

created, together with the Opera Nazionale Balilla, the organization for boys and girls which, because of its numerous merits and the high value of its educational activities, I have chosen even recently to call, "The invaluable pupil of the Fascista régime."

This program brought forth unparalleled results; due to it, the party has never encountered a really serious crisis. I believe that there can be counted among my qualities one of being able to act in good season and to strike at the right moment without false sentimentality where the shadow of a weakness or of a trap is hidden.

In this watchful work of prevention I have always had at my side good secretaries of the party who have helped me no end. Michele Bianchi had already led the party with ability until the march on Rome. He had been able to balance the particularly violent character of the movement with the demands of political situations which had reality and must be ended with wisdom. Michele Bianchi has been an excellent political secretary because of this very reason, and today he is still with the government as my very appreciated collaborator in internal politics. He has a political mind of first order, a reflective mind; he is faithful at every hour. The régime can count on him every time.

The Honorable Sansanelli, a courageous participant in the late war, and today president of the International Federation of World War Veterans, took his place. The Honorable Sansanelli has been able to face vague secessionist movements.

Secretaries of Fascism

There was in that period a reprisal by anti-Fascist forces. The old liberal world, defeated, but tolerated by the generosity of the régime, was not exactly aware of the new order of things. It regained its wonted haughtiness. The forces of negation even armed the communist remnants in the obscurity of ambushes and cellars. A new *direttorio*, presided over by the Secretary the Honorable Giunta until September, 1924, was formed after the elections. I have already spoken of the Fascist activity of the Honorable Giunta. In the second semester of that year the anti-Fascist movement, aroused by obscure national and international forces, showed itself with growing intensity on all fronts. I cast it down onto its nose with my speech of January 3, 1925. But also following that I willed that a line of more combative intransigence should be imposed by our party; and with this duty in mind, I appointed the Honorable Roberto Farinacci general secretary of the party.

Farinacci knew how to be worthy of the task with which I had intrusted him. His accomplishments, considered in their entirety and in the results obtained, were those of a well-deserving secretary. He broke up the residues of the *aventinismo* which had remained here and there in the country; he gave a tone of high and cutting intransigence, not only political but also moral, to the whole party. He invoked against offenders and plotters those exceptional laws which I had promulgated after four attempted assassinations had demonstrated the criminality of anti-Fascism.

I was closely following this movement of vigorous reprisal of the party and had prepared in time the necessary provisions. The Honorable Farinacci is one of the founders of Italian Fascism. He has faithfully followed me from 1914.

After his task had been accomplished the Honorable Farinacci left the position of secretary-general to the Honorable Augusto Turati, courageous veteran of the World War, man of clear mind and aristocratic temperament, who has been able to give the party the style of the new times and the consciousness of the new needs. The Honorable Turati has accomplished a great and indispensable work of educational improvement of the Fascist masses. Besides these, precious elements in the high positions of the party of today, I must mention the Honorable Renato Ricci for the organization of the Balilla, Melchiorri for the militia, Marinelli, a courageous administrative secretary, Starrace, a valorous veteran, and Arpinati, a faithful Blackshirt from March, 1919, and a founder of Fascism in Bologna.

Objectives of Power

The party has given me new prefects for Fascist Italy, elements for syndical organization, consuls, while various deputies have been appointed ministers and undersecretaries. Little by little, proceeding by degrees, I have given an always more integral and intransigent line to the whole world of government. Almost all positions of command have been today intrusted to Fascist elements. Thus, after four years of régime, we have actuated the formula, "All the power to all Fascism," which I launched in June, 1925, at a Fascist meeting in Rome.

I have controlled my impatience. I have avoided leaps into darkness. I do not sleep my way to conclusions. I have blended the preëxisting needs with the formation of a future. Naturally, giving to the state a complete Fascist character and filling all the ganglia of national life with the vitality and newer force of faithful Blackshirts, I not only did not detract from but added always to the importance of the National Fascist Party as the force of the régime. This transposition from political organization to the permanent organization of a state guarantees in the most solid manner the future of the régime. I have laid with my own hands the cornerstone of representative reform based on the interests of Italian unity and cosmos, and I have arranged that the Grand Fascist Council become a definite constitutional organ for the constancy of the state. Thus the Fascist Party, though remaining independent, is bound by ties of steel to the very essence of the new Fascist state.

Some readers of my autobiographic record may attribute to these pages of mine the character of a completed life story. If they have believed that story completed they are mistaken. It is absurd to believe that one can conclude a life of battles at the age of forty-five.

Detailed memoirs of intimate and personal character are the attributes of old age and the chimney corner. I had no intention of writing any memoirs. They only represent the consciousness of a definite completed cycle. They do not appear of much importance to a man who is in the most vigorous ardor of his activities.

I was the leader of the revolution and chief of the government at thirty-nine. Not only have I not finished my job but I often feel that I have not even begun it. The better part comes toward me. I go toward it at this moment. However, I take pride in affirming that I have laid solid foundations for the building of Fascism. Many ask me what will be my policy in the future, and where lies my final objective.

My answers are here. I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine—no material goods, no honors, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to history. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected and feared. I want to render my nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions. I want to accelerate her evolution toward the highest forms of national coöperation. I want to make a greater prosperity always possible for the whole people. I want to create a political organization to express, to guarantee and to safeguard our development.

I am tireless in my wish to see newly born and newly reborn Italians. With all my strength, with all my energies, without pause, without interruptions, I want to bring to them their fullest opportunities. I do not lose sight of the experience of other peoples, but I build with elements of our own and in harmony with our own possibilities, with our traditions, and with the energy of the Italian people. I have made a profound study of the interests, the aspirations and the tendencies of our masses. I push on toward better forces of life and progress. I value them. I launch them. I guide them. I desire our nation to conquer again, with Fascist vigor, some decades or perhaps a century of lost history. Our garrison is the party, which has demonstrated its strength. I have trust in young people. Their spiritual and material life is led by attentive quick minds and by ardent hearts. I do not reject advice, even from opponents, whenever they are honest. I cover with my contempt dishonest and lying opponents, slanderers, deniers of the country, and everyone who drowns every sense of dignity, every sentiment of national and human solidarity, in the filthy cesspool of low grudges. Defeated ones who cluck to the wind, survivors of a building which toppled forever, accomplices in the ruin and shame in which the country was going to be dragged, sometimes do not even have the dignity of silence.

I am strict with my most faithful followers. I always intervene where excesses and intemperances are revealed. I am near to the heart of the masses and listen to its beats; I read its aspiration and interests. I know the virtue of the race. I probe its purity and soundness. I will fight vice and degeneration, and will put them down. The so-called liberal institutions, created at other times because of a fallacious appearance of protection, are destroyed and unmasked of their phrases and false idealisms by the new force of Fascism with its idealism planted on realities.

Italy's Contribution

Air and light, strength and energy, shine and vibrate in the infinite sky of Italy. A most lofty civil and national vision leads today to its goal this people which lives in its great new springtime. It animates my long labors. I am forty-five and I feel the vigor of my work and my thought. I have annihilated in myself every egotism. I, like the most devoted of citizens, place upon myself and on every beat of my heart service to the Italian people. I proclaim myself their servant. I feel that all Italians understand and love me; I know that only he is loved who leads without weaknesses, without deviation, and with disinterest and full faith.

Therefore, going over what I have already done, I know that Fascism, being a creation of the Italian race, has met and will meet historical necessities, and so, unconquerable, is destined to give its indelible impression to the twentieth century of history.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini.

"Health Bubbles" *for your children*

. . . millions of them, filled with *Carbonic Gas*, in Carbonated Bottled Drinks and Fountain Sodas. Learn how they are beneficial.

FREE

Mail coupon below for free booklet telling all about the health values of Carbonic Gas.

The tiniest babies get Carbonic Gas in their first food—Mother's Milk. Because it is a mild digestant, body stimulant and alkalinizer of the blood, this vitalizer of the carbonated bottled drink and fountain soda is just as good for them in later years. So let them have it, freely, in these modern beverages.

Carbonic Gas, in bottled drinks, has germicidal action, also. All good bottled drinks, of course, are sterilized in bottling. But the presence of this gas is *double* certainty of purity.

So here is an agent that not only makes the bottled drink and fountain soda snappy, lively and attractive, but more healthful, too. Adults also benefit from the free use of high-grade carbonated beverages. Your physician will agree.

Memorize This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade carbonic gas*, made by the largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment in the world. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country already are employing it, and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate that fact.

Acquaint your children with this "Liquid" Emblem and have them look for it wherever they buy cold drinks or fountain sodas. Mail coupon for booklet, now.

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

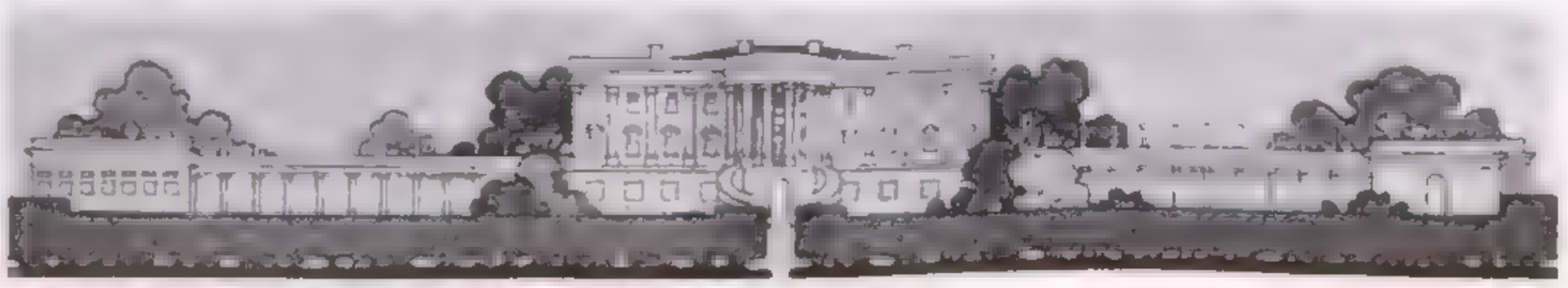
The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 10-27, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

*Name*_____

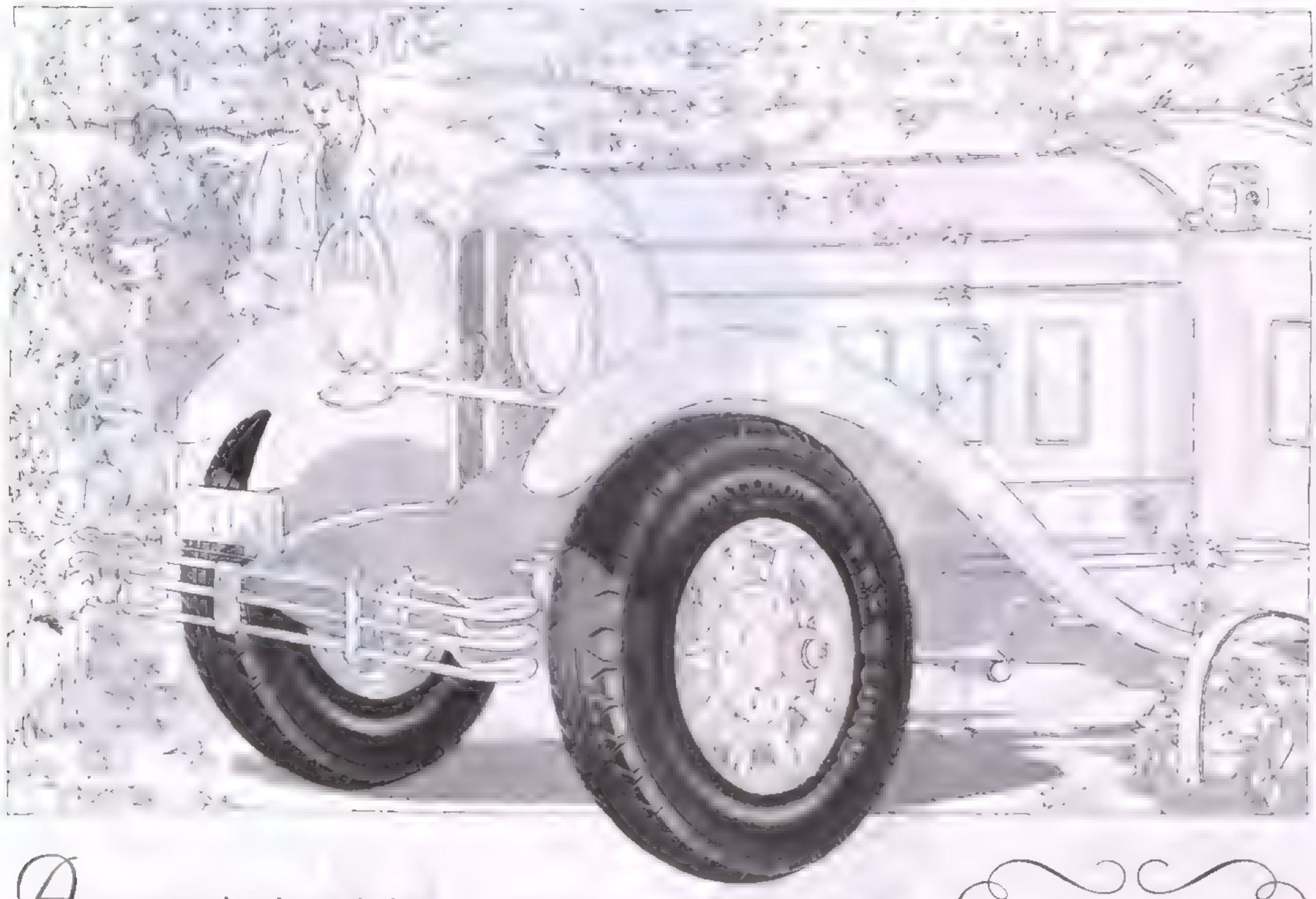
*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



AID SAFETY IN DRIVING BY RIDING ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



Always put your best tires on the front wheels of your car. A blow-out or a quick puncture of a rear tire is bad enough, but on the front it is positively dangerous.

Watch your tires constantly. At the first sign of weakening, take them to a reliable repair man. If the injury can't be adequately remedied, for the safety of yourself and your passengers, get new tires.

You perhaps know that the law holds you liable for *any* injury to the passengers in your car.

Play safe. Put *Shoulderbilts* by LEE *of Conshohocken* on all wheels, including your spares. By so doing you reduce your hazard to the minimum.

This Heavy Duty De Luxe *Shoulderbilt* is not merely a tire with more rubber, stronger sidewalls and a bigger air chamber. It is not merely a six-ply balloon cast in the same mold that shapes 4 ply tires. It is a Super tire, built as only LEE craftsmen can make a tire, cast in its own big mold and designed to give easy riding, easy steering and a big factor of safety for more than the usual mileage.

The price of *Shoulderbilts* is lower than it ever has been. You will be delightfully surprised to find how little more they cost than the usual 4 ply tire.

All LEE dealers have them.

What LEE *of Conshohocken* Means to You

AT Conshohocken, Pa., on the historic Schuylkill and surrounded by green clad hills made memorable in Revolutionary times by Colonial, Hessian, English and French occupation—lies the factory long associated with fine craftsmanship in rubber.

In Youngstown, Ohio, is the Western Plant of LEE *of Conshohocken*. Here "Republic" brands of mechanical rubber goods, known all over the world for uniform high quality, are made.

LEE *of Conshohocken* Pneumatic tires and tubes and the famous "Staghound" Solids, embrace a full line of sizes and types. The new Staghound Super Solid Pneumatic Cushion tire for trucks is remarkable for easy riding, due to an "air center" construction, and for its matchless grip on any road.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

All Tires by LEE *of Conshohocken* Are

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE AGAINST MANUFACTURING DEFECTS

BODY BY FISHER—In the entire history of the motor car, no trade-mark has equalled in significance this emblem of body value, superior style and surpassing durability. You will find the symbol "Body by Fisher" upon the cars listed herewith—each by far the best investment in its field.

• • •

Cadillac • LaSalle • Buick • Oakland
Oldsmobile • Pontiac
Chevrolet

YEARLINGS, CHAMPIONS AND PENSIONERS

Continued from Page 9

sugar, apples and other delicacies—the baby soon accepts the responsibilities of life and yearns to get out and beat other horses.

It must be admitted that many a promising youngster has been ruined by bad handling, by harsh bits and heavy-handed driving in its youth. That is where side reiners and pullers get their start. A horse resents a mouth injury and pulls against it protestingly. But if no serious error is made in these preliminaries, the yearling is on his way to be a record-breaking champion.

My friend John E. Madden, whose breeding and training methods have produced winners of more than 6000 races, has said that though he does not see how greater racers than Hindoo, Ormonde, St. Simon, Man o' War and Sardenaple can be produced, he thinks it may be possible to breed sounder horses. It may be true that the Thoroughbred, starting with a height of fifteen hands or less, reached his speed limit when he reached his limit of height, as experts seem to think he has. This belief is held by many breeders. They are supported in this belief by track evidence.

Speed Through Balancing

Roamer's record 1.34⅘ mile against the watch still stands, though it was made in 1918. Cherry Pie's 1.35⅘ mile in a race at Belmont Park in 1923 has not been lowered up to date. I doubt if any flat racer betters either of them. But the light-harness horse has not reached the limit of its speed. A good deal depends on ancestry, but three-fourths of the race performance by a harness horse can be properly credited to its early growth and development, to balancing with proper weight and shape of shoes, and finally to training and driving by seasoned men who have made a life study of lateral-gaited money winners.

A horse, to win, must have racing spirit, must have the heart to battle with others to the finish wire. But the best of them cannot participate in purses without good balancing. Even lot trotters that go their gaits naturally while barefooted seldom show speed in contests on the track. You'll find that 90 per cent of money-getters have made their speed through balancing.

When the veteran horseman E. T. Bedford bred Sally Simmons to the great sire Axworthy, he got a filly called Sally Simmons II, who had speed and promise, but in one of her first races she brushed a knee and became a knee knocker. You know what a knock-kneed human is: he gets in his own way when making speed. Mr. Bedford sold his Sally Simmons II to Mr. Madden for $5000. Mr. Madden has had horse experience. He reshaped the feet of his new purchase, reshod her according to ideas acquired in his career, named the rebalanced filly Hamburg Belle, defeated the great Uhlan with her, made a record of 2.01¼ at Cleveland and sold her for $50,000 to Mr. H. M. Hanna. Yet not all races are won by balancing.

A good many trotters and pacers go their races before they go to races, which means they are merely drilled instead of being trained. Such horses may show plenty of work-out speed and stamina but are nowhere near the money when tried out in racing company. When in training they may seem fast enough, but the wise trainer keeps them within their class. A trainer who fails to sense these things fails to get his name among top-money winners. Moreover, a champion is a bunch of nerves with a pronounced individuality. A trainer is always studying character.

Before Peter Manning had been with me long I learned that he would go fast enough to win his races without getting more than a few miles of work. He was always sound and good-tempered, and always gave the best he had. He was close to being a perfect horse.

Arion Guy was just the opposite. He holds the world's record of 1.59½ for four-year-old trotters, but he had to be worked and watched carefully, because he was fussy and I never could be sure of him. He lacked Peter Manning's steady temperament.

Some of my friends thought Margaret Dillon much too fat when I first started her at the Toledo meet, because she was a dainty feeder. But I knew she was at her best when filled up and strong. She won in two minutes at Toledo, and though I never worked her between races faster than 2.20, she kept her speed all season long and finished by going the fastest two-in-three-heats race on record for horses of either sex. Margaret Dillon and Miss Harris M. jointly hold the world's record of 1.58¼ for pacing mares. Yet Miss Harris M., who was a glutton, had to be worked a lot between her races, not at the comparatively slow gait of 2.20 but at a stiff 2.08 clip. Each horse has some peculiarity.

Eating has much to do with success for some horses in the racing game. A trainer has to be a dietitian. The late Jacob Ruppert, father of the baseball magnate, was the father of the Hudson River Driving Park when my home town of Poughkeepsie, New York, was in its racing prime. Mr. Ruppert also owned a string of trotting horses and was strong for feeding steam-cooked oats.

One day he took me by the arm and showed me with pride a big kettle connected with the steam plant of his brewery, which stood hard by his racing stable.

"Vot you tink of dat?" he demanded. The kettle was filled with steam-cooked oats, intended for his track prize winners.

I looked at Mr. Ruppert and his oats before I replied: "I once had a friend named Jacob Ruppert who made a fortune making beer. He cooked barley and hops in covered kettles, drew off the fumes, which he condensed and sold at a big profit. But he threw away the mash. You're cooking these oats to feed your horses, but losing the best part of them in the air."

I doubt if Mr. Ruppert heeded me. Every season that I've been racing, some fellow horseman sings his song about a cooking kettle and soft warm feed. Cooked feed, in theory, is fine and dandy. In practice it isn't worth a cent. It's a loss in most of the cold weather, because when the hot mess is dumped into a feed box and the horse isn't especially hungry, he waits until the hot stuff cools, just as you will wait if your soup's too hot. Pretty soon the stuff begins to freeze to the feed-box edges, morning comes and it's thrown away.

Out of the Discard

When I want my horses to like their eating, I spread the feed box with a layer of cut-up clover, on top of which I pour oats and a little bran, add a pinch of senna leaves and half a cup of olive oil—and there is the perfect feed and conditioner.

Of course, when the stable is shipped into territory whose hay and oats are not up to standard, I ship all kinds of feed with my stable. At times I make experiments. I made such a one with Hetty G. She put me on the road to winning, but she was a discard when she came to me. During 1901 and 1902 she had been a winner. She was a blank in 1903, hence Monroe Salisbury, known in his track days as the king maker, passed her up, which meant that there was nothing left but hide and hair. At least that was what race fans generally thought. But I was glad to drive anything in those days. I got busy with the discarded pacer.

Hetty G.'s greatest trouble was that she wouldn't eat for two or three days after a race; then she would go a half mile like a locomotive, only to slow down and almost walk the last half to the wire. I fooled around until I found she was fond of carrots. I fed her some with her regular oats. She ate the carrots and carrots only. I bought a grater and grated them, then mixed them with cracked wheat and corn and a dash of good brown sugar. She rattled her feed box for a second helping. That settled the matter of feed for her. But still she wasn't much good at racing. So I made another experiment.

For four days after she raced I rested her completely—didn't let her see a harness. On the fifth day I jogged her gently two or three miles. On the sixth day, if there was time enough, I jogged her again, then drove her a mile at 2.40. She felt so fit after a few weeks of this that she trailed any field at any speed until I called on her for a brush, when she would go out with a rush down the home stretch. In two seasons she won twenty-six out of twenty-nine races in which she started. The discard put me on my feet.

Temperament on the Hoof

With the champion pacer, Directum I, the problem was largely a training one. He was a nervous little thing, and most horses with such a nature cord up unless you work them steadily. So, after I got him ready for racing, I kept sending him several training miles until he could easily go in two minutes. But he lacked the necessary speed in brushes.

For two weeks, when he wasn't entered, I eased up on him, then tried him out, found he could fly, and raced him against the fast pacer William, who beat him handily. That puzzled me.

My good friend Dr. J. C. McCoy advised me to let up on Directum I almost entirely. I took that advice, and the pacer won at Hartford in 1.58⅕ and at Syracuse in 1.56¾, thus becoming the world's fastest pacer in the open. A change in training methods did it.

Some horses have to have their way. Maud S was one of these determined ones. If she didn't like her trainer's treatment she would turn back to the barn and go for it. The only way to handle her was to let her think she was the boss. The same was true of Mabel Trask, one of the greatest trotters I have seen. After Walter Cox had let her head down with a loose check rein and straightened the inside of her front shoes, he drove her to lots of money. But she always insisted on stopping after every score and taking a good long look around. The wise Walter never interfered with her. After she had had her look she raced better than she had ever gone. You have to humor many horses, especially if they are young and soft. That's one reason for success in colt driving. Punishment is good for some, but the majority must be nursed along; otherwise they will not last.

There's something to the argument that colt racing shortens track careers, but not necessarily because colts are overdriven. Youngsters that are pushed too much when they are soft and tender show a disposition to break down, but there are exceptions due to careful handling, as in the case of Peter Manning, who has been a speedster with a bunch of records and is going strong long years after he made his three-year-old mark of 2.06¼, trotting. Most youngsters would become racing veterans if the stock farms didn't grab them so soon for breeding purposes.

Arion was a two-year-old speed marvel and fast enough as a three-year-old to bring $125,000 in the open market, but after that transaction Arion virtually disappeared as a track attraction. It was down on the farm for Arion. Axtell made a great three-year-old record, but never started after that. He promptly sold for $105,000 and earned $70,000 the next year as a sire.

Cases like this are so numerous that one can readily disagree with anyone who says colt racing is harmful. There is too much evidence that the strains of Arion, Axtell, Allerton and the Axworthys have been perpetuated in later generations. Arion's two-year-old record was 2.10¾, made in 1891. That was beaten in 1909 when I drove Native Belle, another two-year-old, to a mile in 2.07¾. Peter Volo cut that to 2.04½ during his second year, in 1913. In 1916 the Real Lady reduced that record by a quarter second. Mr. McElwyn followed with a mile in 2.04 against the watch. In 1927 the late lamented Fireglow trotted a race mile in the same fast time.

Among the aged horses, Lou Dillon's record mile of 1.58½, in 1903, was cut to 1.58 by Uhlan in 1912 and to 1.56¾ by Peter Manning in 1922. So much for new records. As to speed inheritance, Axtell's speed line can be traced to Hamburg Belle, Lee Axworthy, Guy McKinney, Arion Guy, Mr. McElwyn, and other trotters that have gone inside the two-minute Golden Circle.

So we can say conservatively that racing fast colts does develop standard-bred speed, and that all signs point to the probability that harness horses will go faster than harness horses have yet gone, thanks to experience and experiment.

Many experimental methods have been abandoned. Before and during the time of Cresceus many horsemen favored trotters that went wide behind. The theory was that by developing racers which spread their hind feet so they hit the ground outside the front feet the racers would move faster. This gait was so spectacular that fans clustered at the head of the stretch to see the kangaroos come down the track. But the practice was abandoned when it was found that wide-goers hit their own shins through spreading. Horses are now trained to lift their front feet quick enough to let the hind feet go under them. The modern method is more sensible, just as the modern system of classifying entries in harness races according to the amount of purse money each horse has won has made harness-horse racing much snappier and more popular.

Walking Off With the Money

In the old system of classifying horses according to their speed records harness races were prolonged to seven, eight or nine heats at times, and often had to be continued and finished on the following day. The driver of the winning horse had to come in first in two or three heats in order to get the big end of the purse. But he didn't want to make any new records in doing it. So he often let slower horses take the lead until they were tired by too much traveling, when the best horse would ease under the wire for the necessary heats and almost literally walk off with the money.

Races still go to the two or three heat winners—the best two-in-three or three-in-five—but the winners are not classified according to their records. Hence they are not penalized by showing the best speed they have. Under the now generally abandoned system, if a winner won by going faster than he had gone before, he was promptly placed in a faster class, which made it more difficult for him to win. Moreover, under the modern classification every heat is a race in itself, for the purse is divided according to the results of each heat. They are therefore run off faster than they used to be and the program has the zip and thrill of the meets held for the Thoroughbreds.

Incidentally, this snappier system relieves some of the pressure from the colts. Three heats are about the maximum and the judges have eliminated a lot of useless scoring.

Looking back on the track-record system of classifying, I wonder that so many harness horses lived to become track veterans. They must have had a marvelous lot of endurance to stand all the grueling given them.

Continued on Page 64

Fire

Reaches around the World to Give

Here are world-wide resources -- gigantic enterprise -- skilled organization -- devoted to the practical ideal of delivering the greatest mileage at lowest cost. ~ Beneath the African sun in Liberia, Firestone energy is transforming a million acres into cultivated rubber plantations. ~ Never in history were so many rubber trees planted by one organization in an equal length of time. ~ Over in Singapore are vast rubber preparation plants -- modern to the highest degree -- Firestone -- owned and operated

stone

Most Miles per Dollar

to bring the finest rubber at the lowest cost to five great Firestone factories.~ With the world's largest exclusive tire factory and the world's largest cotton fabric mills -- Firestone secures large-scale economies which put supreme quality into Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.~ From raw material to finished product -- direct buying -- direct selling -- direct distribution from factory to consumer through authorized Firestone Tire Stores everywhere -- Firestone saves you money and serves you better.

The *hinged* cap keeps Milk *sealed* and *safe*

no other like it!

THE minute the ordinary milk bottle cap is removed from bottle, protection against impurities and loss of flavor is ended. And you know how easily milk becomes contaminated when left exposed!

Unlike the old style cap, which left the contents unprotected once the bottle was opened, the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP need never be removed or punctured with ice pick or fork or other unsanitary implement. A slight pull on the tab opens the hinged flap half-way for pouring—a gentle pressure *reseals the bottle* and keeps its precious contents perfectly protected to the very last drop!

A Month's Supply Free!

If your dairyman or dealer is not yet using the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, let us send you a *month's supply free.* You will quickly urge him to adopt it too, once you try it. *Mail coupon below.*

PERFECTION

pull and hinge cap

THE SMITH LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York

Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps. FREE

Name

Address

City State

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARBOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

(Continued from Page 61)

Death, so sudden as to arouse suspicion, ends many a promising racing career. Fireglow, who won her maiden two-year-old heat in 2.08 at Goshen and followed that performance by trotting into first money in the Kentucky Futurity and the May Day Stakes, only to die this year after walking away with a Cleveland Grand Circuit race in 2.03¼, was a favorite among entries for the Hambletonian. She died apparently of acute indigestion and her owner lost a $50,000 three-year-old.

There have been many similar fatalities, and scores of stars have been retired from tracks to fine stock farms because of lameness or minor accidents, yet light-harness racing is filled with examples of longevity which suggest that the methods of breeding and training trotters and pacers gives them a longer lease on active life.

The brown gelding Dexter, one of our earliest money winners, was sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian in 1858 and between 1864 and 1867 won forty out of the forty-nine trotting races in which he participated. He was still distinctly in his racing prime when "Robert Bonner, Esq., of the New York Ledger, purchased the undisputed king of the trotting turf" for thirty-odd thousand dollars and retired Dexter to the Bonner farm near Tarrytown, New York, where the gelding ended his days in luxury, for Mr. Bonner was both a sportsman and a fancier.

Great Horses Age Gracefully

After his triumphal tour as a Grand Circuit trotter, my justly famous plow horse, R. T. C., did not return to the furrow and the plow, but found his way to Walnut Hall Farm, one of the oldest of Kentucky speed establishments. There the queerly colored record-maker was driven to a runabout, which gave him just enough exercise and variety to make him happy. He must have been twenty-seven when he died. He was fifteen years old before he stopped racing.

Hal Pointer, who traced back to a Canadian pacer named Shropshire's Tom Hall, who was purchased by a Philadelphian in 1820 and taken from there to Lexington, won thirty-three out of the forty-one races in which he started. He cut the world's pacing record to 2.05¼. He raced through the 80's into the 90's, until he became a guest of the Village Farm near East Aurora, New York, where he lived out his years in peace and plenty.

The handsome black stallion Uhlan, who made a world's mile record of 1.58 in 1912, and still holds the world's record, made in 1913, for the fastest mile trotted against time in harness with a running mate, has spent the last fifteen of his twenty-four years as the guest of Mr. C. K. G. Billings on the latter's home for blooded horses in the hills back of Santa Barbara. Mr. Billings thinks a lot of Uhlan, because, among the "Nigger's" other achievements, is that of drawing his owner and a road wagon a mile in two minutes at Cleveland in 1911. Not so many years ago the veteran trotter carried Mr. Billings in a saddle over an eighth mile of grass track at Saratoga in thirteen seconds, though Mr. Billings tipped the scales at 190 pounds.

When you stop to figure that eight times thirteen is 104, which means one minute and forty-four seconds, and that the fastest mile ever done by a horse was Roamer's mile in 1 34¹ at Saratoga during the 1906 season, and you note that Roamer carried only 110 pounds, you wonder what Uhlan might have done if trained for running instead of trotting

A standard-bred trotter has so many possibilities, his training is over so wide a range, requires so much expert study, rearrangement of rigging, shoes and other equipment, that if he is not mishandled or hurt or weakened by sickness, he may be better on the track at twelve than he is at two, three or four years after foaling

The chestnut mare Lou Dillon, who was foaled in 1898 and by making a record of 1.58¼ in 1903 became the first trotter to beat two minutes, might have continued to win purse money if Mr. Billings had not purchased her and reserved her for matinée meetings, where she went against time, and in cup events until she joined Uhlan in the paddock at Santa Barbara. Lou Dillon and Uhlan were boon companions until she died about three years ago. Barring illness or accident, many of our harnessed stars might emulate Goldsmith Maid or Peter Manning.

Not far from the state fairgrounds at Trenton, New Jersey, is a granite stone which bears the legend:

HERE LIES
GOLDSMITH MAID
QUEEN OF TROTTERS FOR SEVEN YEARS
BORN SUSSEX COUNTY, 1857
DIED HERE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885
BEST RECORD 2.14, MADE AT BOSTON 1874
EARNED $364,200. THE WORLD'S RECORD

Between her first race, on the Historic Track at Goshen, New York, in 1865, and her last appearance, at Toledo in 1877, the queen of trotters was placed in all but two of the 123 races in which she started, won 97 of them, trotted a total of 428 race or exhibition heats, reduced the world's record for a trotted mile from 2.17¼ to 2.14 and was the world's champion from 1871 to 1879. During the 1876 Centennial, Goldsmith Maid equaled her own record of 2.14 in a performance at Belmont Park, Philadelphia. This was in her nineteenth year. Up to 1870 she had earned $58,600 for her owners. She raced before the fans from Connecticut to California.

Man o' War, the golden stallion, in so many ways our ideal galloper, piled up $249,465 as his share of fat purses. But in none of the 123 events in which Goldsmith Maid started was the winner's share of the purse more than $5000. Man o' War was retired early in his career. But among the running horses which have participated in more than 100 events, Bad News started in 185 and won 54 of them; Montgomery, 179, and won 37; Imp, 171, and won 62; and Badge, 167, and won 70. Goldsmith Maid was a wonder horse, and so was Peter Manning. He has been compared to Man o' War by saying that the golden stallion won all his engagements except one, while Peter Manning never started against a record he did not reduce. He is certainly one of the most consistent light-harness horses ever seen on any turf.

Foaled in 1916, he was a champion in 1921. He defeated every trotter on the tracks before he took on the pacer Single G. Both horses were inside the two-minute Golden Circle. Single G, victor of a hundred struggles on the track, paced a mile in the open in 1.59 at Philadelphia, before pacer and trotter met in a match race at Hartford, which the trotter won so easily that he could find no more competitors and hence became an exhibition horse.

Speed From the Dam

Peter Manning was a five-year-old when he equaled Uhlan's world's record for a mile in the open—1.58. He was only a little older when he beat that record by a quarter second. In his ninth year he set up a new record by trotting two miles in 4.10¼. In 1926 the gallant son of Glendora G made a new half-mile-track record at Reading, time 2.02¼. He is still going around all by himself and breaking track records everywhere.

Peter Manning became the world's fastest trotter and remains in good speed condition after ten years on the turf because of his good ancestry and training. On his dam's side he goes straight back through Emmett Grattan to the same stock as that of Grattan Royal, who sired Grattan Bars, the season's harness-horse sensation.

Some breeders do not rely very much upon the dam in trying to raise a string of fast trotting horses. They say that with the exceptions of Nancy Hanks, champion trotting mare of 1892; Alix, champion trotting gelding of 1894, and Peter Manning, none of the real star trotters has much to show in the way of speed inheritance from the dam's side. One answer to this criticism is found in Alma Lee's family tree. This three-year-old trotter caused excitement among track followers when she made a record of 2.05 in the winning heat of her second race at the New York State Fair this fall. A study of her family tree indicates that her remarkable performance is due to speed inherited from both dam and sire, though careful training and conditioning brought her to the winning point.

Fast records in public races have been made by both her parents, all four of her grandparents and six of her eight great-grandparents. Nine of these ancestors were unusually fast colt trotters. The late Frank Ellis, of Philadelphia, who bred Alma Lee and her dam, Jane Revere, and who owned her granddam, Volga, 2.04½, the unbeaten sister of Peter Volo, 2.02, was not afraid of too much inbreeding. Jane Revere was by Guy Axworthy, whose dam defeated Sunol, 2.08. Alma Lee's sire, Lee Worthy, was by Lee Axworthy, whose dam was by Bingen, 2.06¼. So, though good sires are of prime importance, the dams have to do with Alma Lee's fine record.

In Memoriam

The most notable achievement is soon forgotten, and thousands of horses whose speed and stamina have been acclaimed by cheering multitudes are now less than a memory. But a few of the final resting places of old-time stars of the stable and track are marked by suitable monuments, which prove that there's something besides dollars and cents to the game, though millions are made and lost in it.

If you journey a short distance from the Historic Track at the quaint little town of Goshen, county seat of Orange County, New York, you will find an empty house and some empty stables which your local guide, who was brought up on horse, will tell you was the center of Stony Ford. Here, during and after the Civil War, was one of the country's largest speed nurseries, and Charles Bachman, its general proprietor, raised some of the fastest harness horses of the period. To Stony Ford came W. C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland; and Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy under President Harrison. But the secretaries were interested in horses, not in armaments. General Grant smoked his last cigar at Stony Ford and United States Senator Leland Stanford journeyed all the way from California to purchase Electioneer and take that great sire of fast trotters back to Palo Alto with him.

These are some of the things the guide will tell you as he leads you behind the stables and points to a large stone on which is engraved Charles Bachman's tribute to a departed track star. The inscription reads:

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID
GREAT MOTHER OF TROTTERS
1862—1888
BIRTHPLACE OF HER CHILDREN
DAM OF ELECTIONEER

PROSPERO	2.20	ELAINE	2.20
DAME TROT	2.22	ELINA	2.28
ELISTA	2.20¼	MANSFIELD	2.26
STORM	2.26¼	ANTONIO	2.28¾
MIRANDA		PAUL	

LANCELOT FOALED 1887
REMEMBERED BY THEIR WORTH
AND HONORED BY HER DUST

That is all the visible record you will find at Stony Ford. But there are some very active and effective stock farms and training stables in Orange County, which is the headquarters of the American Trotting Register Association. And in other parts of the country, as well as in the vicinity of Charles Bachman's old establishment, harness horses continue to race before their followers just as they will race for many centuries.

The Sport Landau Sedan, $875
Body by Fisher

- a Successful Six
now winning Even
Greater Success

A Signal Triumph in Design in Construction in Performance

Created by a skilled group of engineers with all the resources of General Motors at their command—produced in America's finest, most modern automobile plant—powered to provide an abundance of speed, snap, stamina and drive . . .

. . . today's Pontiac Six stands unapproached as the finest six ever offered at its price!

To its sound, clean basic design have been added such advancements as a new, more highly perfected carburetor, new improved manifolding, the famous cross-flow radiator and the equally famous G-M-R cylinder head. To the style and beauty of its Fisher bodies has been added the swank of smaller, sturdier wheels and larger tires. Its construction embraces the highest standards of accuracy and the most rigid system of inspections known to the industry. And its performance reveals greater power, acceleration and speed than ever before.

Today's Pontiac Six dims even the luster of its own renowned predecessors. And well it might, for it represents a measure of motor car value such as the world has never before seen!

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

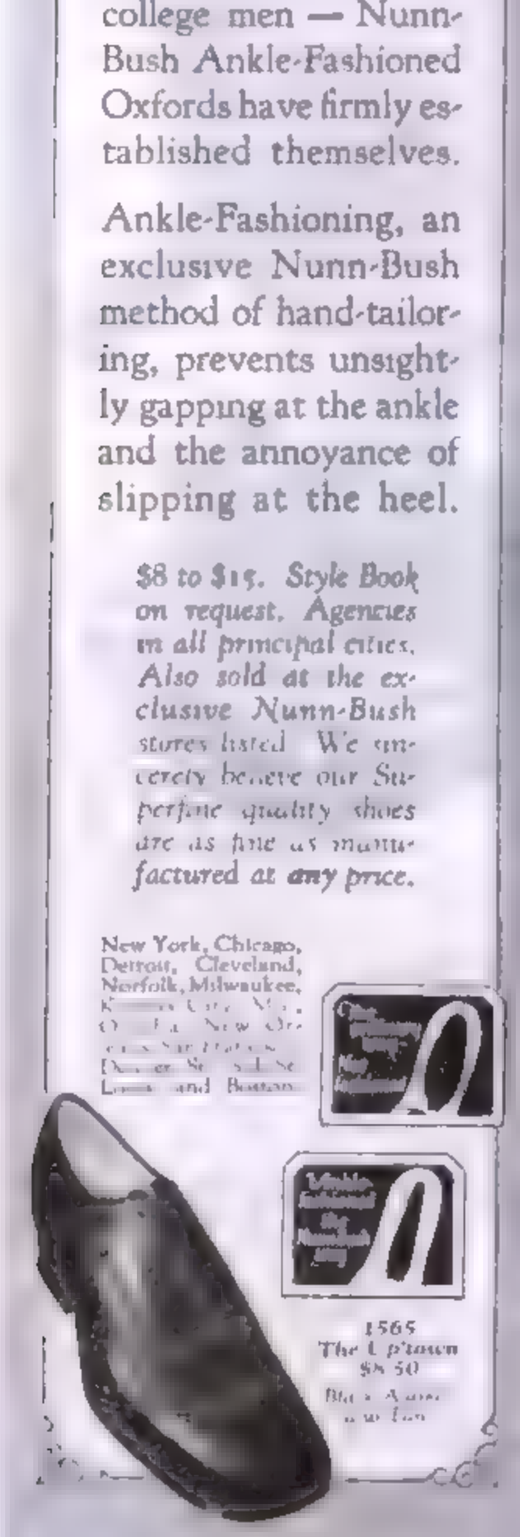
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

With the most fastidious group of men in the world—American college men — Nunn-Bush Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords have firmly established themselves.

Ankle-Fashioning, an exclusive Nunn-Bush method of hand-tailoring, prevents unsightly gapping at the ankle and the annoyance of slipping at the heel.

*$8 to $15. Style Book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold at the exclusive Nunn-Bush stores listed. We sincerely believe our Superfine quality shoes are as fine as manufactured at **any** price.*

New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Norfolk, Milwaukee, [illegible] and Boston



1565
The Upton
$8.50

Nunn-Bush
ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS
Milwaukee New York - San Francisco

Fashioned by Master Craftsmen

STORMY PASSAGE

Continued from Page 7

Just then the last warning whistle for visitors to go ashore sounded like a slight exaggeration of Gabriel's trumpet.

There was a second door from the writing room. Gloria slipped through it and raced down to the cabin. The musicians and the man from the club were finishing what was left of the champagne as they hung about waiting for a tip from Jock. Gwen Haverford and Dave Wrigley were still waiting to see Jock again.

Everyone else had gone except, of course, the Munns.

"Jock's almost killed a steward or something, and they're arresting him," Gloria announced excitedly. "And wasn't that the signal for us to get off?"

"It certainly was," Gwen said, "but somebody ought to go and explain that Jock's tight. They'll put him in irons."

"Explain!" Dave echoed. "We'd better tell them that they're in the North River if they're as dumb as that."

"But we've got to get off," Gloria put in. "I can't sail to Europe just because Jock Deering "

"I'll take care of it," Albert Munn volunteered, radiant at being able to serve her.

"You're a darling," Gloria rewarded him.

"Where did it happen?"

Gloria was self-conscious about the check and so didn't like to say "In the writing room."

"In one of those rooms up front," she said. "Good-by. Have a nice trip." She hurried away with Gwen and Dave, Gwen saying, "Now don't run as fast as you know how. Remember about me."

Albert, whose French wasn't very good, had quite a time locating Jock, but eventually found him in the cabin of some officer. The two stewards were behind his chair and the officer was standing in front of him, saying, "But oo are you? Wot is your name?"

Jock was all flopped over himself. "Nona your business" was all he would say.

"But are you a passengaire? Answer me that."

"Nona your business."

"I'll tell you anything you want to know," Albert offered. "He's in no state to answer."

"You know him?" the officer cried. "One minute."

He disappeared.

"You keep your mouth shut," Jock said to Albert. "I'm a man of mystery."

The officer came back with someone Jock realized instantly must be the captain.

"What is it now?" the captain asked, very brusque.

"This is Jock Deering," Albert explained. "He's a writer and I'm afraid he's got a little tight to celebrate going away."

"What is his cabin?"

"Ninety-eight. Right next to mine."

"Thank you," the captain said icily, and in French he began issuing orders to the stewards to go down and send Mr. Deering's luggage ashore.

"Can I say something, sir?" Albert asked respectfully, old military training obvious.

"Certainly."

"He's an awfully good guy when he isn't fried. I wish you wouldn't throw him off. We're a party of three, and my sister and I will have to get off too."

"Shut up, Al," Jock roared. "I want to get off their bloomin' tub."

Possibly that speech changed the captain's attitude, but he didn't show it.

"I can hardly allow a passenger to knock one of my officers about," he said.

"He won't knock him about again. He's not a bit quarrelsome when he's sober. I've got a letter to you, captain, from the consul general here, who's a friend of my uncle's. I'm not putting that up as any argument why you should let Jock stay on, but just to show that I'm all right."

"You will be responsible for your friend's conduct?"

"Absolutely."

"Then he may stay, but on one condition: I shall give orders that no liquor is to be sold or served to him while he's on board."

"Thank you for nothing!" Jock roared. "Who do you think you are? Don't get Annapolis with me. I know you for a lousy merchant marine. Let me off this boat. I want to get off this boat."

The captain acted as though there were no such person in the room.

"Glad to have made your acquaintance," he told Albert. "I trust I will see you," and with a brisk bow he withdrew.

The two stewards half dragged, half carried Jock to his cabin. Charlotte Munn was standing in her doorway waiting to hear the outcome.

"I wangled it," Albert announced, and told his sister what had happened.

Charlotte Munn made no comment on his accomplishment.

"He wasn't this kind of a fool when you were in college, was he?" she asked.

"Lord, no. He just developed this this last winter. Isn't it the devil? A fellow who's got everything. Lord knows he has plenty of excuse though."

"What do you mean by that mysterious statement?" his sister demanded. "He's in love with this Dane woman and she's not in love with him. Is there anything else?"

"Isn't that enough?" Albert returned. "And she's not a woman. She's a girl."

"She's a woman to me," was all Charlotte said.

"I've got to put Jock to bed," Albert told her. "That probably means a fight."

Jock didn't fight, however. He was in a mood of maudlin forgiveness. Albert had to undress him like a child.

"I don' hol' it agens you, Alber', but it'll prob'ly kill me. A man can't drink the way I been drinking an' then stop short."

"Don't worry," Albert said. "I'll always have a bottle of Scotch in my stateroom. You can help yourself from that when you need to."

"Now I know wha' Cicero meant by friendship," Jock declared; then he gave a sudden yell: "Listen!"

Albert was so startled that he fell over one of Jock's bags and almost broke his neck.

"What to?" he demanded.

There were tears rolling down Jock's face. "Listen."

Albert couldn't hear anything because of the ship's orchestra; then he distinguished what it was playing:

I said, "Go away, Gloria, please go away."

Albert drew the curtain over the door to shut out the sound a little more.

Jock's jag had turned entirely lachrymose; he wept quietly as Albert tucked him into bed.

"You'll feel better in the morning," Albert told him.

Charlotte Munn was waiting in her brother's room.

"I went out and inspected the scene of the tragedy," she said.

"Wouldn't you know that the orchestra would have to do that?" Albert demanded of her through clenched teeth.

"Do what?"

"Play Go Away, Gloria, just as we were pulling out."

"Well, that gave him a great thrill, didn't it?"

"Gave him a thrill? It almost tore him to pieces "

"Really?"

Something about the way Charlotte said it irritated her brother extremely.

"I guess you don't realize," he told her, "that Jock's feeling for Gloria has been one of the most-talked-of love affairs in New York this whole past winter."

"I'm not deaf," she informed him.

"You're not deaf, and it's a cinch you've never been in love."

"I'll tell you one thing," Charlotte said: "If I ever am I won't go around bleating it at the top of my lungs, as Jock Deering seems to have done."

"He has not," Albert contradicted her flatly; in fact, a little concavely.

"Well, how do you all know so much about it then?"

Albert wasn't tight, but he was in no trim for argument.

"Because it's a big important love affair," he said.

"Does that make the emotions involved any harder to bear than most people's?" Charlotte asked. "I've known unrequited lovers who behaved like human beings. To be sure, they didn't have a menagerie of people running about after them to enjoy the spectacle."

"That's a nice way to talk about a chap who's been through absolute hell on earth," Albert told her vehemently.

Charlotte Munn laughed.

"You New Yorkers swallow bunk more readily than any crowd of farmers in the world," she said. "Now go to bed and sob yourself to sleep over the beautiful, beautiful romance. What you need is a good cry."

Charlotte herself lived on a farm she'd bought in Connecticut.

"All I've got to say," Albert informed her, "is that if you think being as hard as nails gives you charm, you've got another think coming."

When Jock awoke he recalled only vaguely that there'd been some kind of row, and rang for his steward.

The steward was a dark, taut little Frenchman.

"You wanted, sair?" he inquired.

"Bring me some kind of a thing to pick me up. Let's see; what could I do with? . . . Bring me a Suissesse, will you, steward?"

"One Suissesse," the steward repeated and withdrew

Jock got up and brushed his teeth long and savagely, thinking that he'd better go to the barber for a shave.

He started a tub and sat watching it fill, and wondering where in the deuce his drink was. Slowly the events of the previous evening seeped into his mind. After he'd bathed he summoned the steward again with a savage ring.

"Where's my drink?"

"Sorry, sair. Orders are no drinks are to be served to this cabin, sair."

Though he knew that it wasn't the steward's fault, Jock wanted to kill him. Standing, not very impressive, in striped shorts, he roared "Get out of here!"

Then, having remembered Albert's promise, he put on his dressing gown and went across the passageway. Albert was still dozing.

"Is this Munn's bar?" Jock asked, thrusting his head in the door.

"This is the place," Albert replied. "What'll it be, sir?"

"Any reason you shouldn't order a couple of Suissesses?"

"None that I can see."

Jock stayed in the bathroom while the steward took the order and delivered the drinks; then he and Albert drank them and started a cribbage game. They had a couple more rounds. Jock felt that he was getting a special pleasure out of those drinks. Charlotte Munn rapped at the door and found them still loitering there.

"It's almost one," she announced. "Are you coming to luncheon?"

"I guess we'll have it here," Albert said, "so Jock can have some wine. Want to join us?"

"No"

"How's the crowd on board?" Jock asked, to be polite.

"I've never seen worse," Charlotte told him. "Don't you know how, usually, you think the people, as they get on a boat, look

(Continued on Page 69)

817

. . . and the man with the tenderest skin will be the most enthusiastic

The House of Squibb has made an outstanding discovery in the ease of shaving . . . with a new and wonderful cream.

MANY a man will praise the day he discovers Squibb's Shaving Cream. That very first morning, shaving will take on a new ease. He'll find his beard being whisked off—clean and quickly. His face will be left refreshed and cool. And he'll wear a look of morning smoothness all day long. . . . For he'll be using a shaving cream such as he never knew before.

Because of a background of almost three-quarters of a century of scientific experience, E. R. Squibb & Sons have been able to produce what they believe to be the finest shaving cream that has ever been developed.

A barber shop was opened

Four years of laboratory tests are behind this remarkable new shaving cream. And tens of thousands of experimental shaves in a barber shop especially opened for the purpose.

In this barber shop the most exacting tests were conducted for a whole year. There, Squibb's Shaving Cream was pitted against the best shaving creams the market afforded. There, Squibb's proved its unquestionable superiority to barber and customer alike.

Every sort of comparison was made. With every type of skin. With every sort of beard. All kinds of razors were used. Water of every temperature. Microphotographs were even taken of the actual hairs cut with Squibb's and other creams. Over and over, Squibb's proved itself a real contribution to better shaving. Now, it is ready for you . . . with the reputation of the House of Squibb behind it.

Men with tender skins, men with stubborn beards, every man who owns a razor—try this shaving cream. You don't know what a difference there can be in *shaving*, if you haven't tried Squibb's. Get a tube from your druggist . . . and tomorrow experience the most surprising shave you ever had.

These micro-photographs show why E. R. Squibb & Sons produced a shaving cream

Nearly every man has his favorite shaving cream. With it, he usually gets a satisfactory shave—judged by all existing standards.

Squibb realized that it was necessary to produce a very much improved cream or men would not care to change.

Therefore, the advantages of using Squibb's Shaving Cream were proved before it was offered for sale. Proved in comparison with well-known creams. The one way to do this is to show how hair is actually cut. These micro-photographs show it. They demonstrate that Squibb's sets an entirely new standard in shaving.

No. 1. Hairs cut with a popular shaving cream, showing uneven, raggedly cut hairs. This is why, at best, you often feel tugging or smarting when you shave—why your face has little "tufted spaces" even after a painstaking shave.

No. 2. Hairs cut with Squibb's Shaving Cream, showing clean cuts, different from every other cream tested—though using the same razors. And the reason why E. R. Squibb & Sons can now say to all men: "Here is a cream that is a real improvement . . . that will give you a cleaner, easier, better shave—a more pleasant shave."

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

40¢

Your father, your grandfather before him, knew E. R. Squibb & Sons. No Squibb Product has ever been offered for sale that did not represent a distinct improvement upon all existing similar products. . . . You are invited to try Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

The light that offers a million more traffic cops

The new W. & T. Dry Battery Flasher is a traffic beacon that can be installed anywhere by anyone—entirely self-contained, without outside wires—uses Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries and so it is unusually economical and reliable—needs attention only once every six months.

COMMUNITIES anywhere now can have electrically operated flashing traffic signals. The new W. & T. Dry Battery Flasher needs no outside wires, for it operates entirely on Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries. Thus it can be set up on any road, any crossing, any town. Cost of operation and maintenance is about $1 per month.

Day and night, without cease, this device stabs the air with a warning beam, sixty times a minute. It cannot fail, for inside are enough lamps for a year's use, so arranged that when one burns out, another is automatically switched into place. Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries were selected for their reliability and economy. They serve for months without attention—it is not unusual for a set of these batteries to last six months and longer, giving service at the rate of one flash every second, day and night.

There are a million places where traffic cops are needed today and where they cannot be stationed because of the cost. Here is a device so simple, so reliable, so economical as to be available for these million locations, wherever streets and roads turn and twist, cross, rise and fall.

Write Wallace & Tiernan Co., Inc., Newark, N. J., for details.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

Illustrated at left: View of W & T. Dry Battery Flasher, made by Wallace & Tiernan Co., Inc., Newark, N. J. The light that flashes, but cannot fail

For radio: Insist on the Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery No. 7111. This special cell, 1½ volts, is scientifically designed to last longer on radio sets using dry battery tubes.

(Continued from Page 66)

pretty unappetizing, and the next day you find that there are quite a few attractive ones? Well, this is just the other way. The passengers are worse than I thought. It seems that, since it's the off season, some female organization has chartered almost the entire boat. They look to me as though they were the Bloomer Girls of Ninety-eight on a reunion excursion, and they've brought along the husbands they must have gathered with the cat-tails they were going to gild."

"That sounds promising," Jock said.

"It's all there is, except a few horrid examples of adolescence."

"Well, run along, or you'll miss your food." Albert dismissed her.

He and Jock had some sandwiches and a bottle of Burgundy.

They were just starting the afternoon on highballs and reminiscences when the orchestra interpolated Go Away, Gloria into its concert.

Jock stood up, livid.

"What's the matter?" Albert asked.

"I wish you had an ear for music," Jock told him. "You wouldn't be asking that all the time."

"Oh," Albert said. "What are you going to do?"

"Go back to my cabin."

"Why?"

"I want to be alone."

"I don't want you to be. Honestly, you ought not to be, with that going on."

"Don't worry," Jock said. "I can't slide out the porthole. Shoulders too broad."

He went and lay on his berth. Some time later Albert peered in to reassure himself and saw that he was asleep, so Albert settled down for a nap too.

Jock woke at ten o'clock, dressed, walked around the deck and got some more sandwiches.

He didn't find Albert, for Albert was asleep by then. Charlotte had interrupted his nap to take him to dinner.

"May I ask"—she had disturbed his loginess when they were sitting at the table—"whether there's something about this great love affair of Jock Deering's which makes it essential that you should drink yourself insensible too?"

"I want the poor fellow to have a little company," Albert replied.

"How about my having a little company?" Charlotte asked.

"There's nothing the matter with you."

"I suppose you know that you've given yourself the sniffles, as you always do when you drink too much."

"Do you suppose I'm going to have a cold?" Albert asked. Like a good many fine, athletic specimens he worried constantly about his physical condition.

"I'll give you a pill," his sister promised, "and if you get to bed early, you'll be all right tomorrow."

When Jock woke the second day out he didn't waste any time on the steward, but crossed to Albert's room immediately.

Albert wasn't there, but there was a bottle of Scotch on the little locker by his berth. Jock poured some into a tumbler and sat down to drink it. A slight noise made him glance up. Charlotte Munn was looking in the door.

He had been thinking of Gloria, and compared with that glowing vision, Charlotte Munn, with her high-bred palish face, seemed a pretty washed-out specimen.

"Excuse me," she said.

"Hello."

"Having your breakfast?"

Jock knew that she was a lot younger than Albert, who wasn't old, but it seemed to him that he could detect something thin and soured in the inquiry.

"Yes," he replied. . . . "Do you happen to know what time it is? My watch stopped."

"It's a little after two. We've just finished luncheon."

"I hope you'll pardon my costume."

"I shouldn't have popped in like this, but I thought it was Albert. He was feeling rather miserable. I guess he must be up on deck."

"Have I got a chair?" Jock asked.

"I got you one on the port side, next ours, and I had you put at our table. You were at a table with what looked like the honorary vice presidents of the Bloomer Girls. Not that it would have made much difference, apparently."

"Thanks," Jock said. "I'll be up as soon as I'm dressed."

"Don't you want something to eat?"

"I do not."

Gloria would have laughed at his tone, which was intended to imply how painful the idea of food was to him. Albert's sister merely looked unutterably bored and passed on.

"Old maid," Jock said after her, under his breath.

The air, and the whisky within him made him feel better. It was a glorious day. The sea was like a lake in June.

"Don't tell me you're seasick," he said when he saw Albert, for Albert was obviously not at his best.

"I don't know what it is," Albert said, "but I've got a headache and I feel like the deuce."

"I was never better in my life," Jock boasted.

"I guess I'll go down to my bunk," Albert said. "I'm no good to anybody up here."

"I wish you would," Charlotte told him.

"There wasn't any quinine in those pills you gave me, was there?" Albert asked. "I feel as though I'd taken quinine."

"Albert has what the doctors call an antipathy for quinine," Charlotte explained to Jock. "It poisons him. But I'm afraid this isn't as simple as that. I didn't want to tell you, brother dear, but the Smith children whom you were dandling on your knee a bare two weeks ago came down with measles three days later, and as I remember, you didn't have measles as a child."

"I've got them now, all right," Albert groaned.

"Do your eyes hurt?" Charlotte asked.

"Like everything."

Charlotte led him away.

Jock looked over his fellow passengers. From what he could see, Charlotte hadn't exaggerated. Unenthusiastic as he was about her, it was rather a relief to see her come back. There was nothing glowing about her, but she at least wore the sort of clothes a nice girl should on shipboard.

"What did the doctor say?" Jock asked.

"Oh, he hasn't been found yet, but I took Albert's temperature. He's got one. How are you feeling?"

"As well as can be expected," Jock answered, and because he had to have somebody to talk to about Gloria, he added, "You know what's really the matter with me, don't you?"

"It's supposed to be love, isn't it?" Charlotte Munn asked with a smile and in a tone he didn't like at all.

"There isn't any 'suppose' about it. Have you ever seen her?"

"Gloria Dane? On the stage lots of times, and night before last in the cabin."

"Well, isn't she the most beautiful, glamorous thing that ever walked?"

"That depends on how you feel about pink frosting," Miss Munn said. "It happens to leave me cold."

"Pink frosting!"

"Well, you can hardly think that bright little surface is the expression of any very profound inner beauty, or do you?"

"I certainly do. Why, under it there's ——"

"A dainty morsel of reënforced concrete," Charlotte Munn finished his sentence.

"I suppose you'd like something soft better," Jock said.

"No, just something human. I'm glad you realize she's hard, though. I was afraid you thought she was cake all the way through."

"I never said she was hard."

"No, but you admitted it by implication."

"You're pretty much of a cat, aren't you?" Jock inquired.

"You mean because I speak ill of a sister woman? Nonsense. She's a horrid type and I don't owe her any duty whatever; whereas you're a friend of Albert's. I intend to tell you all about her."

"Tell me all about her!" Jock said. "Why, I know her better than anyone on earth."

"Then maybe you'll explain some things about her to me. She doesn't care about you, does she?"

"No."

"Then why did she race down here to upset you when you were getting off comparatively quietly?"

"Because she knew it would give me more pleasure than anything."

"Really?" Charlotte Munn asked with impudent, lifted eyebrows. "Now, you know better than that. I can even prove to you that you know better than that."

"Why don't you then?"

"Because you're in no condition to appreciate the proof now. I will some day, though."

"What business is it of yours anyway?" Jock asked her.

"It's only my business because Albert tells me that when you were in college you showed signs of real talent. Talent is public property."

"I suppose I've disproved it since by writing a successful musical comedy," Jock told her sarcastically. "Well, thank you for your helpful hints. I think I'll go for a walk."

He strode off, fuming to himself.

One of those half-baked art girls. Wanted him to write the Great American Novel probably. As though a successful show weren't better than all the library stuff in the world.

Talent in college! The thought of the things he'd written there made him sick. If there had been any possibility that he could have been really good maybe he wouldn't have worked like a nailer.

He climbed to the upper deck and tried to sit there, but it proved too cold for comfort. Descending, he saw that the stewards were beginning to serve tea. He wanted some, and as he hated having tea alone and had thought up something he wished he'd said, he decided that it was more loyal to Gloria to finish his quarrel about her; so he returned to his chair.

Charlotte Munn wasn't there. Jock took a cake and a cup of tea and consumed them, grumpily meditating on what a rotten crossing it promised to be, with Albert the only person on board he liked, and Albert handicapped with this monster. Suddenly the monster stood before him.

"It is measles," she announced. "Of course I was pretty sure of them before I mentioned the word. Albert would have fussed himself into a rash anyway, if he'd known earlier that he was exposed."

"Will he be laid up long?"

"Oh, for the length of the voyage anyway. They're going to take him down to the hospital in the bowels of the ship."

"When?"

"Right away. He wants to see you before he goes, if you're not afraid of contagion."

Jock hurried down to the cabin.

"Did you ever hear of such nonsense?" Albert fumed at him.

"Are you feeling as sick as the deuce?"

"Pretty rotten. What I wanted to tell you was that I'm not leaving you high and dry. I had the steward bring a dozen Scotch. That locker is chucked full of it. Go easy on it, though, will you? On account of Charlotte. I want somebody to look after her."

Jock had rarely seen anyone that he regarded as so capable of looking out for herself, but he promised that he would go easy. Then a nurse came with some dark glasses, and Albert put on a dressing gown and was led away.

Jock took the bottle of Scotch from which he'd had one drink to his cabin. He didn't dare transfer the whole supply. He wasn't sure how far the orders given the steward extended.

As he bathed and dressed for dinner he finished the bottle, thinking that he needed all the support he could get for a session with that disagreeable girl. Not that he didn't look forward to it in a way; it ought to be a good fight.

When the dinner gong rang he had to rap at Charlotte's door and ask the number of their table.

"Forty," she called. "Wait just a second. I'll be there."

He waited for her appearance with an eye rendered extremely critical by Charlotte's remarks on the subject of Gloria's looks, but Charlotte disappointed him by being quite pleasant to look at in a black chiffon evening dress which had long sleeves, and a bracelet of glittering trimming on one arm.

She was evidently one of those girls who bloom, in so far as it is their nature to bloom, at night. Of course it was in a chill, Christmas-rose fashion which didn't appeal to him.

"How well you look," he said.

"I could return the compliment if it weren't for those bloodshot eyes," she answered.

He tingled with annoyance all the way to the dining room.

"Table 50," he said to the chief steward.

"Forty," Charlotte Munn corrected him.

"I knew it was an even number."

The chief steward led the way. Walking as he was with supreme dignity, Jock was annoyed, halfway across the room, to find that he'd lost track of which back belonged to the chief steward.

"Over here," Charlotte Munn called to him.

"I'm sorry," Jock apologized as he sat down; "very sorry."

It was a table way in one corner of the room. Gloria would never have accepted such a table.

Their steward gave them cards. Jock looked at his blankly.

"Well, what do you want to eat?" Charlotte Munn asked.

"I don't care. Whatever you're having."

"I suppose you're not hungry."

"No."

"Light diet for you, I think, anyway. You'd better have some clam broth, a lamb chop, some peas and some mashed potato. Does that suit you, or do you want some salad afterward?"

"That's as much as I can eat."

"The steward speaks English," Charlotte said, "but I've discovered that if you want to be sure of what you get, it's better to order it in French."

She then proceeded to give the order for the meal she had suggested, in competent French.

"But that's only for one," Jock protested.

"Yes," she agreed. "You see, I'm being excused."

"You are? Why?"

"Because I won't be bored by sitting through a meal with somebody who's a little drunk. I much prefer a tray in my cabin."

"Then why did you come down?"

"I couldn't tell at a glance. It took about one and a half. Good night."

She left without apparent rancor, but he wanted to throw the carafe after her.

Why couldn't she have had the measles instead of Albert? Life would have been so pleasant if she'd had the measles.

Before dinner was over he was cursing himself for not having transferred another bottle of Scotch to his cabin. He didn't know whether Charlotte left the door between her stateroom and Albert's open at night for air, and he wasn't going to take any chances on the tongue lashing he'd get if he disturbed her.

Jock had a rotten evening. He knew he could get something to drink easily enough by confiding the rule he had been put under to any one of the men who were hanging around the smoking room, but somehow he

(Continued on Page 73)

Today...the proving ground for Motor Oil is in the AIR

A few of the famous aviators who have chosen VEEDOL

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD

Is taking three Veedol-lubricated planes with him on his expedition to the South Pole.

BERNT BALCHEN

Chose the New Veedol when he flew to Greenely Island to rescue the Bremen's crew.

EDDIE STINSON

President, Stinson Aircraft Corp., says: "I cannot speak too highly of Veedol's performance."

MARTIN JENSEN

Pilot of the Aloha, says: "I'd trust my life and my motor any time to the New Veedol."

CAPTAIN C. E. D. COLLYER

Used Veedol in a Fairchild Wasp with which he and J. H. Mears circled the globe for a new record.

THEA RASCHE

Famous German Aviatrix, who plans a trans-Atlantic hop, also endorses the New Veedol.

. . . and your car with its modern, high-speed, high-compression motor has the same need of VEEDOL as an airplane engine.

For the things that automotive engineers have learned from the airplane are directly responsible for the increased power, speed and flexibility of the modern car.

The simple statement, therefore, that, out of all the oils available and regardless of what they may have used in the past, such famous aviators as Commander Byrd, Bernt Balchen, Eddie Stinson, Martin Jensen, Captain Collyer, Thea Rasche and others have chosen THE NEW VEEDOL, demands more than your casual attention.

The average endorsement is a pale and sickly thing beside it, for these endorsers of VEEDOL back their judgment with their very lives.

Faulty lubrication may not mean disaster to you as it might to them, but sooner or later it will result in a costly repair. Avoid it!

Somewhere near you is a garage or filling station that will be glad to drain and refill your crankcase with this tougher, heavier-bodied, super-heat-resisting oil . . . THE NEW VEEDOL. Look for the orange and black sign . . . The Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation . . . 11 Broadway, New York City.

THE NEW VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE BASE CRUDES

The Nation's choice of a Good Cigar

Foil Protected

Wm. Penn . . . FOIL SEALED . . . keeping its flavor and fragrance always fresh . . .

Wm. Penn . . . FOIL PROTECTED . . . making it break-proof and safe in your pocket.

Wm. Penn . . . FOIL WRAPPED . . . but inside the same matchless cigar that last year won 36,000,000 increased consumption.

Same LONG FILLER . . . same smooth drawing clean smoking cigar . . . with ash that holds.

Same quality, unbroken, full flavor leaf . . . unequaled except by cigars that cost more . . . Same generous size . . . the biggest GOOD 5-cent cigar . . .

Enrobed in a new silvery jacket to keep original flavor and fragrance fresh, and prevent breakage in your pocket.

Stop at your dealer today and get a day's supply of Wm. Penns . . . fresh in foil . . . safe to carry.

Wm. Penn

A GOOD CIGAR

5 Cents

(Continued from Page 69

didn't like to confess that he was being punished like a schoolboy.

There were a couple of girls who gave every evidence of wanting to be picked up, but they were pretty obvious, and if he made friends with them he could imagine what satisfaction it would give to Charlotte Munn, what mean little thoughts she'd be able to think about Gloria and his taste in general.

He didn't know why he minded what Charlotte Munn thought. He was going to avoid seeing her as much as he could, eat his meals on deck and in his cabin, and not sit in his deck chair. Certainly he'd never lay eyes on her after they got off the ship—not if it meant never seeing Albert again. He didn't, however, want to give her any additional sneer holds, even for the voyage. It wouldn't be fair to Gloria.

He listened to the auction pool on the ship's run, and, when that was over, got a book from the library and read it, and finally went glumly to bed.

It was after eleven o'clock when he woke next morning and the sea was very rough. He wanted a drink, dressed hastily and stepped across the passageway to Albert's room to get it; sure that Charlotte would be on deck.

The locker where the Scotch had been was empty, which probably meant that the steward had thought it would be broken and had put it some place for safety. A cursory search didn't reveal its whereabouts, however, and as Jock couldn't ask the steward its whereabouts himself, he had to go and find Charlotte Munn. She was in her deck chair.

"The steward's been in Albert's room," he said to her after the briefest of greetings.

"I don't believe so," she replied.

"He's put away my Scotch some place."

"Oh, that was I," she said.

"Where did you put it?"

"Out the porthole."

"Out the porthole!"

"I certainly did. What you need is to be thoroughly sobered up, and with the help of heaven and the captain of this boat, I'm going to see that you are."

"But you're crazy. A man who's been drinking the way I have can't stop short like that."

"Nonsense. You're not a chronic alcoholic. You're just trying to get to be one."

"Anyway, it was my whisky."

"It was Albert's, and I think it was extremely dishonorable of Albert to get it for you after what he promised the captain. The captain came and talked to me today."

"You discussed me with him!"

"It just happens that I didn't, but if I find, in the future, that you're getting anything to drink, I'm going to report it to him and have it stopped."

Jock Deering had never been as angry at anyone in his life.

"You blue-nosed busybody!" he roared at her and stamped off.

Because he knew no other way to explode, he made his way down to the hospital. It was really a terrific day and the hospital was very far down.

Albert lay on his cot, moaning and groaning.

Indignation kept Jock from feeling the motion of the boat very much.

"Say, what kind of a Carrie Nation is that sister of yours?" he demanded hoarsely.

Albert Munn didn't even hear.

"I guess I'd feel better if the ship would only stop," he murmured bravely.

"Who cares how you feel? That sister of yours has thrown all my Scotch out of the porthole."

"Don't talk to me about Scotch."

"Well, what's the matter with her? Why didn't you tell me she was a dry agent or something?"

"I don't see what I can do about it," Albert said in a dying voice.

"She needn't think she can reform me," Jock proclaimed. "It'll take fifty like her to reform me. Wait till I get to Paris."

Then Jock began to feel a little ill himself, and went up on deck and sat in some stranger's chair on the starboard side. For twenty-four hours he and Miss Munn communicated only at a distance.

The deck steward brought word that mademoiselle was lunching on deck. "I'm not," Jock returned. About five he received a note:

WARNING. I'm dining in the *salle à manger*. Remember that you did last night, and I'm tired of cold food.

As a result, Jock had dinner brought to his cabin.

Next morning the sea was even rougher than it had yet been. Jock had high hopes that Charlotte would be confined to her berth, but a surreptitious look showed her sitting in her deck chair. He had to grant that she was an excellent sailor. He went back to the chair on the bleak starboard side in which he'd established a squatter's right.

When the luncheon gong sounded he heard footsteps approach him, and looked up, expecting the bearer of a note, but it was Charlotte herself.

"Are you still too mad to sit at the table with me?" she asked.

"I don't want any luncheon."

"Yes, you do. If you're seasick nothing does you as much good as a warm meal inside you, and if you're not you're normally hungry. Forget how much you hate me, can't you? I'll be awfully nice. I'll even be nice about your Gloria. There's a perfectly exquisite picture of her in the Bridle."

"Where is it?"

"Right here." She opened it to the place.

"I've seen it," he said.

"That's her good profile," Charlotte commented.

"She hasn't got a bad camera angle," Jock boasted, getting up. Miss Munn looked quizzical. "What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"I promised to be agreeable," she reminded him, and proceeded to the dining room.

"I guess you'd better be yourself," he said as they sat down at their table.

Charlotte laughed. "Then will you tell me why on earth you're in love with her?"

"Why are half the men in New York in love with her?"

"Mob psychology is the best explanation I can find."

"Well, for one thing, what girl is as beautiful as she is?"

"Surely you're civilized beyond the point of losing your head just because a girl's features make a pretty pattern."

"As far as that goes, I'm willing to be classed with those old barbarians Goethe and Socrates and ——"

"I knew that was silly before it was half said," Charlotte admitted.

Jock followed up his advantage.

"Then, she's always gay," he pointed out. "You have a grand time with her. And she's as straight as a die."

"Straight as a die!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Then why in the world did she let you give her that two thousand dollars?"

"What?" Jock yelled, much too loud for a public dining room.

"It's none of my business, of course."

"How did you know anything about it?"

"You used the blotter in the writing room. I can still add two and two, I hope."

"You snoop!" Jock called her.

Miss Munn looked unconcerned. "I was interested," she said. "Anybody would have been. I just happen to admit it."

"Well, you've added up your two and two all wrong. I gave it to Gloria because I'm the only real friend she has. I'm a person she can trust. A girl doing what she does who's going absolutely straight is up against it as far as money is concerned, with the other girls collecting it in fistfuls."

"I'm glad to know what you call 'going absolutely straight,'" Charlotte remarked.

"Well, don't you call it going straight?"

"I call it as twisted as a corkscrew."

"I suppose you'd respect her more if she got money the way lots of other girls in her position do."

"I certainly should."

"Well, you'd better have your morals looked over," Jock told her.

"You'd better take a course in plain decency. What kind of people have you grown used to anyway, that you think she's all right?"

"I know the grandest crowd in the world," he proclaimed—"the best friends, the best ——"

"I'll tell you just exactly the sort you know," Charlotte offered. "You know a lot of promiscuous, neurotic people who are always having affairs and talking about them until, if you listen long enough, you get thinking there's nothing but sex in the world, and shaking inside for fear that you aren't living as excitingly as they are."

"Who told you that?" Jock demanded.

"I didn't have to be told. For a month after I got out of college I visited a friend of mine who was trying to do something with her pen. That's why I bought the farm. I felt that at least I could live as excitingly as a cow."

"I suppose that kind of life does get on your nerves," Jock admitted.

"Combined with your drinking, it's a wonder to me it didn't drive you into an insane asylum."

"You're all wrong there. It was my drinking that saved me. After Gloria turned me down I've stayed blotto as long as four days to keep from committing suicide."

"But you're too grand a person to do that!" Charlotte Munn exclaimed.

"Me! I thought I was something you wouldn't wipe your shoes on."

"Any person is too grand to do that. It outrages human dignity. Haven't you any strength of character at all?"

"I guess it takes a little strength of character to go completely to hell," Jock said, looking romantically moody.

Charlotte Munn fell on the remark.

"I thought so!" she cried. "I thought you fancied yourself as a kind of Byron of Broadway, and now I know it. Strength of character! It doesn't take an ounce. All it needs is a little ham dramatic instinct."

"You don't know what you're talking about," he told her mysteriously.

"Oh, don't I?"

"I happen to have been warned by doctors that I wouldn't last for two years if I go on as I do."

"So that's why it kept you from suicide. Because, like all weak characters, you preferred to pretend that it was a kind of slow and extremely easy suicide! Did Miss Dane know about these medical warnings?"

"I suppose she did."

"And she let you keep on?"

"She's begged me not to. She never sees me without begging me not to."

"Why didn't she talk a little turkey to you? I suppose because she gets more money out of you when you're sodden."

"Stop saying things like that about Gloria or I'll slap your face."

"You try slapping it in here," Charlotte Munn challenged him, glancing about the dining room, "and see what happens to you. Now eat your luncheon and stop being silly."

"You may be able to tell some men you know that the girl they love is practically trying to murder them ——" he began.

"Oh, I don't give Gloria Dane credit for anything like that," Charlotte said. "She doesn't believe you'll kill yourself with drink in two years any more than I do. But she sits by and watches you ruin month after month of your life, and simpers with flattered vanity. I could kill a woman like that."

"Shut up," Jock said.

"I will not."

"Well, I'm not speaking to you."

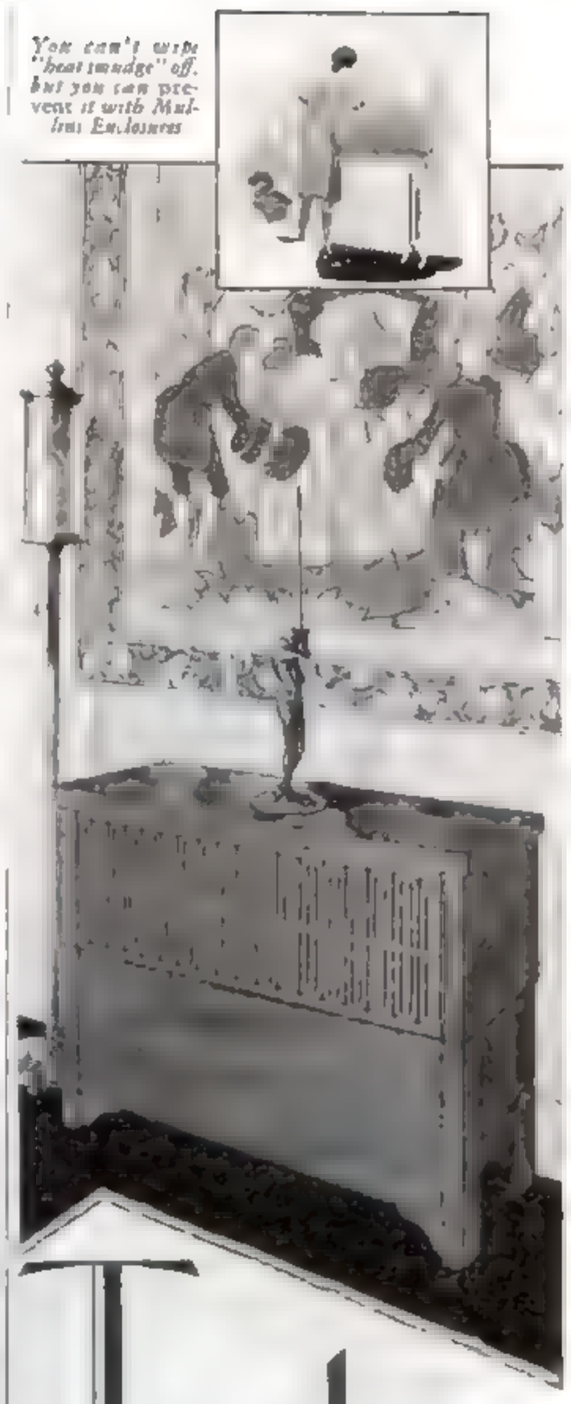
"I stopped 'not speaking' to people when I was five years old. My intelligence informed me at that time that nobody minded very much."

"I'm sure nobody did," Jock commented.

He ate a few mouthfuls and then said abruptly, "I wonder what you were like as a child."

"Heavens!" Miss Munn gasped. "That's the first remark you've made that hasn't

(Continued on Page 75)

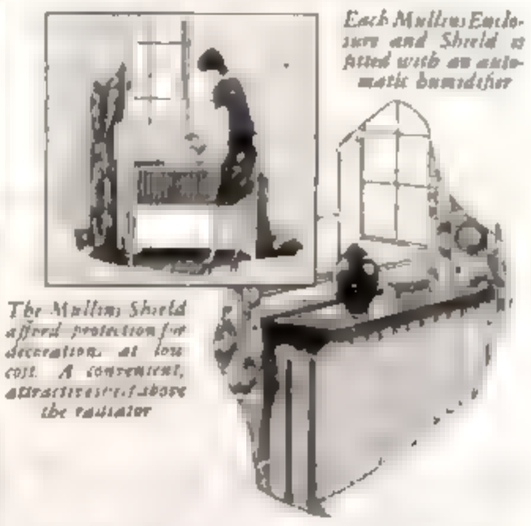


Try this with one radiator

Enclose it! See for yourself how it beautifies the entire room. In place of a cast iron heating fixture—a lovely piece of furniture, expertly made, beautifully finished.

Mullins Enclosures and Shields are lower in cost because made in standard sizes in our great plant. Ready for immediate delivery. Furnished in Mahogany, Walnut or Old Ivory finishes . . . heatproof . . . with the strength of steel. Write for catalog and names of local dealers.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP
SALEM, OHIO
Manufacturers of Mullins Automobile Body Stampings and Mullins Metal Boats


Each Mullins Enclosure and Shield is fitted with an automatic humidifier
The Mullins Shield offers protection for decorations at low cost. A convenient, attractive shelf above the radiator

MULLINS
RADIATOR ENCLOSURES

Makers of History—*Intolerant of Tradition*

THE Reo Flying Cloud has made motoring history. It proved that a car could be beautiful, enduring, swift, powerful, economical and comfortable. It made possible the purchase of all the desirable qualities of motoring in one car. It lived up to the idea behind it, "A Reo must do all things well."

The Reo Flying Cloud has made history because back of it stands a group of men intolerant of tradition, unhampered by the inheritance of mechanical features that must be preserved, given free rein to develop or to acquire whatever might be essential to making an ideal automobile for America.

From road to roof, from stem to stern, the Reo Flying Cloud is a skillful blending of all that is best in modern engineering practice and modern design.

For brakes, it has the best the world affords for motor cars. Its engine retains no obsolete practices. Its steering ease and safety are unsurpassed. So on throughout its construction in every part.

To the Flying Cloud's far-in-the-lead design, to the finer materials of which it is built, are added a carefulness and precision of workmanship usually considered unnecessary in its price class.

There is a Reo Flying Cloud near you. Try it out. Learn the pleasure of driving a car which does all things well.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUD

Sport Brougham, *illustrated above* $1745	Sport Victoria $1895	
Brougham . $1645	Coupe . . . $1625	Roadster . . . $1685
Sport Sedan $1995	Sport Coupe $1725	Sport Roadster $1785
Sedan . . . $1845	Victoria . . $1795	*f. o. b. Lansing*

REO

WOLVERINE

Brougham	$1195
Sedan	$1295

f. o. b. Lansing

(Continued from Page 73)

been about you or Gloria Dane. I'd better answer it right away. I was awfully lonely and self-conscious and perfectly hideous."

"I wonder if you were."

"I was. I had to wear glasses and a band on my teeth. I guess I did when you first saw me, when we spent two weeks in Princeton, Albert's sophomore year."

"I don't remember," Jock told her.

"And I was terribly romantic. With that relentless egotism of the shy, I always pictured myself as being wooed by the most glorious creatures."

"As, for instance?"

"Oh, men with nerves of steel and the temper of devils. Men who would rather die than yield a point of honor."

"I shouldn't have thought that you'd have considered it worthy of them to be in love," Jock commented.

"At least they were the sort of men who, if they found themselves in love with a girl who didn't care for them, would say, 'I'm going to get over this, and I'm going to get over it without a whine. There are other things in the world.'"

"That sounds like the sort of person a little girl would imagine," Jock told her, but he had flushed slightly.

"Oh, they're not so entirely impossible," Charlotte said. "I've known men who would resent being dragged about at the end of a tawdry ribbon. Have you finished luncheon?"

"Yes."

"I feel a terrible need to play cards. Are you any good at vitesse?"

"Vitesse?"

"Double Canfield with aces in the middle. It's a corking game and I'm probably the champion of the world."

As Charlotte Munn played it, it proved to be an excellent game. They slapped away at it until five. Charlotte won, usually because of the calm with which she exercised a lightninglike dexterity.

"I see by the bulletin board," she said as she rose from the card table, "that dinner tonight is to be a fête de gala. Do you think you could stand me again?"

"I guess so," Jock said with a grin.

"One is supposed to wear costumes, and I like to. I've got a robe de style in my trunk, and I'll manufacture something in the way of a hat. It's banal to be a lady by Longhi, but it's easy. You can get something to wear from the baggage-master if you like."

"All right," Jock agreed.

He selected a false nose and a sailor's sweater from the wares offered by that functionary. They disguised him pretty completely. He was about to go and ask Charlotte Munn if she weren't ready for dinner, when the steward came with a radiogram.

THINKING OF COMING TO PARIS. WHAT DO YOU THINK? GLORIA.

It filled him with exultation. Gloria in Paris! It meant they'd be married. She might hesitate about it, but she'd marry him if she ever got there.

"Are you ready?" he heard Charlotte Munn call.

"Right."

She was dressed in cherry velvet, with a black tricorn, from which a veil caught her chin, a purple cloak hung from her shoulders.

"Why, you're gorgeous!" Jock said, exuberant with his news.

"I deserve no credit for the dress," Charlotte said, "but I am proud of the hat and cloak."

"It's criminal that there'll be so few to see you. The sea is the heaviest we've had. How do you like my make-up?"

"I'd never have known you."

"It's occurred to me that all I have to do is walk up to the bar and order a drink. Who'll stop me in this?"

"No one," she said gravely, "but are you going to?"

He knew that if he said yes she would go back into her cabin. He'd never cared less about a girl, but it would be a mean trick when she'd been to so much trouble.

"No," he answered, "I've decided to give you a treat. Imitation of a man of iron."

"It's one you'd do well to run in your repertory more often," she said, and led the way to the dining room.

"This will show you why I don't need any champagne," he said when they were seated, and handed her Gloria's message.

Charlotte Munn read it through and handed it back to him without a word.

"Wouldn't it be marvelous if we could sit at this table once without quarreling?" she asked.

"I won't get angry at anything you say," he promised. "I'm curious to know what you think about this."

"How long is it since you've had a drink?" she asked.

"About two days," he calculated—"almost three."

She then answered his question:

"I think exactly what you think about it, if you'll search your mind and be honest with yourself. Now, let's drop the subject. We certainly ought to be able to amuse ourselves just watching this roomful. Never have I seen nausea and the spirit of carnival at such death grips."

Certainly no worse evening could have been chosen for a festivity. Though people who had been confined to their berths practically since leaving port had dragged themselves to the dining room on the promise of paper caps and a glass of free champagne, they didn't survive the motion long. Precipitate revelers made for the nearest exit with every lurch of the ship.

By salad time, however, the worst sailors had gone, and bright balloons descended from the balcony on an assemblage sparse but seaworthy. Charlotte threw herself into the struggle for them with spirit.

"You're having lots of fun, aren't you?" Jock asked her. He hadn't pictured Charlotte as a girl who had fun.

"Lots," she admitted. "Get me that golden one before that idiot smashes it with his cigarette, will you?"

Jock stood up and reached toward the floating globule, and suddenly he found himself on the floor with a rending sound in his ears.

"I thought I was sober," he said, sitting up. Other people were down too—stewards. Charlotte didn't hear Jock.

"The ship's struck something," she said.

Then Jock became aware that the vessel was trembling all over like a frightened horse.

"Iceberg! We've struck an iceberg!"

It was as though the walls and floor had communicated the knowledge, so immediately and universally was it spread.

Charlotte was very white.

"Albert!" she said. "Way down there in the hospital!"

"Do you want me to try and get him?" Jock asked. He always had been all right in times of danger and he knew he was going to be all right in this. It was a great feeling.

"You'd never make it," Charlotte said. "I suppose the sick will be taken care of first anyway, won't they?"

"Absolutely. Albert's in the women-and-children class. I think we may as well grab a life belt for you. Do you happen to remember the number of your boat?" Jock asked

"No."

People were swarming from the dining room

"We'll go up the stairs to the gallery and to your room that way," Jock said.

It was quicker than going through the crowd on the main stairs. In their corridor frightened, disheveled figures were appearing at cabin doors.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"Iceberg they say."

Emerging from the stateroom next to Charlotte's was a stout matron clutching a reducing corset in one hand and a squeaker from the festivities upstairs in the other.

"I know they'll never let us get to our places in the lifeboats!" she bawled at the top of her lungs.

Jock pushed open Charlotte's door and turned on the light.

"Get your own life belt," she said to him.

"There's plenty of time. Where's your fur coat?"

"Why?"

"Good thing to have on. I've heard Lusitania people tell about it."

She took it from an armoire. He held it. She was shaking and she was awfully small for all her big, scarlet dress.

He stepped upon her berth and reached the white life belt down from its shelf.

"Any jewels you ought to be taking?" he asked as he did so.

"My pearls, I suppose." She pulled open a drawer. "They're gone."

"Isn't that what you've got around your neck?"

"Of course. I'm a fool."

"You put this on like a vest," he said of the life belt, slipped it around her and tied the tapes. He could feel her trembling again, even through the coat.

"Don't be afraid," he urged her.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No. Your lifeboat station is 25. I don't know where it is, but we'll find it."

"Now, get your belt," Charlotte said.

"Oh, there's one here I can use." Jock pulled the second down from its shelf.

"Put it on," Charlotte said.

"No time to bother."

"Put it on."

"Don't be silly. Come along now."

Instead she sat down on her berth.

"Listen," she told him. "If you're going to act like this, I'm going to sit here and not move. I won't be a burden on you. I suppose you'll insist on giving up your place to somebody, but anyway it won't be me. There are millions of people like me."

"I'd hardly say there was anything very special about me."

"You're a writer."

He laughed. "Gloria was a little masterpiece, wasn't it?"

"There were nice things in Gloria, things that weren't just musical comedy."

"Probably Burkmann put them in; he wrote most of Gloria. Now I've got this thing on. Ready?"

"Can I have one more minute?" she asked. "There's something I want to tell you in case ——"

"Yes."

"It's the reason why ——"

Jock heard shouting in the corridor.

"Wait a second," he said. "This may be something we ought to hear."

He thrust his head out.

"*Aucun danger!*" someone was yelling—"*Aucun danger! Ce n'était qu'un vaisseau abandonné. On n'a pas même arrêté les turbines.*"

Jock turned back.

"Have we got time?" Charlotte asked.

"All the time in the world," he told her with a grin. "It was a false alarm. We hit a derelict and they didn't even have to stop the engines."

Charlotte Munn sank down on her berth and put her hands over her face. He thought she was crying and didn't know what to do.

"I wish you wouldn't," he stated.

"I'm just giving you an example of every kind of hysterics," she said. "I should think you'd prefer this sort. Heavens, what an exhibition I made of myself! If you ever tell Albert, I'll kill you."

Jock thought it was best to laugh.

"Kill me? With all my genius?" he queried.

"Don't," Charlotte writhed.

"But you were grand, starting a literary discussion ——"

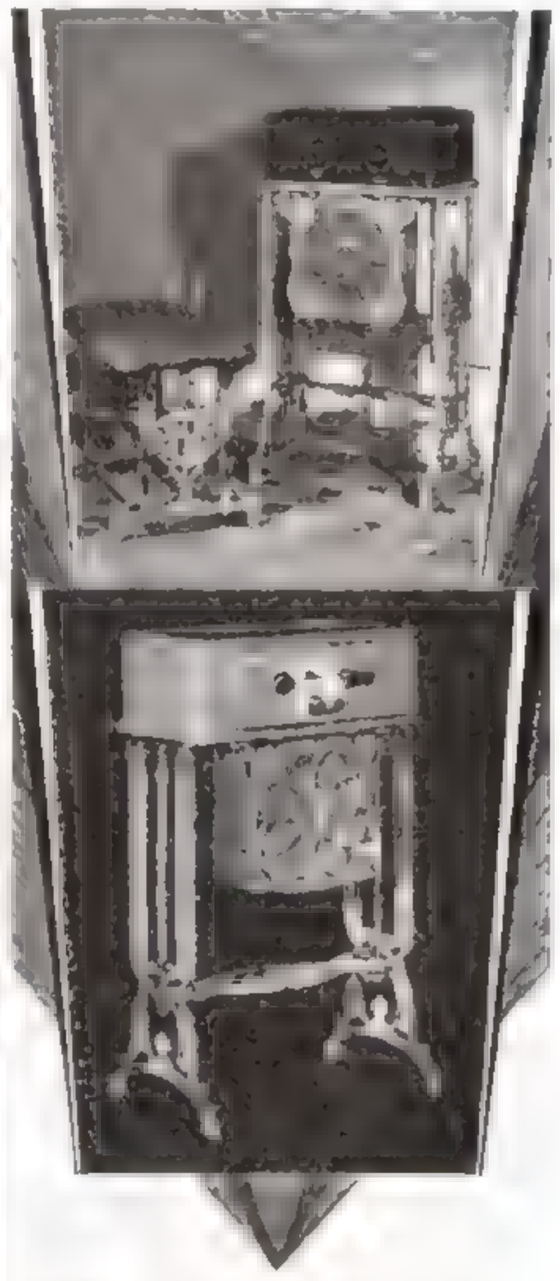
"That's not fair," she protested, "because I haven't a thing to twit you with in return. You were magnificent."

"I had a hunch it wasn't really serious," he defended himself from any charge of heroism. "I imagine that subconsciously I realized that they'd blow a special whistle if it amounted to anything."

"I'm afraid you have courage," she told him. "They say it's the glory of fools, but I found it rather nice."

THIS
RADIO
TABLE
WITH BENCH

to match will add a new note of colorful beauty to your radio corner



THE ENSEMBLE IDEA, wrought in metal to harmonize in design and finish with the striking beauty of the modern receiver—that is what these new Tables and Benches by Markel bring to your radio corner. Beauty in design and color that is worthy of a place in any home.

Priced so moderately that you will recognize the sound business judgment of insisting that your receiver be mounted on a Markel Table with Bench to match. Without speaker equipment if desired. Ask your dealer to show you the two models illustrated.

Markel Electric Products, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

A MARKEL Product

Illustrated above Heraldic Model B; below Conventional Model A. Benches to match both models. Sizes to fit most popular radio sets. Prices without Speaker $17.50; with R C A Speaker $47.50; Peerless Speaker $45.00; Utah Speaker $32.50. Benches to match in red or green velour $9.50. Slightly higher west of Rockies.

It wasn't until he was in his own stateroom for the night that Jock thought about Gloria's radiogram again.

What in the deuce did Charlotte mean about his real thoughts on the subject? She'd hinted at something of the sort before. Said she could prove it.

The only thing that troubled him about the message was whether Gloria could get over, if she wanted. Was it possible that her contract would permit it? If she left Gloria, it would curtail the run, if it didn't cut it short. Could it be that the show was closing anyway? In his expenditures lately he'd banked rather heavily on the probability of a long run. Of course that wouldn't weigh in the scales against the chance of seeing Gloria, but he decided he'd better wireless next morning and ask if business had dropped off.

Then he fell to wondering how Gloria would have acted in the shipwreck scare. She was quite capable of having clowned through the whole episode with a kind of mad gayety, clapped on a sailor's hat and climbed into a lifeboat and started issuing orders.

But the sour, disdainful Charlotte hadn't been so bad—not so bad.

Albert Munn woke him next morning.

"What in the deuce are you doing out of the hospital?" Jock demanded of him sleepily.

"In the scare last night," Albert explained, "they learned how uncomfortable it would be to have people in the hospital in case of shipwreck, so they discharged all of us that could walk. I had a trick case anyway—rash and fever just one day and the rest of the time I only felt sick at my stomach. I was never better than I am right now."

"That's good," Jock said, thinking he wouldn't mind sleeping a little longer, but Albert went on briskly:

"Now what's all this you were telling me about Charlotte? I've been puzzling over it ever since."

"Oh, nothing," Jock answered, sorry that he'd carried the tale.

"Nothing! For her to have thrown all my good hooch out the porthole!"

"Charlotte and I have had it all out together and I don't want you to say any more about it."

"Say, what's the matter with you? I paid good money for that liquor and I didn't buy it to have it wasted."

"You bought it for me. I'll pay for it anyway."

"I won't accept a cent unless I can turn it over to you intact, which I think I can do. That's why I came straight here at Charlotte's breakfast hour without seeing her first."

"What do you mean?"

"Charlotte's a careful, New England girl. She never threw away that much valuable property in her life. What would be the point?"

"Just hatred of the demon rum," Jock hazarded.

"Charlotte's no Old Lady Volstead, if she does hate to see the stuff abused. I'm going to take a look around her room and find where she's hidden it."

"You haven't any business to go through her things," Jock protested.

"She hadn't any business to go through mine. Get something on and come over."

"I guess I'll go back to sleep," Jock said, but the thought of what Albert was doing made him uneasy, and after a few minutes he put on his bathrobe and crossed to Charlotte's cabin.

Albert had pulled out the drawers of the dressing table and the doors of the wardrobe were open.

"Haven't found it yet," he announced, "but I'm going to tackle her trunk. I ought to have looked there first."

"I wish you wouldn't," Jock said. "She'll wring your neck."

To see such confusion among the faintly austere possessions of Charlotte Munn distressed him.

"You go to the devil," Albert told him. "I have to maintain discipline in my family, remember."

He drew the trunk from under the berth and threw up the lid. The tray was too shallow to hold a bottle. He cast it out and began going through the bottom compartment.

"By George, I guess she did cast it overboard," he said. "And I must say I didn't quite suspect you of this sort of thing."

He'd found some bundle of papers.

"What sort of thing?" Jock asked.

"Trying to impress the kid with the evidence of old triumphs. I thought one gave up that method about sophomore year. I did."

"What are the papers?" Jock asked.

"Don't try to pull that. No one but Jock or his doting mother could have collected these."

Jock took the sheaf. There was a photograph of himself when he was in college, which he'd probably given to Albert, and one of the football team on which he'd played guard, and the Young Author Lands Hit on Broadway from the World rotogravure section, and the smaller Part Author of Gloria one from the Theatre Magazine, and a lot of printed matter.

"What are you doing?" a chilly voice asked from the doorway.

"Looking for my Scotch," Albert answered unconcernedly, "and if you threw it out the porthole you can kiss good-by to every pair of shoes you've got except the ones you stand up in, because they're going to follow it."

"The porthole was a figure of speech," Charlotte said. "I gave it to the steward to take back to the bar. It's credited on your bill. If Jock wants to be the same fool he was when he got on this boat, he can have the identical stuff to get that way."

Jock knew she was raging at him inwardly. "I don't," he said, "and I begged Albert not to pry about among your things."

"With very good reason," Albert remarked, glancing at the papers in Jock's hands. "You'll wish you'd never been born before I get over spreading the news of that. You'd better let Jock paste up his own gush book, Charlotte."

Charlotte followed her brother's glance and not only did she grow almost purple but her features expressed an agony of embarrassment Jock felt he couldn't bear.

"Oh, those," she gulped. "I ——"

"I'm afraid they are pretty uninteresting," Jock came to her rescue. "I must have been terribly tight when I gave them to you. You haven't said how good it is to have our Albert back from the Pearly Gates. I welcome the sight, unpleasant as he is trying to make himself about this memorabilia."

He carried the papers back to his cabin.

Among them were all the poems he'd written at college, and the three short stories, and a story that had come out in the Fabian, and about which he'd been terribly puffed up in that ridiculous first year after graduation. Terrible stuff.

Or was it so bad? In order to avoid examining the embarrassing reason Charlotte Munn might have had for collecting it, he read those forgotten works of his while he dressed. They showed a little flicker perhaps.

Someone rapped at the door.

"Come in!" he called. "Entrez!"

"It's Charlotte," her voice said. "I want to speak to you when you're dressed."

"Just a sec," he answered, and hurried through what remained of his toilet.

She was sitting in the chair in her cabin, and she looked frightened but brave, as though she were going to undergo some operation.

"We might as well talk it out," she said.

"Talk what out?" he asked. "I understand perfectly that you were just interested in the career of a friend of Albert's that was a little different from the things most of his friends did."

"That's lovely of you," Charlotte said, "but it won't do. It's much better just to admit that you've been a—a hero to me ever since that time Albert's sophomore year. You don't even remember it, but you were sweet to me. That's what I wanted to tell you last night—that the reason I'd been so horrid to you was because I loved you. No one would have been who didn't care for you. I can't tell you how much I wanted to do something about your drinking. That's why I sent Albert to the hospital."

"You sent him to the hospital?"

"There was quinine in those pills—just a little. I knew it wouldn't hurt him much, and that if I just said the word 'measles' he'd work up the rest of the symptoms. He's like that. If I hadn't got him out of the way I couldn't have done a thing. Please don't laugh."

"But you're so astounding," Jock said.

"You don't have to be nice. I know exactly how you feel about me. You don't have to pretend about it."

"You know more than I do then," Jock told her, "but then you claim you know more about my feelings for Gloria."

"I do. You yourself have betrayed it."

"Ah, the proof!" Jock cried. "What in the deuce is it?"

"That song: 'Go away, Gloria; please go away; haunting me, taunting me, nighttime and day.' 'Taunting' is the important word."

"Is it?"

"And the rest of it: 'Make yourself off, show yourself on; I'll be glad when you are gone.'"

"What about it?"

"It's all wish fulfillment. It describes just the sort of person she is, and your real attitude toward her."

"But the last line seems to indicate some regret."

"One little sentimental twinge, and you're letting that little sentimental twinge spoil your life."

"It's a grand theory," Jock said, "but it doesn't work. That beautiful lyric was squeezed out to Hartley's tune a year and a half ago, when I hardly knew Gloria. It was originally Go Away, Celia."

"You knew her enough. You knew about that sort of person," Charlotte insisted.

"Now, what's so wrong about Gloria?"

"Have I got to begin all over again? Well, she's utterly and completely selfish. Even though she doesn't care for you, she isn't willing to let you go. That radio of hers is typical of her. You knew that she hadn't an idea of going to Paris, didn't you? She was just afraid you were getting away a little and wanted to give a tweak at the leash."

"'Tawdry ribbon' was your former term," Jock reminded her.

"Have you answered that radio yet?"

"I was just about to carry up my answer."

He took a slip of paper from his pocket and held it out to Charlotte.

Gloria Dane,
Hotel des Artistes,
New York City.
Keep Away, Gloria.

"I haven't lived in vain," Charlotte breathed.

"Oh, it wasn't your analyses," Jock said. "You can't analyze away a thing like my feeling for Gloria. I've just decided to say, 'She doesn't care for me and I'm going to get over it without a whine. There are other things in the world.'"

"You're making me want to cry," Charlotte Munn told him.

"I hope you'll go on helping me to get over Gloria," Jock said, "and while you do I'll help you to get over me. That will be a cinch."

"I doubt it."

"But you're going to have a time. That song, for instance, has grown to have all sorts of associations. I can't promise anything about what I'll do if the ship's orchestra should strike up with it at this moment. I might fall off the wagon and tear this up and send some idiotic message."

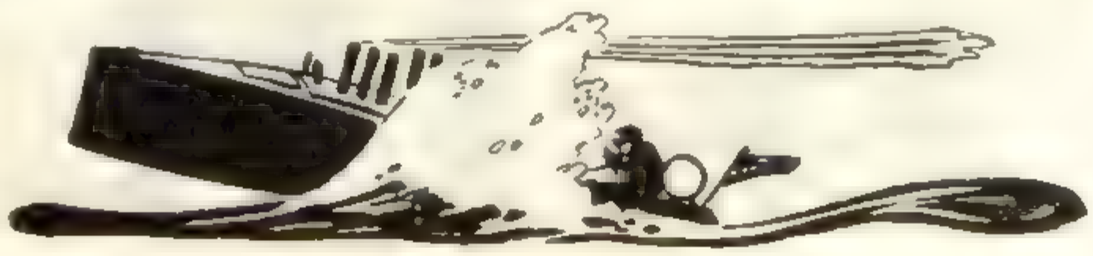
"They won't play it," Charlotte said. "I gave them fifty dollars not to play it again this voyage the first day out."

"You're astounding," Jock told her again.

"But you have to realize that that song has gone around the world. I can't bribe all the orchestras. You won't be able to go two blocks in Paris without hearing it."

"I've been wondering whether Paris is just what I need at present anyway," Jock said. "It's occurred to me that when we land I might charter a car and motor through Normandy. That would give me a breathing space, and Normandy ought to be slick right now. Will you and Albert come along if I do?"

"Don't be disingenuous," Charlotte advised him. "You know we will, though Albert will loathe it. He detests scenery."



Catechism of the Talks-on-Love-and-Sentiment Columnist

Q.: Who has just written you a letter asking for advice?

A.: "Miss Sixteen."

Q.: Has she been keeping company with a young man of twenty-three for the past four or five months?

A.: Yes, she has been.

Q.: Does she love him?

A.: She is not quite sure.

Q.: The last time she went out with him what happened?

A.: He tried to kiss her!

Q.: Did she object?

A.: At first she did.

Q.: And what does she want you to tell her?

A.: She wants to know if she did right to let him.

Q.: And now, will you proceed to advise her?

A.: Of course.

Q.: Is a girl of sixteen too young to be keeping company with a man of twenty-three?

A.: Decidedly too young.

Q.: What more need you say on this matter of ages?

A.: Seven years' difference in age is not much when a couple are of middle age. But it is a tremendous difference when the girl is only sixteen.

Q.: In the next seven years what will happen?

A.: The girl will develop from an inexperienced schoolgirl into a woman whose tastes, prejudices and views of life may be entirely different from what they are now.

Q.: Really?

A.: Really!

Q.: Then it looks as if she acted how, in refusing to allow him to kiss her?

A.: Very wisely.

Q.: When does a man RESPECT a woman?

A.: When she refuses to make free with her kisses.

Q.: What is a kiss anyway?

A.: A kiss is a sacred thing.

Q.: And who are looking for sweethearts whom they can respect and admire?

A.: Millions of young men.

Q.: And what will such young men do with a first kiss, given as proof of true love?

A.: They will treasure it as one of their most priceless memories.

Q.: On the whole, what do you believe that "Miss Sixteen" should do?

A.: She should be guided by caution.

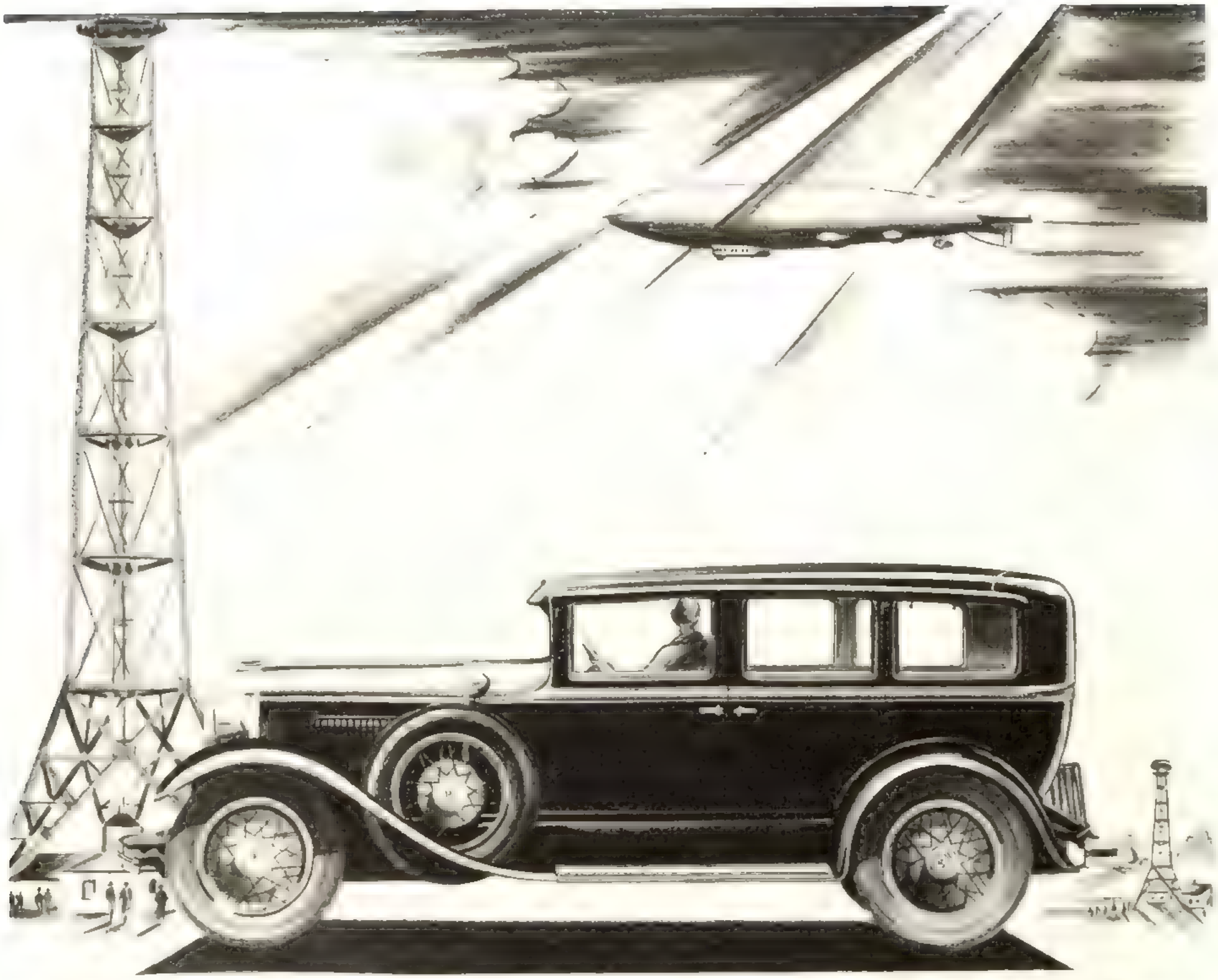
Q.: And not be what?

A.: Too hasty in affairs of the heart.

Q.: Of course, you personally have had much experience in this line?

A.: The interview ends here.

—Al Graham.



Long, low, roomy - and a marvel for quick, surging power

THE Six-81 looks just that sort of a car. And it is. There's vigor, snap, dash. Exactly what you'd expect to accompany such fresh, clean-cut beauty.

Power is there in abundance for the stiffest grades — capacity loads — sustained speeds . . . The kind of power that comes only from a combination of the most advanced features known to automobile engineers.

There's a big, heavy, 7-bearing crankshaft . . . Bohnalite pistons . . . Vibration dampener . . . Rubber motor mountings.

And, because of cam and lever steering, internal expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, Lovejoy shock absorbers and other pronounced advantages, you'll find driving the Six-81 three hundred to four hundred miles a day actually refreshing and restful.

Closed models $1595 and up at factory

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

THE WHOLE CENTURY

HUPMOBILE VALUES REMAIN YEARS AHEAD

Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, $1345 to $1645. Century Eight, $1825 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

HUPMOBILE CENTURY SIX

WORLD DEMANDS NEW 1929 CENTURY MODELS

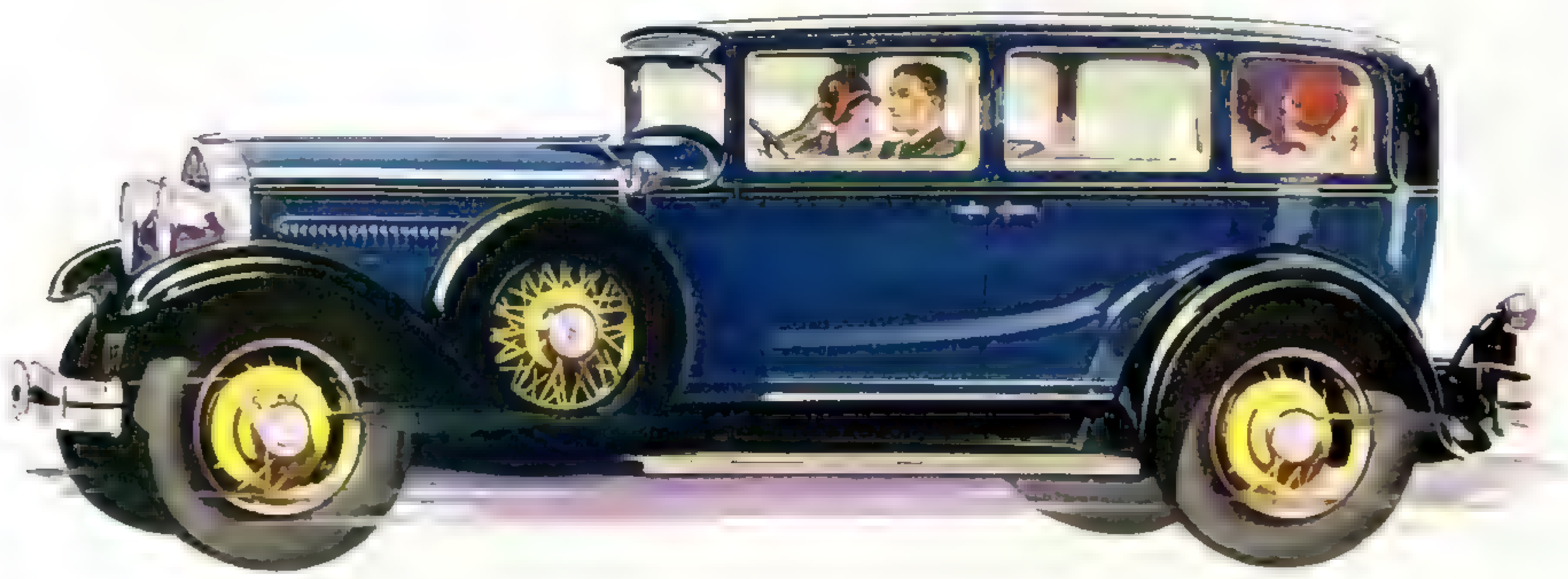
NOT in recent years has a single high standard of beauty and good taste so effectually captured world markets as have the brilliant new 1929 Century Hupmobiles.

Past the barriers of frontiers and tariff walls, train and ship loads of Century Sixes and Eights are drawn by a demand as insistent as that of America itself.

The answer to Hupmobile supremacy is written for all to read. It is based on world-wide confidence in Hupmobile quality and Hupmobile manufacturing—plus a new and appealing beauty and attractiveness of coachwork and design, that more than ever make these cars unrivaled for value. If you would seek comparison with the fine mechanical excellence of these new 1929 Century Hupmobiles, their completely "tailored-metal" finish or their strikingly individual beauty, go to cars of far higher price.

And even there, you will find no essential of fine car performance developed to a finer pitch than Hupmobile has engineered into its powerful straight-eight and capable six.

See and examine the new 1929 Century Hupmobiles to know why Hupmobile is today supreme in the world's most discriminating markets.



TURY & EIGHT

A SON OF ANAK

(Continued from Page 34)

"I'll wait here," he told Whitten then quietly. "I wish you'd get someone—you'll know where to go." He made his meaning clear.

"How about the police?" Whitten asked.

"Afterward," said Bram; and Whitten nodded and went upon his errand, and Bram sat down again to wait in the Patsy. The wharf at which they had moored was afloat, rising and falling with the tides. Just now it hung well below the level of the street above; and Whitten climbed the inclined, cleated gangplank that led upward, and disappeared. There was traffic there—the stir of passing cars, the murmur of voices and the shuffle of feet. Now and then a head was visible as someone walked along above the water; once or twice these individuals looked down. Bram was half hidden under the spray hood; they saw only a motorboat, her lights still burning, at her moorings there.

Bram's back was turned that way and he paid no heed to what went on behind him, other matters in his mind. He was, by his thoughts, armored against the passage of the world; and when, a little while after Whitten had disappeared, there came from the harbor mouth the crescendo roar of a high-powered motor he did not hear it. The boat swept in, swung in a great curve through the dark, its bow lights like ill-mated, party-colored eyes. When its speed slacked, the long bow dropped into the water, checked the fast craft's way, and it nosed in toward the wharf where the Patsy was at moorings

Bram was still unconscious of its coming. But the Patsy, secured midway of the wharf's length, made it impossible for the other boat to land snugly either ahead of it or astern. The man driving the fast boat must have supposed the Patsy empty; for he came in gently till his bow ran alongside, then switched off his engine and jumped ashore with a mooring line. He fended off his boat when the surge of her own waves sought to toss her against the piles; and when she lay at rest he secured her, and with a mutter of impatience began to loose the Patsy's stern line. That roused Bram, and he looked up and saw what the other was about. He thought at first the other man was Whitten, but when he made sure that this was not the case he rose and stepped up on the wharf and strode toward the newcomer.

"Wait," he said gravely. "What are you doing?"

The other man laughed resentfully. "Shifting your blamed tub out of the way," he replied. His voice had a curious, whispering sound. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Let it alone," Bram directed him.

"Tie up right in the middle of the wharf," the newcomer ejaculated in that husky whisper. "What is this—your private dock?"

Bram shook his head a little. "I told you to leave it alone," he repeated. He shook his head again to clear his eyes; there was a haze before them. The big man was fit for deeds; ripe to loose the passion in him.

The other jeered at him. "What's the big idea?" he demanded. Then, still holding the Patsy's line, he came a step nearer. "Say," he said emphatically, "listen, you big bake! Back yourself off your feet. You're parked in the street. You'll get run over if you don't watch out."

Bram surged uneasily. "Give me the line," he said, and he reached for it. He could see the other man's face in the light from the street—a lean, fair face with pale eyes set close together. Something about the man's mouth and the way the flesh puffed around his eyes struck Bram familiarly, but he did not stop to analyze this impression. The line in the other's hand was just beyond his grasp and he reached for it with his right hand. He saw the other's blow coming, like a snake's strike; then it exploded against the side of his jaw in a blaze of light. It set him back on his heels and he nodded to himself in understanding. That was an expert's punch; the man could fight. Bram flung an elbow to block the left that followed, and his counter started. It went home, for the street lights were in the other's eyes. Bram's fist hit where Bram directed it, and the man dropped on his face and lay there peacefully. Bram once more made fast the stern line and returned to his seat in the Patsy. The incident had served as a detonator; all the explosive rage in him was fit for firing now.

The man Bram had knocked out lay where he fell for a while; he was still lying there when Whitten returned. A long-bodied, closed automobile stopped on the street above, and Whitten and another man alighted and came down the stairs, and Bram spoke gravely to this newcomer. Stockell, his name was, Whitten said. Bram lifted Thad and crossed the wharf, began to climb the plank to the level where the car waited; and the speed-boat man, just reviving, struggled to his feet. He saw Bram's tall figure and moved swiftly toward it. He brushed by Whitten, would have touched Bram's arm, but Whitten caught and wrenched him back.

"Wait," he said, and in a brief word warned the other, told him Bram's preoccupation.

"Him!" the man ejaculated in that husky tone.

Whit pointed and murmured something more, and the pugnacious individual began to back away. His eyes, in the light, were glassy. He backed away, and abruptly he turned and scuttled like a crab, sidewise, along the wharf to where his boat was fast. He jumped into it; Whitten heard the engine roar, and the spurred craft leaped away. The drone of its motor diminished in the distance as it fled so desperately.

Whitten scratched his head and spat. "Now why was that?" he wondered. "He took that awful hard!"

But Bram spoke to him, required him. He turned to the business that must be done.

x

SOME two or three hours later Bram and Whitten were once more in the Patsy, threading their way toward the harbor mouth and the sea. There had been weary business ashore, which Bram endured as might be. A telephone call had fetched his brother-in-law from Friendship to attend to what remained. For the rest, his business was in the bay; and the big man was grimly bent on it.

Mr. Stockell he found in the end curiously comforting. That man was used to play the part of a rock in weary times. He had even refrained from asking questions; had perhaps heard from Whitten all that he could hope to know. But Bram had to talk with Doctor Hosmer and with Chief Woodsom, and he reiterated endlessly, it seemed to him, as much as might be told. That was very little: He and Thad had separated; Thad had gone adventuring in the old Bargee; Thad had failed to return; Thad had at last been found. And there the matter ended, or at least beyond that point it had not yet progressed. What shadows and suspicions Bram might harbor he kept to himself. There was nothing sufficiently tangible to bear relating.

As soon as it was light, Chief Woodsom had assured him, there would be a search afoot. Whatever could be done ——

"There's not much to start on," he confessed. "Only asking round. But nothing can happen in the bay that somebody don't know about it. There's lobster fishermen out all hours, and all. We might get hold of something by and by."

"I'll be around," Bram promised. "I'll see you." He was hungry to be upon his way.

Chief Woodsom walked with them to the wharf where the Patsy was moored, and he talked tiresomely to Bram while Whitten negotiated gasoline and oil and groomed his engine somewhat. When the boatman was ready Bram dropped into the Patsy, and the engine drowned the chief's last word.

Bram's lungs filled with freedom; he stood by Whit's side as they threaded their way toward the breakwater at the harbor mouth. He leaned his elbows on the spray hood and peered into the black ahead.

Whitten spoke to him once. "You want to go back to Spectacle, prob'ly," he suggested; and Bram stirred.

"Yes, yes," he said.

They passed Owl's Head with its steadfast light, and the bell tolled them by. They swung southeastward till the light was obscured, and then more easterly again, till they could see it once more, and so kept its beams for a mark astern to show them on their way. Once Whitten said the stars were coming out, but he had no word from Bram. So thereafter he held silence, and the Patsy plowed the seas and the spray lashed their faces and Bram peered into the darkness. Somewhere ahead of them lay Spectacle Island and the shattered hulk of the old Bargee. There must their search begin.

"Sleepy?" Whitten asked at last. "Want to lay down for a spell under there?" But Bram shook his head.

After a while they had some talk; drew guesses and conjectures. Their hazards were wild and fruitless. Someone, something—some dark and terrible force that lurked here in the long reaches of the bay—had destroyed Thad, but they were not even able to imagine what that thing might be.

"It might have been rum runners if he'd been shot," Whitten suggested. "But not the way it was."

And Bram said stormily, "By gad!" He checked, and swallowed hard. "We'll find out!" he declared in that level tone Whitten had learned to recognize. "We'll see!"

He spoke later in more practical wise. "There's nothing to start on but the Bargee," he pointed out. "There may be something there. I didn't look last night."

The boatman nodded. "I didn't either," he agreed. He added reluctantly: "I didn't know this buddy of yours, but it hit me, just the same. All I could think of, at the first, was him."

"There must be something," Bram repeated—"if we can find it—unless it's washed away. Anything on deck would be probably. But inside, where Thad was——" He fell silent. "How much longer?" he asked.

Whitten shook his head. "I'm not hurrying," he confessed. "We can't do anything till morning—till it's light, anyway. We'll get down there and tie up and get some sleep."

"Sleep!" Bram grinned in a wry fashion.

"Need it tomorrow," Whitten reminded him

Behind them the light began to dim and grow small and recede. There was a gray patch in the sky where, above the cloud scud, shone the moon, and to their accustomed eyes the sea was not now so black. About them white caps shone and disappeared, murmuring like the voices of persons passing by. In the far dark were yellow pin points of light here and there around the circle of the sea; and Whitten pointed them out and named them one by one to Bram. The motor droned and the Patsy sang a sweetly reassuring song.

To find the island which was their destination in this gray dark was an adventure, and even Bram, accustomed in such matters, had some doubts of the ability of his companion to do so.

He asked once "Can you hit it?"

"If I don't I'll hit Cape Cod," Whitten grinned. He added: "I'll find it, all right, big boy."

They did in the end drive almost directly to their mark, for when they sighted the island its dark bulk lay straight ahead of them, and Whitten had only to swing a little to the east in order to make the mouth of the harborage. He slowed speed, picking his way in.

"All deep water till you get inshore," he explained. "But the shadows fool you." He added a little later: "At that, I can see better than if there was a moon."

He did in fact discover the outlines of the ancient wharf while Bram was still peering helplessly into the darkness ahead of them, and he brought the Patsy back to moorings there with never a rub of the paint.

Bram said admiringly "You handle this boat mighty well."

Whitten grinned with pleasure. "Well, Patsy and me understand each other," he replied. He made her fast. "Now what do you say?" he proposed. "Some sleep?"

Bram shook his head. It was too dark for any activity, and he considered for a moment. "Let's get into a house somewhere, start a fire, dry our clothes," he suggested. "I'm—cold! I wish we'd thought of food."

"I got a few things," Whitten confessed, "while you was with the chief. Aim to keep my passengers fed and happy." He dropped into the boat again to search them out, while Bram applauded. Then, with the lantern for light, they moved up the road toward the nearest houses.

Bram said abruptly, "You remember the house where someone had been? Let's go up there?"

"That's right," Whitten agreed. "That's so." He led the way with the lantern. "That's funny, too," he confessed thoughtfully. "Wonder who it was in there?" Bram was silent. "You know," the boatman suggested, "maybe a lot of this stuff works in together when you come to sort it out."

"How?" Bram asked quickly, but they were come to the house and Whitten turned in the door.

On the threshold he paused. "Get that smell?" he asked swiftly. "The same one."

Bram sniffed and shook his head. "Got a little cold, I think," he confessed. "I can't smell anything. I did when we were here before, though."

The boatman set the lantern on the floor. "I'd like to remember where I've smelled that before," he said resentfully. "I sure would." He looked around. "Where's that old newspaper? Start a fire."

The paper lay in a corner by the wall and he picked it up. But Bram said abruptly: "Wait a minute. Let's look at it. There might be something."

But though they smoothed it out and scanned it page by page they found nothing save the greasy stains they had remarked before.

"Somebody had their lunch wrapped in it," Bram repeated. "I guess that's all."

"We can't see in this light," Whitten decided. "Let's keep it. I can get some splinters and make a fire, and we'll look it over in the morning."

So they laid the newspaper aside and managed their fire and fed it with fragments which they broke from the broken furniture. It filled the room with a comforting heat, and the two men stripped and spread their garments to dry. They stood on either side of the stove, their bodies gleaming in the lantern light, holding shirts, overalls, socks to the fierce rays.

Whitten said once, "That smell's getting stronger, with the heat," and Bram assented:

"Yes, I get it now!"

The boatman grew tired of holding his clothes to the fire, and he found nails among the splinters of the broken table, and with the lid lifter, drove them into the wall behind the stove, and they hung their garments there. Bram studied the newspaper.

"Funny for a New York Herald to be up here," he commented.

"A lot of Navy men read it," Whitten suggested. "You can likely buy it in Rockland." (Continued on Page 84)

A "hot breakfast enthusiast" is Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men at University of Illinois. Keen student of growing boys, he advises them in the food they eat as well as in spiritual and scholastic problems. For years Dean Clark has eaten Quaker Oats regularly.

Knute Rockne, famed Notre Dame football coach, says: "You can't overestimate the value of hot oatmeal. I eat it every morning, and it's standard diet on my team's training table, too."

The Modern View of Breakfast

What you need for breakfast and why—The importance of a food that "stands by" you

HEADS of great businesses are urging correct breakfast eating as all-important in their employes' work.

Educators are stressing it as all-important to children's advancement. Dietary authorities regard it as essential to good health. Thousands, these experts say, handicap themselves seriously, largely through ignorance of what is needed in the way of breakfast nourishment.

The telephone girl is "on the job" every minute. Mabel Gans and Edna Brown know well the value of hot breakfasts in their work.

The first essential is well-balanced food—served as temptingly as possible. Thus Quaker Oats—with its remarkable food balance—its overwhelming richness in the all-important protein element, is being urged by leading dieticians.

16% is protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the element that rebuilds lost body tissue—that builds muscle. It provides 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than flour, 100% more than cornmeal. The oat is richer in this element than any other cereal grown. Consider what this means

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats ranks high in minerals, is abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, also, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, thousands say, that no other cereal known can boast.

In four morning hours 70% of the world's work falls

Eat Hot Breakfasts that "Stand By" You

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. — in four short hours — according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker,* which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Eveready

give faithful, accurate reproduction

Natural, truly enjoyable reception

THE very first time you hear the new Eveready Radio Sets you will know that here is extraordinary faithful performance. To listen is to be convinced. But your ears are not your only guide. We show you the Eveready Fidelity Curve, which is the record of laboratory tests. Delicate scientific instruments were used to measure the fidelity of the receiver. Marvelous though it is, the human ear is not nearly so sensitive as these laboratory instruments, which reveal with super-human accuracy exactly how Eveready Radio Sets reproduce each musical note. To the ear these receivers perform with convincing reality.

Compare the Eveready Fidelity Curve with the illustration of the football game and you will understand why these sets sound so natural. The referee's shrill whistle produces a vibration in the air at the rate of about 2000 times a second.

Look on the Curve and you will see that 2000 is reproduced with about 95% fidelity. In the men's voices from the cheering sections are vibrations from about 80 to 427 per second; in the co-ed section, from 170 to 1024; in the bands, from 60 to 3850. Match these sounds against the Eveready Fidelity Curve and you will know that football games will come to you through Eveready Radio Sets with unusual realism.

Now you can understand why these new receivers make such a deep impression upon the ear—why they satisfy the critical—why they give unusual pleasure. Many people who hear these receivers say, "I wish my set sounded like that." These receivers were built not merely to please the ears of their designers, but to please all ears by giving faithful, realistic reproduction of the original.

Go to your dealer and see the new Eveready Radio Sets. There are two types, one supplied with socket power, the other operated by batteries. Either may be used with any good speaker, but to hear Eveready reproduction at its best, use the new Eveready Loud Speaker.

Your dealer will show you all these instruments. He also will open for your inspection a unique booklet, illustrating and describing the orchestra and band instruments, and showing by the Eveready Fidelity Curve how faithfully and realistically they are reproduced by Eveready Radio Sets.

Go to your dealer today, and see and hear these remarkable new receivers.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
Radio Sets

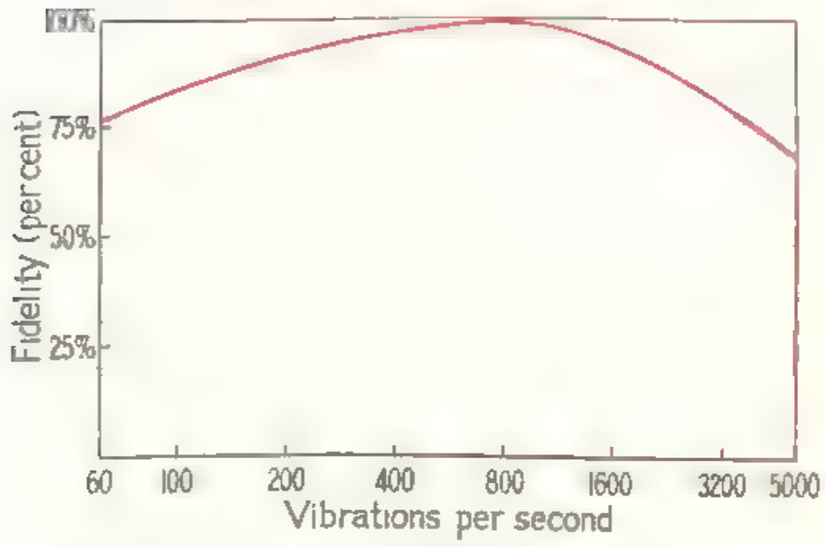
Radio Sets

— see the Eveready Fidelity Curve

distinguishes these unusual new receivers

The Eveready Fidelity Curve

is the standard of Eveready Radio Reproduction



Music and speech are vibration, and by scientific measurement it has been found that the important sounds in voice and music are included within a scale of 60 to 5000 vibrations per second. This includes not only the fundamental notes but also most of the important harmonics of these notes. See on the Eveready Fidelity Curve (above) that from 60 to 4000 vibrations per second are reproduced with an unusually high degree of fidelity. The weakening of the notes above 4000 minimizes the disagreeable effects of static and other high pitched noises. Very few notes go below 100 vibrations per second, and 60 is the lowest limit in broadcasting.

This Curve shows the faithfulness with which the Eveready Radio Sets deliver speech and music to the speaker. It is essential that the speaker possess a high degree of faithfulness, for to the extent to which it may be deficient will the full measure of Eveready fidelity be diminished. The Eveready Speaker is recommended.

Below is a list of all the principal instruments and voices, with their lowest and highest notes in vibrations per second.

Violin	192 to 3856	Saxophones	52 to 1024
Viola	126 to 1280	French Horn	60 to 682
Cello	64 to 854	Cornets	140 to 960
Bass	32 to 427	Trombone	80 to 320
Harp	30 to 3072	Tuba	42 to 341
Flute	256 to 2048	Kettle Drums	85 to 170
Piccolo	570 to 4096	Piano	78 to 4096
Oboe	240 to 1365	Soprano	256 to 1024
English Horn	160 to 960	Contralto	170 to 682
Clarinet	144 to 1920	Tenor	144 to 427
Bassoon	60 to 640	Baritone	107 to 341
Double Bassoon	30 to 320	Bass	80 to 288

The new Eveready Battery Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 20 in maple, illustrated above.
Model No. 21 in mahogany.
Has the lowest "B" battery drain of any 6-tube receiver yet produced, as five of its tubes are "High-Mu," combining great amplifying power with minimum current.
Price of either table model (without tubes) $85. Eveready Speaker to match, $30. Pedestal (for maple only) with ample battery space, $15 extra.

At left, the new Eveready Loud Speaker in die-cast aluminum housing, decorated in green lacquer, with natural aluminum striping, to match the Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2. Price, $35.

At right, the new Eveready Loud Speaker. Model No. 1 in maple—to match either the AC or Battery maple Sets.
Model No. 3 in mahogany—to match either the AC or Battery mahogany Sets.
Either the maple or the mahogany Loud Speakers, $30.

Die-Cast Aluminum Cabinets

The most modern of radio cabinets — die-cast aluminum. Cabinet is everlasting, light, strong and is lacquered in green in a modern design with striping that reveals the aluminum like burnished silver; the whole protected by a transparent lacquer that prevents discoloration and resists scratching. This unusually beautiful and entirely modern cabinet is exclusive with Eveready.

The new Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2, in die-cast aluminum cabinet, lacquered in green with striping in natural aluminum. This receiver has seven radio tubes and one rectifier, eight in all. All power is taken from the light socket. Table model without tubes, $155.

Die-cast aluminum supporting stand, finished to match the set, as shown above, $20 extra.

The new Eveready AC Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 1 in maple—to obtain pleasing color contrast with mahogany or walnut furniture; also appropriate for association with Colonial and Early American furniture. Model No. 3 in mahogany.
Same radio chassis as in the die-cast aluminum set. Price, table model without tubes, $145.
Supporting stand to match either maple or mahogany sets, $10 extra.

Licensed under patents and applications of RCA and RFL

(Continued from Page 80)

Bram knelt and spread the sheets flat on the floor, smoothing them with his hands, turning over one page and then another. Whitten, over his shoulder, pointed to one column.

"There's the arrivals and departures," he said. "That's what the Navy folks buy it for the marine news."

Bram nodded. The pages, he found, had a tendency to fold at certain intervals, two or three inches apart; the fold was not sharp but it was stubborn. He considered this fact

"Whit," he said suddenly, "this paper's come through the mail—wrapped up. See the folds in it."

"Whoever had it, maybe, rolled it up in their hand," Whitten suggested doubtfully.

Bram shook his head. "No. If they had, it would be rolled. This was folded up—the way they do for mailing. This wasn't bought at a news stand. Do people subscribe for the Herald around here?" He cried in swift and growing interest: "We can get a list of subscribers up here and find out. We can find them, Whit!" He came storming to his feet and his face was black with anger. "One of them!"

Whit spoke gently. "Hush, man," he urged. "Next thing you'll take a crack at me!"

Bram nodded. "No, no," he said, grinning faintly. "No. What time is it, Whit? Be light soon?" He folded the paper carefully. "I'm going to keep this, Whit"

The boatman had gone to the door to look out at the sky. "Stars are showing," he told Bram, "but we've still got a while to wait."

"I want to be over on the beach as soon as it's light," Bram reminded him, and the other assented with a word

"I'll get you there," he said.

Their clothes were drying, the lighter articles already dry, and they put these on. Bram stretched on the floor, his hands under his head, his eyes wide. Whitten sat against the wall, whittling at a splinter with his knife; and after a while Bram asked thoughtfully

"What became of that fellow in the speed boat—the man on the wharf—Whit?"

Whit grinned. "He started to grab you," he explained. "Mad about something. I told him to lay off. Told him about your buddy. He got out of there quick. What'd you do to him?"

"He started to move the Patsy," Bram confessed. "I I was keyed up pretty well. We had a row and I hit him." He added: "He must have been knocked cold -must have been lying there."

"He'd lay there if you hit him," Whitten commented, chuckling.

"He's been a fighter—a boxer anyway," Bram declared. "His face has the marks, and he knew how to handle himself. I shouldn't have hit him. He wasn't more than half my size."

"He looked like a tough job to me," Whit remarked. "But he sure lit out of there. That boat of his can move." And he added after a little, thoughtfully: "Wonder if it was him that passed the Boston boat, like I was telling you about. Tuesday night it was. It might have been him." He sat up and stabbed lightly at the floor with his knife. "You know, big boy, there's two or three things, if they'd fit together—that boat running without any lights the night—the night Thad run into it. And whoever it was down here, and the old Bargee being down here too. I see where somebody had landed here, you mind?" His voice fell to a lower pitch and unconsciously he glanced toward the door. "Something doing under cover," he declared. "I bet you anything." He added a moment later: "That guy got out of there mighty quick. It struck me funny then. Didn't seem as if just what I told him'd make him move so."

Bram lay quietly, but he was busy surveying each suggestion, seeking to form these threads into an ordered pattern. Whitten thought him asleep and fell silent, and for a while each one of them passed into a state of semitorpor that was like sleep, without sleep's solace and refreshment. The boatman stirred at last and went to the door.

"We can see some in half an hour," he announced.

Bram got stiffly to his feet at that. "Take us half an hour to get over there," he reminded the other. "Let's go." He began to put on the rest of his clothes, now dry and warm from the fire; and the boatman was ready before him. When they emerged the eastern sky was gray. Low clouds and fog still hung there, but overhead the stars were pale and clear. The wind blew fresh from behind them as they turned toward the eastern point, and Whitten said contentedly:

"Yes, the blow's over. Be fine today."

When they had gone a little distance Bram asked, "How will the police get over here?"

"Chief's got an old tub—do about seven-eight miles an hour," Whitten said. "They won't make it much before noon, time he gets started and all. He moves kind of slow."

Bram nodded and strode on. They climbed the eastern hill, since that way was shorter than to follow the line of the beach, and when they were able to look down to where the Bargee lay it was light enough so that they could see her weltering there, awash.

They must still wait a little for the ebb to leave her deck dry, but Bram's impatience was so fierce upon him that when they were come down to the water's edge he stripped again and waded out to where she lay. Whitten stayed on shore.

"Cold water gets me," he confessed. "I can't do any good yet anyway. I'll wait till we can get aboard her."

So Bram came alone to where the sloop sagged drunkenly upon one side. During the night, he saw, her fabric had weakened and given way under the pounding of the seas. The planking along the lower side was cracked; it bulged outward as though with a great weight within. She seemed to have settled lower, and he found, when he came near, that the gravel of the beach had in fact packed around her here and there, under the action of the currents, so that she was already bedded more securely. She was here to stay, he thought—to stay at least for so long as her fabric held together. After that, there would only be her skeleton ribs curling up from the shingle.

The lower side of the deck was still under water, and Bram knew it was futility to go aboard. He moved on around her stern, for the sake of doing something, and he saw the name Bargee painted there in letters of orange framed in black. Thad had painted them, and Bram touched them with his palm caressingly. He thought he might rip the stern boards free and bear them off with him; shook his head. Thad would have left them here.

He passed the stern and the rise of the sloop was now well above his head, so that he could see her black bottom pocked with barnacles and weed. Here she seemed sound and strong. The broken mast had somehow worked around on this side during the night and now floated, half dangling, against the hull. He had to make a circuit to avoid the tangle of rigging and the sail, submerged and, in one place along its edge, weighted down by a mat of gravel, as though the beach were impatient to claim the sloop and make it all her own. Bram came again to the bow, and he moved back and swung aboard. The sun was rising; broad day had come. Ashore, Whitten began to take off his clothes.

Bram meant to seek in the forecastle for something, some fragment, trinket, garment that would suggest by what means and agency Thad had been destroyed. But the forecastle was still almost full of water. Perforce he waited; and he used the time to search minutely in the cockpit and about the engine. But the water had taken everything that was loose there; no movable thing remained.

Whitten climbed aboard to join him. "Find anything?" he asked

Bram shook his head. "Still too full of water," he replied

The boatman flapped his arms across his chest to warm himself; he moved forward past the stump of the broken mast, stepping over the taut tangle of lines that still bound the mast to the sloop, and bent to look at the anchor and the mooring lines. Their loose ends trailed in the water like sodden snakes. The anchor was jammed against a bitt there, and he thought it must have been forced forward by the impact when the sloop struck.

"She hit hard," he called to Bram. "The anchor banged into that bitt some."

Bram, with a sudden thought, swung to look at the engine. The ignition switch was on.

"She came in under power," he told Whitten; "engine running. At least the switch is on."

Whitten joined him by the engine. "That's so," he agreed. "I guess she hit hard, all right." He considered. "They probably started the engine and turned her loose," he suggested in a lower tone—"let her go where she wanted." And he added: "You'd think they'd have sunk her somewheres."

Bram's fist knotted at his side and for a moment he did not speak. "I'll tell you," he hazarded: "Maybe—maybe it was one man, and he didn't have another boat. He might run her ashore here and then wade in himself. There can't be many boats passing down here. He'd think she might never be found. He was right, too, if it hadn't been for the plane."

Whitten nodded. "The lobster pots are mostly off to the west'ard," he agreed. "And if anyone did see her he mightn't bother to run in."

"If it was that," Bram suggested, "he must have known someone would come to take him off." His brow clouded. "Or he may be still on the island," he amended.

The boatman shook his head. "He wouldn't run her aground and maroon himself here," he argued. "That'd fix him right."

"That's so," Bram assented. "Yes, that's so."

The tide was slipping away from them, and Whitten looked forward. "Guess we can take a look up there now," he suggested.

Access to the little forecastle from the deck was by a stair as steep as a ladder, descending almost perpendicularly. In order to give more headroom in the forecastle, the deck above it was raised six or eight inches. The opening was covered with a sliding scuttle. This scuttle now was pushed back out of the way, and Whitten spoke of the fact.

"Was it open last night?" he asked. "I thought Flesher said it was shut."

"It was half open, I think," Bram decided. "I guess I shoved it back."

He was descending, feet first, into the narrow space below; and Whitten crouched above him, watching while Bram searched to and fro. There was a litter of stuff in the forecastle: Cans and bottles of food and supplies; coal, kindling, blankets and bedding, articles of clothing, matches with sodden ends, fishing gear—all the miscellany which had gone to furnish the cruise. This heterogeneous assortment floated now in two or three feet of water, swaying to and fro, clotting about Bram's feet and legs. He began methodically to gather it up and pass it out to Whitten, one thing at a time.

"This is all ours," he said—"stuff we had here."

"Want any of it?" Whitten asked.

"Spoiled, isn't it? Throw it away," Bram decided. "Here."

Blankets, a pair of overalls, Thad's toothbrush, their rusted razors, a can of coffee, a cod line wound on a shuttle, a stove lid, the stove, a mattress—one thing after another Bram salvaged and passed up to Whitten, till by and by the forecastle was stripped clean of everything movable. He worked with a methodic fury, and when the place was clear he opened the cubbies and the lockers here and there, till at last nothing remained at all.

The water had by this time drained away. There remained a litter of coal and ashes on the floor, and he scraped in it with his fingers as carefully as though he sought some jewel there. But half an hour of this brought at last discouragement, and in the end he climbed slowly to the deck again. About his feet lay the stuff he had handed up to Whitten. Some of it had already slid over the side and was drifting away, or had sunk to the bottom in the few inches of water remaining about the wreck. Bram shook his head.

"Nothing there, Whit," he said, and his tone was bleak with discouragement.

Whitten nodded. "That's tough," he agreed.

Bram stood with bowed head. "Blast it!" he said abruptly. "We've got to find a place to start something, Whit—some way to begin." He flung his hand high. "I'm not going to lay down! I'm going through! Somehow ——"

The boatman watched him wistfully. "What'll we do?" he asked. "You're the boss. I'll take this old hulk to pieces if you say so."

Bram hesitated and his eyes warmed. "You're all right, Whit," he told the other. "No, there's nothing here. Let's go."

"All right," Whitten agreed, and Bram stood a moment longer. Whitten turned to the rail and Bram leaned down with a movement of finality and laid his hand on the forecastle scuttle. He tried to slide it shut, as though to close that chapter. It was swollen, moved grudgingly, and he struck it a blow that drove it home. Whitten was already in the water, but at the sound he looked up, and he saw Bram staring down at something there with such a rigidity in his posture that the boatman cried sharply:

"What's the matter, big boy? What you got?"

Bram turned to him; he made a curious movement with his head, like a summons, but without speaking; and Whitten scrambled to the other's side.

When Bram slid the forecastle scuttle back into position over the companion he had exposed to view a portion of the deck which the scuttle hitherto concealed. Upon this white surface there was now revealed to them the imprint of a naked foot. Someone had stepped in paint not yet wholly dry, had then stepped here, and the color of that paint so slow to dry was a bilious red which to Bram was unmistakable.

When Whitten came to Bram's side the two stood for a moment there in silence; then the boatman whistled.

"Hullo!" he said in a puzzled tone.

Bram gripped his arm. "Those ships—those Shipping Board vessels in the cove at Split Apple," he ejaculated, "they'd been painted! This color! Cap'n Goodell said the paint was still wet."

Whit nodded. "That's so!" he agreed.

"That's not Thad's foot, nor mine," Bram declared, as much to himself as to the other man; and he puzzled over it, groping toward the certainty which Whitten reached before him.

"That's not a man's foot," Whitten amended. "It's a woman's, sure as pie."

Bram's head flung up at that; he seemed to sniff the breeze. He was like a hound laid suddenly upon a hot and reaching scent, and there was a fierce and relentless thrust along the sharp line of his jaw.

XI

THE sun had broken up and burned away the shreds of cloud and fog along the eastern sea; it was by this time risen clear of the horizon mists, and it struck upon them warmingly. Save for the fact that from the east long troubled surges still flowed reminiscently, it would have been hard to remember that a storm had ridden here the day before. Where the two men were—under the eastern head of Spectacle they were protected from the west wind that now blew; the air about them was as still as sparkling wine. Only by the dark ruffling of the water north and south of the island, the white patches where the wind tore the top off a roller and flung it up in a comb of spray, could they know that the west wind blew. The air was dry; the very deck of the Bargee, sluiced with the waters

(Continued on Page 88)

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE

are all Barbers CRAZY?

Is stropping a playful gesture to amuse you—or has the Valet AutoStrop Razor proved that there is a fundamental reason for stropping?

YES, all barbers are insane . . . so are other millions of men . . . *if* stropping a blade to sharpen it is useless.

But you know that *every* barber throughout the entire world knows that he *must* strop before he shaves. An unstropped edge is like a row of needles. It pulls and tears the skin.

There is one razor and only one which automatically insures a stropped blade for every shave. That is the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The Million Dollar Model is the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars in experiments. Everywhere men are adopting it because of its new day improvements.

Perfectly balanced and self-adjusting, its friendly angle fits the face and cuts through the stiffest beard with smooth precision. With the new Valetite-processed blade it is a marvel of shaving ease.

Blades are inserted or removed simply by pressing a button. Blades are locked in firm, non-flexing grip that eliminates vibration and pull. New type guard lets you use the full shaving edge. And—fundamentally important—the exclusive self-stropping feature keeps the blade edge super-keen. No need to remove blade to strop or clean it.

Weigh these facts. You know barbers haven't been wrong for 2,000 years in stropping. Why experiment with *your* face?

Give a Valet AutoStrop Razor a fair trial. You'll quickly learn to like it—then you'll never go back to an unstropped blade.

• • •

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

ALSO *a New and Finer Shaving Cream*

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

TRY A TUBE

35c

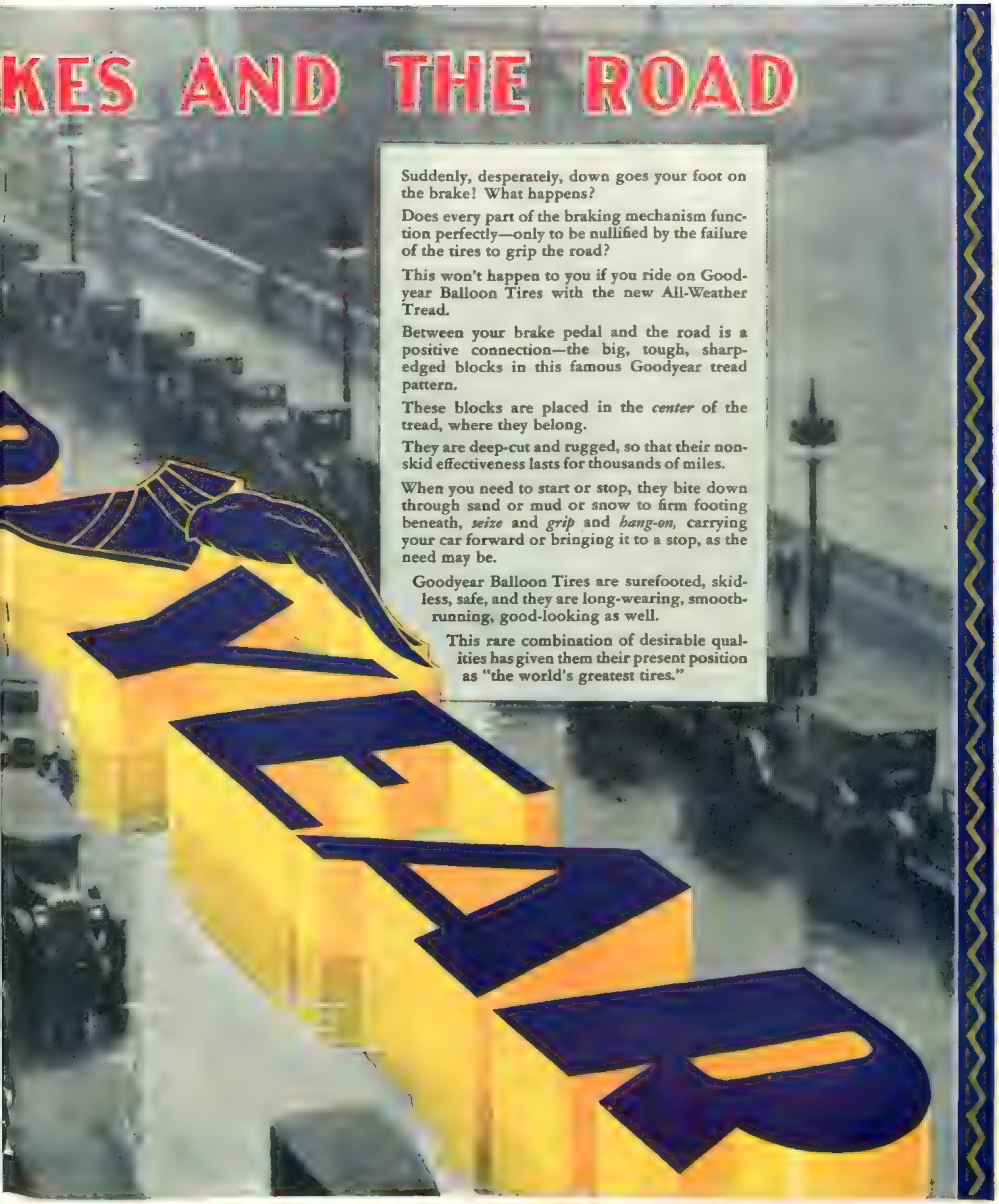
New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Avenue, New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON · · · PARIS · · · RIO DE JANEIRO

BETWEEN YOUR BRA
GOODYEAR
BALLOON
ALL-WEATHER
THE GREATES


KES AND THE ROAD
Suddenly, desperately, down goes your foot on the brake! What happens?
Does every part of the braking mechanism function perfectly—only to be nullified by the failure of the tires to grip the road?
This won't happen to you if you ride on Goodyear Balloon Tires with the new All-Weather Tread.
Between your brake pedal and the road is a positive connection—the big, tough, sharp-edged blocks in this famous Goodyear tread pattern.
These blocks are placed in the *center* of the tread, where they belong.
They are deep-cut and rugged, so that their non-skid effectiveness lasts for thousands of miles.
When you need to start or stop, they bite down through sand or mud or snow to firm footing beneath, *seize* and *grip* and *hang-on,* carrying your car forward or bringing it to a stop, as the need may be.
Goodyear Balloon Tires are surefooted, skidless, safe, and they are long-wearing, smooth-running, good-looking as well.
This rare combination of desirable qualities has given them their present position as "the world's greatest tires."
Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
T NAME IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 84)

of the receding tide so short a time before, was drying now. While they looked at that slender footprint marked in sorry red the deck about it dried.

Bram's first thought was to make haste away from here, to trace the trail thus laid for them, but Whitten was a cooler head, perhaps a wiser one. In Bram the fog of sick sorrow for Thad's death had been burned away by a fierce and rising hunger to even that black score, just as the risen sun this day had burned away the mists of yesterday's gale. There was a driving ferocity in the big man; he wished to plow and batter blindly toward the goal he saw. But the boatman now restrained him.

"Wait," he urged. "This may be our last look here. Let's make it careful. We know what to look for now."

Bram stared at him. "What?" he challenged.

"May be more marks around somewheres," Whitten argued. "How'd that print get there? Let's see. Look for a smear of that red anywhere. Might tell us something, mightn't it?"

And he began to scan the decks; he descended into the forecastle again; he dropped over the side to examine the rubbing rail and the white flanks of the Bargee. The seas that had run here had scoured the wreck so sternly that any smear might well have washed away, but on the second step of the companion ladder he found what might have been a red print, and there was a clear smudge of that same yellowish red on the rail near the bow.

Bram did not at first participate in this search, but Whitten asked him by and by: "See any paint on—Thad's shirt or overalls, when you handled him?"

Bram shook his head. "There might have been," he confessed.

Whit was examining the mooring line. "Looks to me there's been a smudge of it here," he remarked—"on this line. And there's some on the rail there. You see them ships, did you? Was they that color all over?"

"Just the upper works," Bram said. "The decks, I think, and the rails and all that."

"Anchor chains?" Whitten asked, but Bram could not remember. "I'm figuring maybe the Bargee was tied up to one of them anchor chains," Whit explained, "if she's been in there along of the ships."

Bram took hold of the scuttle which covered the forecastle companion and, with a great heave, ripped it from its slide and threw it overboard. "I'm going to break out these boards with the print on them," he said. "Take it along with us. If we leave it here it might wash away."

Whitten considered this problem. "Apt to bust it," he suggested, but Bram shook his head. There had been a hand ax, used for splitting kindling, among the rubbish in the forecastle; it lay now on the gravel beside the Bargee, high and dry, and he dropped over the side and got it and came back to hack at the deck planking. The business was awkward, but he managed it; chopped out that segment of the deck entirely. By the time he was done Whitten had finished his survey of the sloop.

"Got it?" he asked. "I guess that's all, if you want to go."

Bram nodded, and the two men jumped down to the shingle again and strode ashore. They stopped there to get into their clothes; set out then up the bluff and the hillside and down beyond toward where the Patsy lay. They walked swiftly, and though Whitten offered now and then a guess or a suggestion, Bram showed a disposition to silence, so that the boatman in the end was still. Aboard the Patsy, Bram stowed away the fragment of deck planking with the footprint marked in red. Whitten set the engine going and they swung out and emerged from the sheltering cove into the open sea.

"We'll go to Split Apple right off?" Whitten asked, and Bram, staring ahead across the wide blue reach of sea to the northward, nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, we'll go to Split Apple."

The boatman looked to the northwest toward the dark smudge of smoke from the limekilns that marked where Rockland lay. "The police'll be just about starting out, I sh'd say," he remarked. "We might go meet 'em. Tell 'em what we've got."

Bram shook his head. "No, no; we'll go on," he insisted.

"I s'pose we'd ought to have left things the way they was," Whitten considered, "so's they could see and all."

But Bram once more shook his head, rejecting this proposal, and the boatman understood. Bram was not a man likely to sit supinely by while another pushed this matter through. Whitten thought:

"I wouldn't want to be the one when he gets to him."

Since Bram showed no mind for words, the boatman for a while kept silence. Their course was a little to the east of north. Vinal Haven lay due north of them, and off to the northeast the heights of Isle Au Haut. Where they were, long swells lifted them and eased them down again, and the western wind drove a choppy little sea into the face of these swells. The scurrying waves ran impudently up and down the backs of the majestic rollers that came slumbering in from the east, and the Patsy tumbled in them. Whitten wondered whether the motion might affect Bram, but when he looked at the other he realized that Bram was not even conscious of the Patsy's laboring progress.

They came, after an hour or so, off the ledges and the scattering islands southeast of Bottle Harbor, and swung then more northerly to clear the Saddlebacks to the east. The bell by Saddleback Ledge Light tolled them by. Isle au Haut lay now between them and the open sea to the eastward; their way was easier. Split Apple, four miles to the north, shone greenly in the sun, and presently Whitten turned once more to Bram.

"What do you figure to do, big boy?" he asked gently. "Where do you want to go, first off?"

Bram moved heavily, like a man waked from sleep, and he swung to look about him. There were other craft in sight—two or three dingy motorboats, fishermen about their business; a sail here and another there; a dory crawling like a spider in toward Bottle Harbor. He had been lost in thought, sought now to locate himself.

"That's Isle au Haut," he said under his breath.

"Split Apple's dead ahead of us," Whitten pointed out. "Be there now in twenty minutes or so."

"I'll tell you," Bram at last suggested. "Can you put me ashore somewhere, and no one know?"

Whitten considered.

"Yes, easy," he decided. "It's low water, but I can manage. There's a cove runs in this side the island, just west of them rocks." He pointed. "If you know where to look, you can see."

"I know the rocks you mean."

Whitten nodded. "There ain't any houses this side," he said. "Everybody lives up by the harbor, except Cap'n Goodell, and there's woods between. It ain't likely anybody'd see if I run in t' the mouth of the cove." He added: "They might hear the engine, the wind the way it is. But they wouldn't think anything. You can hear a motorboat any time of the day."

"I'd like to look around before they know I'm there," said Bram. "You put me in there."

The other understood. "And I'll run around to the harbor then," he added. "They won't think anything of that. I'm in there regular. I might pick up some lobsters, same as I always do; and I can talk around and maybe find out something—dunno what." He eyed Bram sidewise. "What do you think?" he asked. "What do you look to find?"

Bram said steadily, "That's a girl's foot. The paint came off those old hulks. The Goodell girl is the only one around there, isn't she?"

"Joe Plaice has got a girl," Whitten told him, "but she ain't but fourteen."

"I'm going to find her," said Bram—"find Emily Goodell." He added, with a sudden thickening of his speech: "That Chinaman, Lee Wing, said the Bargee hadn't come in there. If he knew it had he lied! I'm going to find him and the old man—the captain." His fist tightened. "I want to talk to those people, Whit."

Whitten said doubtfully, "I dunno. I never had any doings with the Chinaman. The old one that used to be there—old Joe Lee—he was a good old scout. I knew him. But Cap'n Goodell's all right. He talks, sure, but he's an able man, or has been. And that girl—I never heard anything but good of her."

Bram's countenance was black. "Blast it," he cried, "someone killed Thad, Whit! Someone killed him, I tell you! Just—just killed him, someone did! It wasn't his fault. Thad never harmed anyone. Somebody killed him!" His fingers tightened on his knees in a curious gesture, its very repression more emphatic than any violence could have been. "I'm going to get them, Whit," he declared.

The boatman nodded. "I bet you," he agreed, his tone casual and somehow soothing. "Sure, big boy." He considered. "All right," he said, stating the plan in definite terms, "I'll land you. You can work up through the woods. I'll go in and talk to them in the village. They might know something, maybe. You can pick me up there when you get ready." He swung the wheel a little, choosing his course, and Bram watched. "You'll have to wade ashore," the boatman suggested. "I'll nose in close as I can."

Bram nodded, with no word. They were drawing near the southern end of Split Apple now, and the big man could distinguish that great rock, well off the end of the island, from which Emily had dived at their approach, days before. So long ago—how many days, he wondered, and had to ponder the matter. His eyes were raw for sleep, and the hours had been so long. Monday—it was Monday when he and Thad first came to Split Apple. This must be Friday then.

"Friday, isn't it?" he asked Whitten, confirming his calculations; and Whit nodded. "I've lost track of the days," said Bram.

The Patsy was running more slowly now, as Whitten chose his passage, threading this way and that. "Some rocks in here," he explained. "But mostly it's deep, this side the sand."

The great rock from which the girl had dived was just abeam of them. Twenty feet above the water, Bram estimated. He remembered how he and Thad had been faintly abashed by something in her movements when she discovered their approach. They had felt like spies; her rising and her swift dip into the water had been like a reproof to them. While Whitten brought the Patsy near the shore, Bram thought of her. How she had come to the kitchen door to call Captain Goodell in; how tall she was, how rich then her tone. More like a woman than a girl, he thought, and asked Whitten how old she was.

Whitten shook his head. "Dunno," he confessed. "Not very old, I don't think. She might be, though. I c'n find out. Mis' Harmon will know."

Bram said resentfully: "No matter!" His resentment was at himself; he had been near forgetting that this girl must know how Thad had died! What mattered then her years, or her voice, or her dignity, or any of her attributes, so she gave him word of Thad?

Whitten swung the Patsy sharply and pulled the gears to neutral; she slid toward a rocky shore. "All right," he said quietly. "Here you are."

Bram rose at that, swiftly, eager now for action to succeed his long, enforced passivity. He climbed on the bow deck and stood waiting. Beneath him lay the clear green water, and on the bottom, as they slid forward, he could see the seaweed stir in the faint current that flowed there, and a starfish sprawling on a rock, and a scuttling little crab, and the chestnut burs of sea urchins all about. The water shoaled and Whitten checked the Patsy's way till she was barely crawling.

Bram held up his hand. "All right," he said; and Whitten stopped her and Bram lowered himself over the bow into water to his knees.

"I'll be up't the village," Whitten reminded him, and Bram nodded and gave the Patsy a thrust toward the open water. She swung gracefully and headed back toward the mouth of the cove, but Bram did not wait to see her. He turned swiftly to the business that lay ahead.

This cove on whose shores he had landed must, he judged, run halfway to the Split. Its length was visible from where he stood. Along its farther side and upper end there was a thick growth of fir and spruce, crowding toward him on this western side as well. Immediately above him there was rising ground, a bare eminence where no trees grew. He chose to hide his movements when he could, so now he kept along the shingle and the rocks, picking his way among patches of seaweed that, at full tide, would be submerged. He made haste, too; there was a nakedness about his present position. He might be seen from any side by one near the water. When he was able presently to scramble up the bank into the shelter of the trees, it was with a deep relief and a sense of some security. If he had not already been seen he was well hidden now. The trees, dwarfed by the winds, grew so thick and low that he could scarce pick his way between them; he went at times on hands and knees.

He visualized Split Apple Island on the chart, trying to locate himself and calculate his movements. It must be, he believed, the better part of a mile from the spot where he had landed to Captain Goodell's house—three-quarters anyway. But the cove in which were anchored those vessels smeared with red must be to the west—that is, to his left. To that point the distance would be shorter. For the present, however, Bram judged it wiser to follow the water, keeping under cover until he passed the end of the cove in which Whitten had landed him. Just beyond that point he came to a path that wound among the trees.

He paused there for a moment, considering this path and its direction. It must lead to the captain's house, he decided, and he guessed that Emily came this way sometimes, when she chose to swim on the beach where the great rocks reared their heads above the tide. To follow the path would be to risk a chance encounter, before he was ready, with her, or with her father or the Chinaman. Bram, though he was ruthlessly bent on the business in hand, meant to go wisely too. He wished first of all to survey with more attention those anchored ships in the cove. If it were possible he meant to go aboard them, seek what traces he might find.

His thoughts were still formless, full of dark and clouded conjectures, but abruptly now one thought took shape. If that red footprint had a meaning, it meant that Thad had come near these anchored vessels, perhaps had boarded them, perhaps found death waiting for him there. And Bram stopped still at that and tried to remember. He went groping back to that moment when he descended into the flooded forecastle of the Bargee to find Thad, crumpled in a heap, huddled in a corner by the companion ladder. Certainty came home to Bram. Thad had been flung there, thrust down through the opening above. If that were the case, then elsewhere he had died. Perhaps on these red ships in the cove ahead.

He struck aside from the path and went now more swiftly, yet with caution too. Ahead of him the thicket somewhat thinned; it was still impervious to the eye, but he was

(Continued on Page 93)

$10,000 in Rewards

Send for this Booklet

IT CONTAINS the result of expert experiments showing:

1 How to put more milk in your soups, sherbets, and pies, and make them better—more tasteful and more wholesome.

2 How Evaporated Milk, used in place of cream, for salads, dressings, creamed fish, fowl, and meat, makes better, more wholesome food.

3 How ice cream made with Evaporated Milk has the finest texture and flavor, with a balanced richness that makes it the best of food, for children—for everybody.

4 How vegetables creamed with Evaporated Milk have richness that nothing else will give.

5 How drinks made with Evaporated Milk are the best of milk drinks

You will surely win

FOR three daily menus prepared to put more milk in the diet, you may win a two thousand dollar prize. From those menus, used in your home, you *will* win the greater reward of giving your family better food and surer, safer health. Send coupon below with name and address. We will send you the rules of the contest and the free book.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, 956 Ill. Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago
I would like to have your free booklet and the rules of the contest

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

About the Prizes

There are 168 prizes ranging from $10.00 to $2,000.00.

The first prize will be awarded for the best series of three daily menus designed to put as much milk as possible in the diet of every member of the family—a quart a day for each being the ideal amount—using Evaporated Milk for every cream and milk use. The other prizes will be awarded to entries in order of their merit

One First Prize . .	$2,000.00
Two Prizes, each .	1,000.00
Five Prizes, each . .	500.00
Ten Prizes, each . .	100.00
Ten Prizes, each . .	50.00
Forty Prizes, each . .	25.00
One Hundred Prizes, each	10.00

The contest closes 5 p. m., December 31, 1928

About the Milk

Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated—made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—and sterilized in sealed containers. It comes to your pantry as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it costs less than half as much as cream. For every milk use, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

The New Ford has a very Simple and Effective Lubrication System

If you could look into the engine of the new Ford, you would be surprised at the simplicity of the lubrication system. It is a combination of pump, splash and gravity feed—an exclusive Ford development and unusually effective.

The action is like this . . .

The oil pump draws the oil from the bottom of the oil pan through a fine mesh wire screen or filter and delivers it quickly to the valve chamber. Even when you are traveling at only thirty miles an hour, the five quarts of oil in the pan pass through the pump *twice* in every mile.

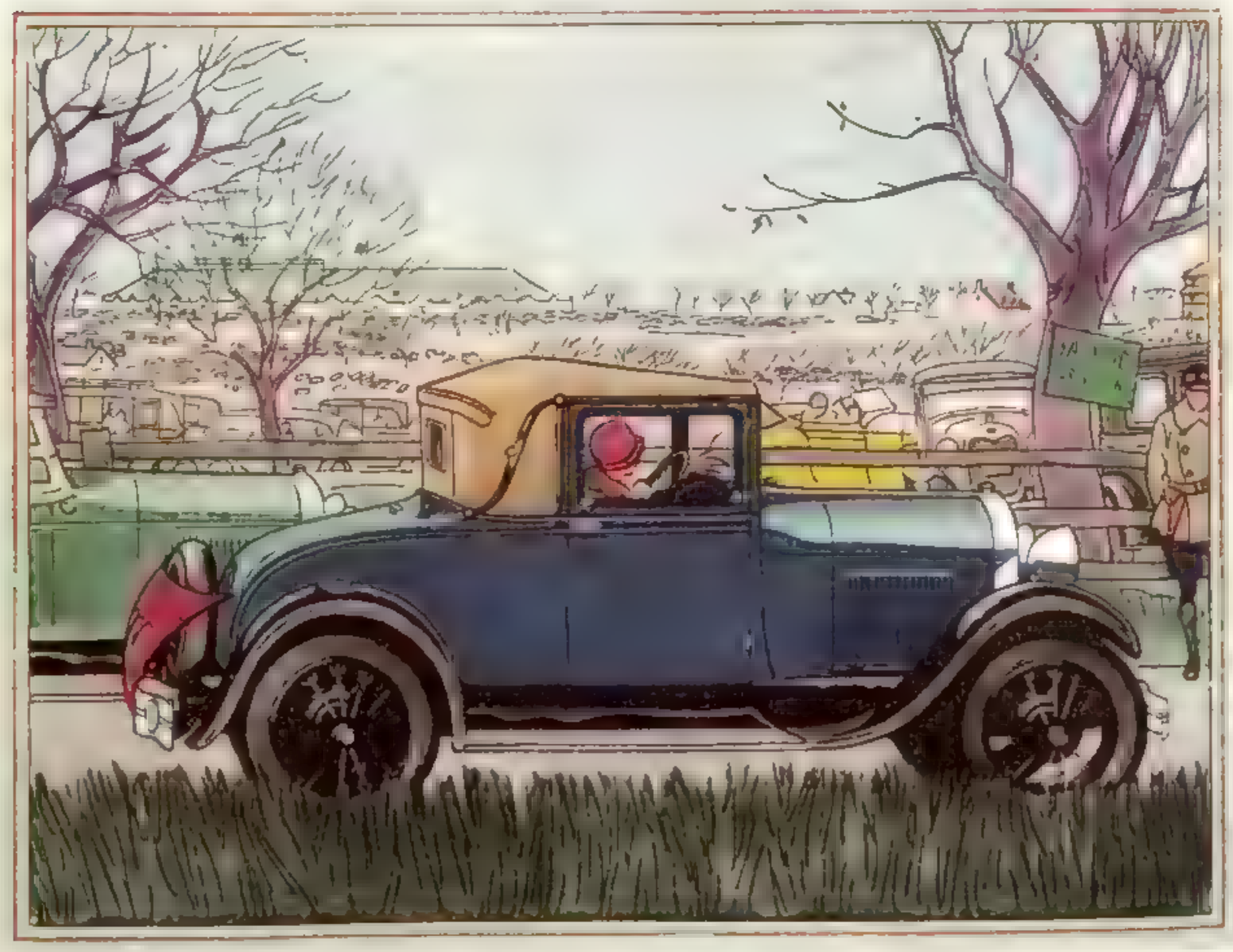
From the valve chamber the oil flows by gravity to the main bearings of the crankshaft and front camshaft bearing. Reservoirs of oil are provided for each main bearing pipe opening through a series of ingenious dams at the bottom of the valve chamber

After filling these reservoirs, the surplus oil flows down an overflow pipe to the front of the oil pan tray. In this tray are four troughs into which dip the scoops on the connecting rods. These scoops pick up the oil and throw it into the grooves of the swiftly moving crankpin bearings. They also send an oil spray over the cylinder walls, camshaft and timing gears. From the tray the oil flows back to the oil pan, from where it is again drawn through the oil strainer into the pump.

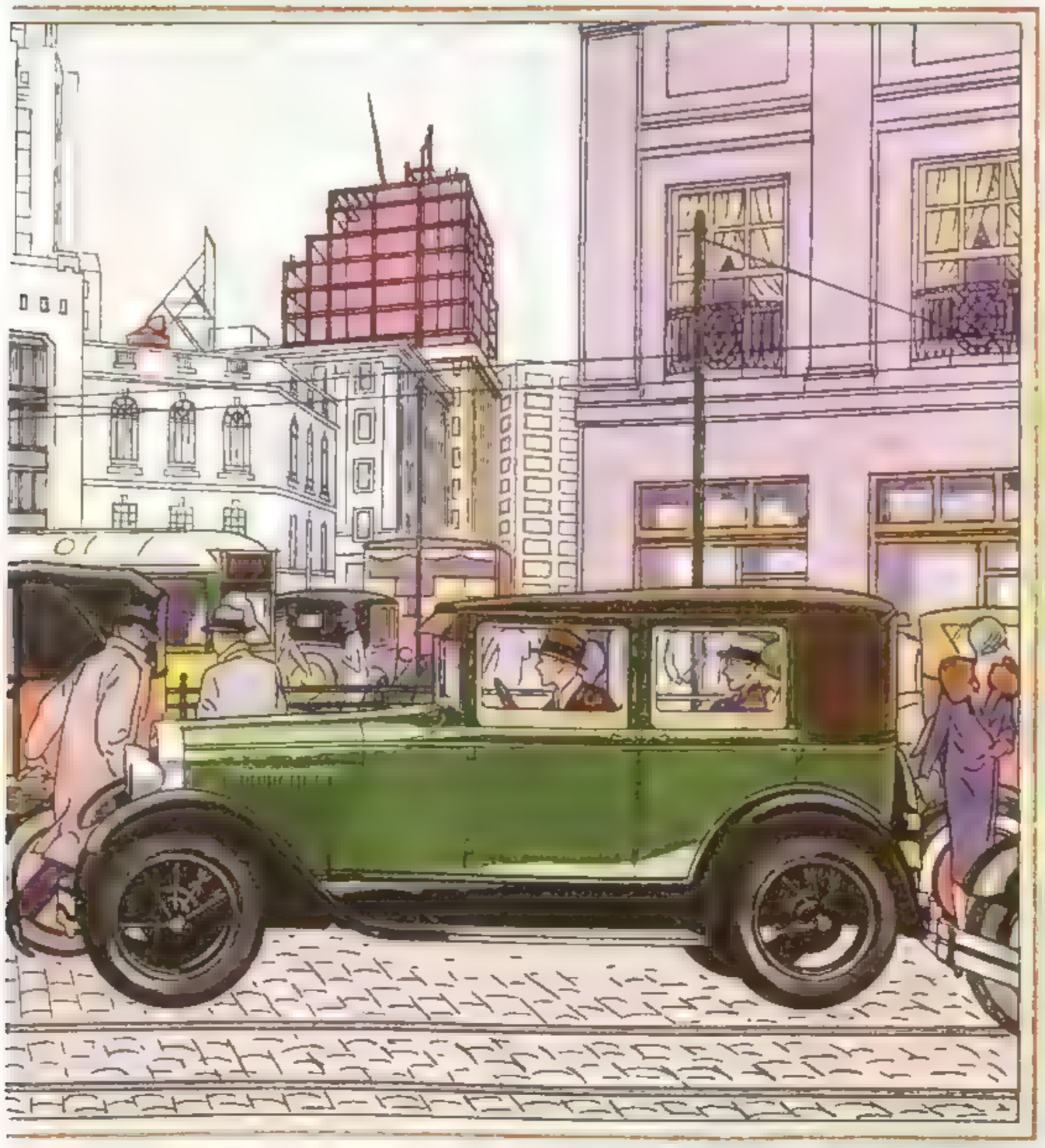
The only movable part in the entire Ford engine lubrication system is the oil pump. From valve chamber down, the entire flow of oil is an easy, natural flow—as simple in principle as water running down-hill. There is no need for pressure.

Because the new Ford is such a good car and is built to such close and exact measurements, it should be given the care that is given every fine piece of machinery.

When you consider that each piston



The new Ford is an especially good car for a woman to drive because of its comfort, safety, reliability and ease of control. Shown on the left is the new Ford Sport Coupe. Rumble seat is furnished as standard equipment with this car



The new Fordor Sedan is a strikingly beautiful car because of its long, low streamline body, attractive colors, and the many distinctive features of finish and appointment usually found only in custom built bodies. Designed to seat five people in real comfort.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour *40-horse-power engine*
Remarkable acceleration
Fully-enclosed six-brake system
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Reliability and low up-keep cost

moves up and down 1300 times a minute when your car is moving at only thirty miles an hour, you can see the need of complete and proper lubrication. And the piston is only one of many moving parts in the engine!

The oiling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and effective in action that it requires practically no service attention. Like every other Ford part, it has been built to give you many thousands of miles of use at a minimum of trouble and expense.

There is only one thing to do, but that is a very important thing . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod always registers full (F) and change the oil every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to fall below full, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubricating properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

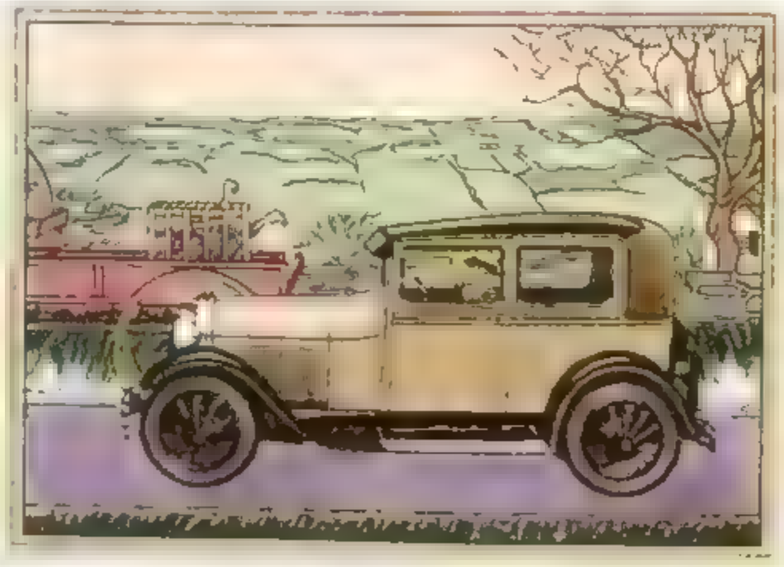
The lubrication of the chassis is also important. It has been made simple and easy in the new Ford by the high pressure grease gun system. In order to insure best performance, the chassis should be lubricated every 500 miles.

Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, housings flushed with kerosene and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or carelessly done.

Ford dealers everywhere have been specially trained to oil and grease the new Ford. They know the best oil to use for each part during each season of the year and they have special equipment to do the job right.

No matter where you live or where you go, you will find Ford dealers prompt and reliable in their work, fair in their charges, and sincerely eager to help you get continuously good service from your car.



The car illustrated is the new Ford Tudor Sedan in the attractive Arabian Sand color. Upholstery is rich in appearance and long wearing. All appointments are fully nickeled. Like all the new Ford cars, the Tudor Sedan is equipped with a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield and four Houdaille shock absorbers

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Whoever served salt from the package?

Isn't it strange that so many smokers still carry cigarets in the manufacturer's original package? Surely it is neater and more the correct thing to transfer them to a handsome artistic case.

For those who care about being right in such matters, we offer Smokers Sets in a variety of smart modern finishes. With each case is a Firefly Lighter to match, made by Clark.

The Firefly is the only lighter with a permanently covered sparking wheel to prevent thumb smudges and with a fitted cap that seals-in the fluid and vapor, giving you the most possible lights with one filling.

Firefly Smokers Sets, covered with leather in Alligator or Snake Skin designs, sell for $8.00 complete. If you are unable to find them in your local shops, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York

FIREFLY
SMOKING SET
MADE BY CLARK

(Continued from Page 88

able to move more rapidly, to walk erect. He made haste, but when by and by he saw a glint of water through the boughs it warned him to caution and he checked his pace and chose thereafter ways which kept him covered by the trees. At the last he crawled on hands and knees.

So he emerged presently upon a jut of rock topped with low firs. A clump of ground pine hid him, yet permitted him to see. His vantage here was high above the water—forty feet or more; he could look across the cove and across the decks of the vessels moored there. They were no more than two hundred yards or so away. From where he lay the steep shore ran in a half circle toward them. A plank, he saw, from the shore to the nearest ship permitted easy access to their decks, and he was about to move in that direction when something caught his eye.

That which attracted him was a stirring on the deck of the ship farthest from the shore. Someone was there—someone for the moment hidden behind the superstructure. Only a hand and an arm were now and then revealed as this person moved. But while Bram waited the individual shifted his posture and came more fully into view, and Bram could see who it was and what business concerned him.

The person was Lee Wing, the Chinaman. He had a brush and a paint pot. Bram could see its color, its hideous and sickly red. The Chinaman was painting the deck, in spots haphazard here and there; and Bram, half choking, lay the closer. Like a hunter's when the game draws near, his heart began to pound.

XII

THIS cove in which the vessels were bestowed was shaped like a bottle—wider at the end than at its mouth. Where Bram lay was the bottom of the bottle, which was cut squarely across as a proper bottle should be. The shore line, rocky and irregular, curved on his right to another little point, broke back in a smaller arc and so came to the spot from which a plank led out to the decks of the vessels. He lay on turf which grew smoothly to the edge of the rocks. The rock strata were soft, and frost and storm had crumbled them. The turf behind Bram pitched upward to the spot where he lay, while before him there was a sheer descent to the litter of shards and fragments on the beach. He could see that there was deep water below him, and there must be a good depth where the vessels were, to let them lie so near the shore.

Bram had not till now given much thought or heed to these vessels; if he had been called upon to describe them his description would have been brief and unadorned. He would have said that they consisted of a hull and a rail and a bridge and a smokestack and two masts. It vaguely astonished him now to discover that the decks were so littered with cabins and hatches and cargo lifts and capstans and an infinite variety of odds and ends. He had thought of a ship's deck as an open and a level place, but these decks were a jungle of impedimenta, and in this jungle twenty men might safely hide. The Chinaman who was so busy there was in fact hidden from Bram's view for most of the time, and it was this consideration which, after the excitement of the first discovery, prompted Bram to seek a more adequate vantage.

He backed away accordingly and crawled along under the cover of the low trees to a spot nearer the vessels, and though he was still rather astern that a beam of them as they lay, he watched there for a while. He marked the fact that they were anchored at the stern as they were at the bow. But since the Chinaman was on the forward deck of the ship farthest from shore, and Bram lay diagonally off the stern of that one nearest shore, the upper works of all three of the vessels now obscured his view, and he moved again.

This time, since the level of the land was more nearly that of the decks, he had to withdraw even more remotely from the water to crawl toward the spot he had selected. This was an eminence a rocky ledge a little back from the water and directly opposite the gangplank that led to the nearest ship. He had to seek an easy way up, and while he was thus engaged he was suddenly checked and frozen into motionlessness by a sputtering sound from the direction of the moored hulks. It was after a moment repeated, and repeated again, and he recognized it. Someone was trying to set in operation a gas engine; and Bram nodded then, remembering. That would be the pump which was used day by day to keep the vessels dry. He moved on, and before he came to a spot from which he had an unobstructed view across the forward decks of the three ships, the pump was running in an erratic and uncertain fashion, missing alternate explosions, hitting regularly, missing spasmodically again. He recognized the characteristic sound of a heavy-duty, two-cycle engine running at slow speed—running, he thought, well enough. He judged that Lee Wing must know something of the operation of such mechanisms. Captain Goodell had said this engine was of little worth; yet it was giving good performance now.

Bram found the sound of the engine reassuring; the noise it made would cover the rustle and stir of his own movements, and he was not now likely to be discovered unless he should be seen. He took care to avoid that possibility, screening behind a clump of juniper, peering out beneath its boughs, scanning the scene before his eyes.

From where he now lay the nearest vessel was perhaps a hundred feet distant, and sufficiently below him so that he could see across it to the others beyond. The gas engine was on the forward deck of the nearest ship, and the stream of water it delivered cascaded over the nearer rail. Lee Wing, having set it in operation, had returned to that business of his upon the farthest vessel; and Bram could see his bowed figure as he bent to his task there. He was, Bram saw, moving backward, and Bram puzzled over this, wondering what the Chinaman was doing, and why he did it in this backward wise. He was not high enough to see the deck at Lee Wing's feet, see his actual brush strokes; had to guess by as much as he could see.

The sun was shining clear and high by this time, and though Bram himself lay in shadow, the vessels were sunlit, and the water of the cove beyond. After the drenching rain the turf and the trees along the farther shore wore a bright green like that of a tropical growth, and there was a raw wetness in the very air as though the world were a ship's deck just sluiced down by the morning hose. These ships lying here must, Bram thought, have been well scoured by that rain. They lay, squat, sluggish, lifeless, steaming faintly as their decks dried in the sun; something like a miasma hung over them. And the ugly sickening red color of the priming coat of paint which had been laid upon them added to this impression; it was, Bram thought, as though they were plague infested. This color was as much yellow as red; he felt toward them a repulsion that set his teeth on edge.

Bram was not used to stealthy ways, and this spying was new business for him, and strange. It resulted now not so much from plan as from a lack of plan. He had come hurrying to this spot because there was a red footprint on the deck of the Bargee; because it seemed likely that Thad had been here before he died. But beyond the coming itself, he had no formed intent. His first instinct had been to confront the captain and his daughter and the Chinaman; to shout at them, curse at them, beat the truth from them with words, or if the need arose, with blows. But he had had time to realize that he lacked reasoned grounds for such measures. The red print on the Bargee's deck was hardly proof sufficient that they knew how Thad had died. So he lay now, somewhat at a loss, groping in his thoughts confusedly.

He wondered what Lee Wing was about mending the paint work possibly. There were, he saw, boards laid across the decks of the vessels here and there, along which a man might move without setting his foot on the paint, but someone might have stepped off one of these boards. When the first confusion and the unreality of his position ceased to becloud Bram's senses, he realized this; and his thoughts, moving more swiftly now, ran on to the corollary of that proposition. If it were possible that someone had stepped in the paint, then it was possible that the Chinaman was painting out those footprints; and if that were so, it would be as well to halt him, to stay his hand. If there were footprints in the paint upon these decks, they might have a tale to tell. With the thought Bram swung at last to action. He stirred, was about to spring to his feet, would in a moment more have gone plunging down toward the plank that led out to the nearest vessel, his muscles taut for action. But something checked him.

That which checked him was a simple thing, yet startling; it held him for a moment motionless. Someone said, behind him in the wood:

"What are you doing here?"

At that inquiry Bram lay a moment still as stone. Then his paralysis passed and he whirled and sat up. The movement brought him face to face with the girl—with Emily Goodell standing within a dozen feet, staring at him with startled, faintly angry eyes.

Bram remained for a moment stupefied with surprise. He got to his feet with a scrambling movement, remembering even then to draw toward her, into the wood, so that he would be concealed from view of Lee Wing. He even remembered that the sound of the engine would cover the murmur of their voices. These things flashed through his mind in the first instant; then he forgot them, forgot everything else while his eyes measured this girl whom now for the first time he saw close at hand and in full light of day.

And he was hushed by what he saw. He had known her to be tall and finely formed; he had heard her full tones. And Whit had told him that her hair was very dark and her eyes were blue. Yet till this moment he had made no conscious effort to shape her in his mind's eye. Bram would have been put to it to explain just what it was he had expected to find in Emily, but certainly his emotion, when now at last he saw her, was one of hushed surprise. There was about her, first of all and above all, a harmony, and it was this which struck home to him. There was harmony in her proportions; it extended to the garments which she wore. Her skirts were at a graceful height, neither too high nor too low; her collar neither exposed her throat nor did constrict it. From head to heel he could find no part of her he would have wished amended, and in this harmony which she presented, her voice was a contributing and pleasant note, as were her eyes.

Curiously Bram's first conscious thought was:

"But after all it's the Chinaman's job to keep the boats in order. Why shouldn't he be painting the decks? Why shouldn't he?"

It seemed to him absurd that he should come to this girl, or to any of those others who were a part of her life, to inquire into such a matter as this which now concerned him. But a moment later, when he remembered Thad, he was angry at his own weakness, and this anger stiffened him.

He stared at her so long, while these matters were passing in his mind, that Emily began to burn under his eyes; and she moved with an imperious gesture.

"I spoke to you," she said sharply.

Bram was on his feet before her; he bowed slowly, and though his head towered above hers, he felt somehow shorter than she was.

"Oh," he said uncertainly, "good morning"

Her lips tightened faintly. "What are you doing here?" she insisted. Bram looked

(Continued on Page 95)

Get your car out of the *freeze-up* class

GPA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.

No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.

Does not boil away.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

Make your car permanently *freeze-proof with a single filling*

Nowadays almost every winter driver uses some kind of anti-freeze. Yet every year thousands of these drivers sadly watch the family car towed to the garage with a frozen motor—and a repair bill to come.

They thought they were protected. But their protection faded away—because they depended on an anti-freeze that would evaporate, and did.

Why spend another winter of worrying about a freeze-up when it is so easy to make your car permanently freeze-proof with only one filling of Radiator Glycerine.

Radiator Glycerine will not evaporate. You don't have to put in more every time there is a cold snap. You don't have to guess whether it is up to strength or not. It won't deteriorate. As long as your cooling system does not leak you are absolutely certain of positive, permanent freezing protection.

Here is real safety

Safe against freezing, safe against evaporation, Radiator Glycerine is safe to use in your car. You know that glycerine is so bland and harmless that it is used in foods.

It cannot corrode any part of the cooling system or destroy the car finish. It gives off no unpleasant odors or poisonous fumes. It will not overheat your motor.

Amundsen used glycerine for the motors of the airship Norge when he flew to the North Pole. It is recommended in automobile instruction books and its virtues are pointed out in Letter Circular 28 of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Only one precaution necessary

When you use Radiator Glycerine, there is only one precaution to be observed and that is to make your car glycerine tight. Obviously, no anti-freeze can protect your car if it is allowed to leak out of the cooling system. So make sure that hose connections, gaskets, and pump packing are absolutely *tight* and that there are no small leaks. Follow the directions carefully and then you can enjoy the pleasantest winter with your car you ever had.

Get the full details

Every motorist driving a car in winter should have a copy of the Radiator Glycerine booklet.

Let it show you the way to real pleasure in winter driving. Fill in the coupon, send it in, and we will send you a copy without charge by return mail.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th St., New York City.

I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the booklet.

Name

Address

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
Had a wife and said: "I'll *keep* her!"
Put her in a pumpkin shell
With Double Mint to keep her well!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

Let the delicious Peppermint flavor of **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** purify your mouth and breath and aid digestion.

Taste the new and better Peppermint flavor in **DOUBLE MINT:** it will be a pleasant surprise to you.

"After every meal" is a beneficial practice. Try it with **DOUBLE MINT.**

After every meal

1-66

(Continued from Page 92

around doubtfully, surveying the wood which here encircled them. The covert was thick on every side. He was puzzled, and he asked a counter question.

"How did you see me?"

She said impatiently "It doesn't matter." She watched him and her color faded. "What were you doing?" she repeated.

He made a gesture toward the vessels hidden below them. "Watching Lee Wing paint the decks," he said.

"Why?" she challenged. He did not at once reply. "My father is in charge of those ships," she told him. "He's responsible for them. We don't allow casual trespassers. No one is allowed aboard them." She seemed to consider his clothes, which were not by this time respectable. "No one we don't know," she added.

He was vaguely reassured. The fact that his presence here disturbed her somehow gave him the advantage; her concern was, he thought, like a confession. He remembered his business here, but he only said in reply to her suggestion:

"You're Emily Goodell, aren't you?"

"Of course," she told him.

"My name's Dickery," he explained.

She hesitated. "If you want to look at the ships," she decided, "you'll have to ask father." But she added discouragingly: "I'm afraid he's rather strict about it."

He was a moment silent. "I've seen you before now," he told her in a casual tone.

She pretended too much surprise. "Have you?" Then, indifferently, as though to abash him: "Oh, have you?"

"Saw you swimming off the big rock down below the island," he assured her. His eyes were keen. "The evening we got here—Monday evening - Thad and me and the Bargee. You had been swimming; rather, you were braiding your hair, or drying it, or something. You dived and swam ashore when we came near."

She frowned thoughtfully.

"Monday evening? Oh, that dingy sloop. You're fishermen?" Her tone dismissed him.

"And we walked over to your house after we'd landed in the harbor," Bram insisted. "Had a talk with Cap'n Goodell then. You came and called him in to supper while we were talking to him."

She seemed uncertain what to say. "A good many people land here every summer," she suggested. "Did you have some fish to sell?"

He shook his head, smiling faintly. "We had had a little argument," he explained—"Thad and I. I thought your eyes and your hair would be one way, and he thought they'd be another. When you dived off the rock the sun was in our eyes, so we couldn't see." She was crimson. "So we walked over to the house to find out."

She watched him warily. She was, he thought, like a boxer or a fencer—surveying and appraising a prospective opponent before the action is begun.

"You fooled us," he reminded her. "You came and called Cap'n Goodell in, but the light was behind you there too. So we couldn't see." He added: "But you could see us. You'd remember me. I told you, didn't I, Bram Dickery's my name?"

She looked to right and left, half affrightedly. "You haven't answered me," she reminded him. "What you're doing here?"

"Have you seen anything of Thad since then?" he inquired in the mildest of tones. But there swept her countenance at that such a flood of pallor, such a flame of color hot upon its heels that Bram half crouched and his pulses leaped and quickened. Thus a great cat waiting at the drinking place might tighten at the foot beat of an approaching deer.

"Have you?" he challenged.

She shook her head, and she fumbled at her throat, and she shook her head again. "No," she said. "No, no"

"I thought he might have come to find out about your eyes," he said in a silky tone. "We saw your hair through the window, but we had quite an argument, and I thought he might have come to see."

If this old matter still puzzled him, he had his answer now, for her eyes were wide with a stark affright; they were great pits of blue like the sky at dusk on a clear September evening, and lights played in them like the gold yellow of the stars.

"He didn't come?" he suggested; and she said:

"No, no."

He sat down then, sprawling like a cat there; and she stood like a mouse, two or three paces off, stirring and returning like a mouse which knows the witlessness of flight, yet is afire to be away.

"You see," he told her, "I've lost him!"

And he jabbed at the carpet of needles on the ground between his feet; he jabbed at it with the point of a stick, digging through to the ledge below.

"We were cruising along the coast, spending the summer at it," he explained—"Thad and I. You'd like Thad. A nice fellow—helpful and friendly and gay and loyal. He and I were pretty good friends. We got along first-rate. We bought the old Bargee. I've got a nice knockabout, but Thad insisted that we go shares on everything, so we got the Bargee for three hundred dollars." He looked up at her.

"I'm not a fisherman," he continued politely. "That's just these clothes. I've spent the summers at Friendship for a good many years, but I only fish for pleasure. You wouldn't call me a fisherman. I'm just on vacation. I've got other clothes."

She nodded, without knowing that she did so, as though to say she knew this; and he asked:

"Oh, you were having a little fun with me!" She smiled faintly. "You're honest, aren't you?" he remarked, and he added then: "I want to tell you about Thad. You might remember something you've—forgotten."

She asked, with a faint eagerness not wholly concealed, "Where is he?"

"Oh, he's in Rockland," Bram assured her; and when she would have spoken, he stayed her with a movement of his hand, sat for an instant thoughtful. And she was afraid of him, drew back a pace or two, looked right and left in quick, revived alarm.

"We put out of here Monday night," he continued, watching her. "Cap'n Goodell told us there was good camping ground on the Core, and we moved up there and camped there. Took it easy next morning. The mackerel struck in, over to the eastward, northeast of Kimball Island. I tried to get Thad to go out with me and catch some, but he said he'd take the Bargee and go down to Bottle Harbor for some gas. So I took the dory and he took the Bargee." He hesitated. His tone was most explicit. "I got back toward dark, and he wasn't in," he told her. "Hadn't come back. He didn't come back." And he added, remembering: "I didn't sleep much that night. That was Tuesday night. I slept some Wednesday night, but not any last night either. My eyes are tired."

She stirred away from him, toward him again. His eyes were tired, but they were flaming too.

"I hunted for him all day Wednesday," he said evenly, "in the storm—with Whitten, the lobster man. You may know him? It doesn't matter. We came back to the Core that night and slept there, and came down here next morning."

She could not speak, though he saw her try.

He added gravely, "I had talked to Lee Wing Wednesday morning before you were awake. He said he hadn't seen Thad."

At this, Bram saw her cheek twitch, and he dropped his eyes, pretended not to watch her.

"We came down here Thursday morning," he repeated, and amended carefully—"that was yesterday morning, wasn't it?—and there was a message for us. Joe Plaice said the aviator on patrol around here said there was a sloop wrecked on the eastern end of Spectacle, down south of here. We went down. It was stormy, you know, all day yesterday, mostly. We couldn't get out to the sloop till nearly dark; had to wait the tide. It was smashed up, and under water, or nearly under, at high tide. It was the Bargee."

He could not see her face, but he watched her knees as she stood before him, paralyzed and speechless there. Her knees were trembling. He thought once that she would fall; and, cruelly, he held his tongue, spoke no more, waited and waited till the long silence passed endurance. Her hands twisted together, she beat them together, she cried:

"Where is he? Where is he?"

He poked among the needles with his stick. "Oh, he was in the forecastle," he said gravely. "He'd been killed. Cut to death with knives!"

And his eyes swept up and struck upon her eyes stunningly; their movement was like a blow, like the leap of a cat from its ambush by the trail. He thought to find her broken, shaken, fit only for surrender; expected no great resistance now. And he was in fact quick enough to see the convulsion of terror which his words evoked in her. But that was all. There was no surrender and no weakness there. She must, he thought, have known what was coming and prepared her strength, but he decided this was unlikely. She may have guessed; he thought she had not surely known. Under the stroke of his assaulting glance, she trembled, but instantly she held herself and her lips stirred to speak.

She said, "Oh!" And he waited. The word was like a wail.

"Oh—pity—oh," she whispered.

"So I came up here," he said implacably.

Her eyes drew behind a mask. "Here?"

"You were like a Lorelei," he murmured, "combing your hair on the rock. Thad said so. You were." He hesitated. "More than we thought," he amended grimly, and at that he came to his feet and towered above her and gripped her still arms, bending his face to hers.

"He came to see your eyes!" he cried. "He came, and he died for it! How did he die?"

There was no weakness in her now; a still strength like a wall opposed him. She shook her head.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But—why should you think I know?"

"I know you know!" he told her, like the stroke of a lash. "And you're going to tell!" Her lips stirred, but he silenced her.

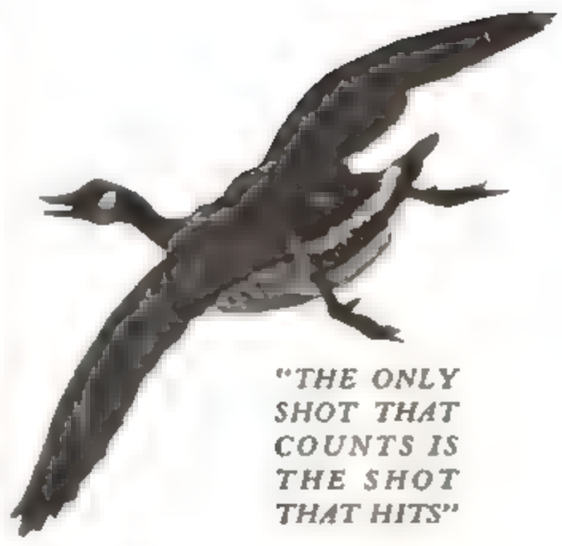
"Hush! You'd been on the Bargee. Your foot had marked the deck—a red track." He felt her shudder, and he said with a bitter laugh: "No, no. It was just red paint—that paint off the ships there." His fingers tightened till they must have hurt her, but she made no sign. "What happened?" he demanded. "Out with it. I mean to know. Your footprint was on the deck. The Chinaman is painting out your footprints on the steamer's deck right now."

He thought, by the very truculence of his tone and by the grip he had upon her arms, to batter down her still composure; thought to see her wince, or to discover some weakness in her eyes. But instead, even as he finished, her attention wandered; her glance flickered past him, over his shoulder, to rest on some object there. And after a moment, understanding, Bram whirled alertly round and his pulses surged.

For Lee Wing stood just behind them, two or three paces off. His hands were crossed, one of them hidden beneath the coat he wore, and there was something alert and deadly in his posture. He looked from Bram to the girl, and he asked in a silky tone, once more watching Bram:

"Miss Goodell, you call me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"

FOR THE LONG SHOTS

SLIP some of these Remington Nitro Express Shells into the old gun and you'll surprise yourself. You'll think it's luck or accident at first—the way you'll pull 'em down when they're "way out yonder".

But it's not. Nitro Express Loads have established a new range—the longest range you can get with a shotgun. When ducks or geese are flying high and wide, when a cottontail is disappearing over a distant rise, when a grouse or a pheasant won't take a chance and gets up "out of range"—those are the times when it's Nitro Express Shells or an empty bag.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Buy them from your dealer. Descriptive circular on request.

Remington

A "used car" is *unused* transportation

A GOOD automobile is built to stand years of use. It will provide many thousands of miles of satisfactory transportation.

But only occasionally are all its years and all its mileage used up by one owner. It is the custom to turn a car in after an average use of only two to three years—long before its life has been exhausted.

This custom brings into the market every year so-called "used" cars which represent many great opportunities to buy *unused transportation* at low cost.

Every year more and more people appreciate this fact. Today millions of families are driving cars of which they are the second or third or even fourth owners; and this year the volume of new car sales and trade-in transactions has created wider choices and greater values in *unused transportation* than ever before.

GENERAL

"A car for every

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LASALLE • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening 9:30

3 out of 5 buy used cars

THREE out of five of the cars you see on the road have been purchased as "used" cars. You cannot tell—nor do you ask yourself—whether the driver of any particular car is its first owner, or its second or its third, providing the car looks well and is running satisfactorily.

The cars which General Motors dealers have accepted in trade vary in name, body style and price. Some have seen sturdy service; in others the potential mileage has scarcely been touched. And all offer a wide field of opportunities—

To the family wanting transportation at lowest possible cost.
To the family wishing to own a car of a higher price class.
To the family needing a second or third car to meet the requirements of all its members.

We invite you to examine the *unused transportation* in the stores of General Motors dealers. For your convenience in the purchase of your choice General Motors extends the GMAC Payment Plan.

MOTORS

purse and purpose"

YELLOW CABS and COACHES · *FRIGIDAIRE The Automatic Refrigerator* · *DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants* · *GMAC Plan of Credit Purchase*

Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

THE FLOP

(Continued from Page 11)

little shame-facedly. "I'm liking you, see, babe," he said. "And I'm putting in my bid. A guy learns to move fast in my racket. So I'm putting in my bid early."

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. It was a big, fat, yellow roll. The top one was a thousand-dollar bill. He tossed the roll on the table in front of her.

"Fifty grand, babe," he said. "It's pocket change. You've had your hands on the heavy dough, being Brightlights' wife. You couldn't start chasing nickels now."

She flushed. Marty was a big bum. Of all the nerve! And with Brightlights in the next room.

She laughed. Why not? Her world had gone stark, raving crazy anyway. Men killed one another for nothing. Women loved savagely for a day and forgot about it the next. Too drunk to remember. It was a cave-man world. Men slugged one another, killed one another over female bums and bad booze. Why should she stand on conventions? Had he been faster with his heat than Brightlights, had Marty's mob been the strongest and had Marty wanted her bad enough, she would have been his girl a long time ago. She knew that. She smiled at Marty and threw the scrap of paper with his telephone number in the wastebasket.

"You haven't got what I crave, Marty," she said. "Maybe I'll go off the make, quit this lousy racket. Maybe I'll marry some yap and give him a couple of Brownies." She laughed loudly. "Maybe I will, but I know I won't." She fingered the fat roll of bills. "I've got a roll too, Marty," she smiled, opening her purse—"Brightlights' famous roll." She produced a roll of money. It was also big and fat and yellow, and it was also covered with a thousand-dollar note. "Brightlights' famous roll," she repeated bitterly.

It was a famous roll. Brightlights had always carried it with him. Newspaper reporters had written columns about it. Little pool-room chiselers had talked about it. It was the ambition of every petty crook to grow big and carry a roll like that. A hundred pretty girls, wise little dolls, had schemed to break into that roll. But Brightlights always kept it intact.

"Fifty grand, sweets," he had boasted one night, stroking it. "When Laddie Dorgan's Tommy man sprinkles me, it'll furnish you with a lot of pretty dresses—and me with a few pretty flowers." And, knowing Marie, he had added: "But some dance-hall fish and shrimp will get most of it."

Marie rubbed the roll against Marty's nose and laughed.

"Brightlights' famous roll was just chicken feed," she said—"fourteen hundred and twenty dollars." She threw the roll on the table. "I'll bet it against a grand, Marty, that your roll won't double it." He refused to take the bet—just grinned. "You big-money guns are all four-flushers," she insisted.

She heard music. It was the orchestra she had hired to play for Brightlights' funeral. That funeral had cost a lot of money—more money than was in the famous roll of bills. But the boys went in strong for funerals.

She felt a flush of pride. She was about to go in now—the wife of Brightlights Baker. It would be a wonderful funeral, one that Brightlights would have been proud of.

In that room now were the biggest people in town—big lawyers, maybe a judge or two, city officials, police officials, a dozen millionaires, the cream of the criminal and sporting worlds. Believe her, she was proud to be the wife of Brightlights. He had been a figure—a handsome, romantic, powerful figure, to command respect even in death.

She felt Marty's hand clutching her arm. She would go in now, a drooping, pretty figure of grief. Well, she was grief-stricken. But strong enough to hold herself together, she insisted to herself.

"You shouldn't have spent all that dough on this funeral," Marty was saying. "I always say, put dough where it will show. Of course, it's nice to give Brightlights a swell send-off. But why pay out all that dough when they won't be nobody to see it?"

She felt cold all of a sudden. Her head whirled. What was he driving at, she wanted to know. He repeated what he had said, for her benefit.

"On account the cheap way Brightlights died, you might have known the funeral would be a flop," he said. "The boys love their drama, but they won't turn out to a cheap burlyque show."

A wave of resentment passed over her. She was the goat, all the way round. Brightlights' famous roll. The funeral a flop.

Clutching at Marty's arm she walked into the room where Brightlights lay in his silver and aluminum casket. She had paid five grand for that casket. Nobody could say that she wasn't doing the right thing by Brightlights.

The room was crowded. More than a hundred people, she guessed. She felt elated for a moment. Maybe Marty was wrong. Then she was sunk again. There should have been a thousand people. Even the hundred or so present weren't the right people.

She remembered the funerals of Lefty O'Brien and Schemer Vermilion. The rooms and the halls, the porches, the yards, the sidewalks and even the streets had been jammed with people.

She remembered the sickening thing Marty had said: "The boys do love their drama. They won't turn out to a cheap burlyque show."

That was it. Brightlights passed out in such a cheap way. She felt bitter toward Brightlights. Why couldn't some Dorgan mobster have given him the works? Why hadn't she been a second late, so he could have gone through the door while the Tommy man was waiting for him? It would have been better if Johnny Law had put it on him. She wasn't thinking of herself, she insisted to herself—only of Brightlights. He would have liked it better that way—better than croaking like a Clark Street bum.

Five grand for a casket to house a guy whose funeral wouldn't draw a hundred. What a joke he had to die that way. For months after the Dorgan siege, Brightlights never went out of the house without an out-front man and a torpedo to guard him from the rear. Roundhead Muller had been the out-front man. Just two months ago the South Side bunch used a Tommy on Roundhead. Brightlights had been there, but hadn't been touched. Why couldn't he have been in front of the Tommy and got all those slugs, instead of Roundhead?

Under cover of her mourning veil she looked around. A bunch of cheap chiselers in the room. Pool-room hustlers, pee-wee chiselers, booze hijackers and small-time stickups. Marty Long was the only big man in the house, the only good gun except, of course, Brightlights' own boys. Brightlights' North Side boys would be there, of course. And Marty had come because of her, she knew.

There was Aunt Grace Bloomfield, the fence, and Arty Lewis, a shyster lawyer. Fifteen or twenty girls and women. Marie knew a few of them. And Brightlights' boys, of course. The rest, Marie guessed, were nobodies, come in to have a drink or so on the house.

She remembered with envy Lefty's funeral. A dozen big-time criminal lawyers had been there, a judge and two ex-judges, two high police officials and every sporting figure in town.

She smiled bitterly as she spotted the official representative at Brightlights' funeral—an obscure dick sent out, possibly, to look for a bill-poster face in the crowd.

Five grand for a casket for a gang of pool-room chiselers to gawp at!

And all those flowers! She noticed that the flowers she had bought and the floral tribute from the boys were the only flashy, really expensive offerings in the lot. Hers was a blood-red heart on which was inscribed in white: My Sweetheart. The boys had sent a blanket of flowers with Our Pal inscribed on it. The rest of the floral offerings were cheap wreaths—about ten bucks a throw, she guessed.

The flowers at Lefty's funeral had cost fifty grand. The casket had sat on two huge chairs fashioned of white blossoms—ten thousand blossoms at a dollar a blossom, gangland had said. And then there were dozens of other tributes—blankets and wreaths and hearts. The flowers had filled the entire house.

Even the boys, his pals, were slighting Brightlights. They had failed to dress for his funeral, she noticed. Gangland always shows off its dinner clothes whenever it gets a chance. At funerals dinner coats are always worn. She remembered she got a kick out of Lefty's funeral. Two of the pallbearers wore dinner coats with tan shoes. There wasn't a dinner coat in sight now. The boys were dressed in their street clothes.

She felt sick and resentful. She cast a glance of scorn at the five-grand casket. A funny idea struck her. Brightlights had been a butcher's boy in Iowa before he came to the Big Town. He had always been ashamed of it. Well, he was being buried like a butcher's boy might have been buried.

Now she wanted to pull a crazy stunt to get even with Brightlights. She wanted to tell everybody present that Brightlights was just a butcher's boy. She would get up on a chair and yell for attention. Then she would tell them: "Listen, folks," she would say: "Brightlights made his living selling livers to back doors." And Brightlights would just about come out of his five-grand casket and whale her over the head with a chair. Of course, it was just a crazy idea. She wouldn't do Brightlights that way.

She felt ashamed of herself. Brightlights was a good guy and a good gunman if he had died in a cheap way. She loved him a lot. When she thought of that she felt her eyes misting with tears. But the idea would always come back that Brightlights had made a chump out of her, dying the way he did. Cheap! And that was why his funeral was a flop after she'd dropped fifteen grand! Gangland, a cheap, tawdry thing itself, hated anything cheap, hated even an expression, an admission of cheapness. Drama at any price, and to hell with burlyque shows!

The orchestra was playing—blue music on muted instruments. Brightlights had always said he didn't want any religious hymns at his funeral. A tenor—he'd cost a pretty penny—was singing a sentimental song. It was soft and low and gentle. That song would have made a girl cry if nobody'd been dead.

At Lefty's funeral the orchestra had been hidden from view by an improvised ledge of growing rosemary, and the voices had been hidden by another wall of flowers on the other side of the room. They'd even arranged the acoustics so that the music and the orchestra seemed terribly far away, coming from heaven maybe. Some big bookmaker had paid for all that.

There had been a fight at Lefty's funeral too. Some newspaper photographer had been fool enough to open his box and try to snap Lefty's mother. They had nearly mobbed him. Marie would bet ten to one there wasn't a newspaper photographer within a mile of Brightlights' funeral. She looked around hopefully. She would have looked so well in her black dress.

It was a flop. All the way a flop. And it had cost plenty. When the preacher told her to come forward and take a last look at Brightlights, she closed her eyes. She didn't want to see him. She felt like he had cheated her somehow.

Even the funeral procession was different—cheaper—than Lefty's. A hundred hoodlum busses—all cars of expensive make—had been in line following Lefty. Mrs. O'Brien had been in the second car from the hearse. The first car held a machine-gun crew. And there had been a little gray car scooting back and forth. In that car—a sort of torpedo boat—Skeets McDonald, the fastest Tommy man in town, crouched, ready to sprinkle death to any man or any group of men who dared offer an affront to the dead king of hoodlums.

Police on horses and motorcycles rode up and down the line, ever on the alert. The police and the little gray torpedo boat lent drama to the procession. Everybody on their toes, expectant.

She thought of all this as she moved off behind the hearse. There were twenty-five or thirty cars in the line—cheap cars, most of them. At the door a lone cop had been stationed and he was kept half busy herding curious kids away from the door. There had been no newspaper photographers waiting.

It was all too cheap!

She was glad it was over. She was back in the flat where she and Brightlights had lived. They'd been happy too. She removed her hat and gloves and flung them to a corner. On the wall hung a picture of Brightlights. She walked over to it. Poor old Brightlights! She took the picture from the wall and sat down by the window. Somehow, she couldn't seem to remember him as the daring torpedo, the ace diamond thief, the romantic chief of a famous and dangerous mob.

She remembered him as the butcher's boy who had furnished not drama but cheap burlesque at his death. That was silly, of course. But he wasn't such a handsome guy, at that. She noticed that his eyes were puffy and his mouth seemed weak. He looked like he might have been a butcher's boy.

Something white on the table caught her eye. It was a letter that had been left for her. She brightened. It was the "gift" the boys always made up among themselves and presented to the widow of a slain mob chieftain. She opened it. A check dropped to her lap.

It was for five hundred dollars! Lefty's widow was given twenty grand!

Cheap! Everything was cheap! Brightlights had died like a Clark Street bum. His funeral had been cheap. This check was cheap.

She opened the newspaper she had purchased on the street. She hunted for a long time before she found what she wanted. She read it aloud, slowly:

"Martin B.—Brightlights—Baker, well-known police character and leader of the North Side liquor crowd, was buried this afternoon in Mars Hill Cemetery.

Brightlights died Tuesday night of pneumonia. He is the first local gang leader to die a natural death since the death, seven years ago, of Tony—Old Folks—Prater. Prater also died of pneumonia. Since his death, thirty-five mob leaders have died violent deaths.

Brightlights leaves a widow—Mrs. Marie Baker who, before her marriage to Brightlights, was known to Chicago night life as Marie Richardville."

Marie laughed loudly, a bitter, jarring, mirthless sound.

"Pneumonia!" she told herself. "Can't even make the first page."

She threw the newspaper into the wastebasket. She bent over and fished from the basket the crumpled bit of paper Marty Long had given her.

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

Always fresh Always tasty Always good

When the man from Michigan orders a meal in Maine—
As the giant locomotive splits the sultry night in twain—
It's "Yessah, boss," the waiter says, "yo' c'n sho be proud
To see the fruits an' vegetables we're servin' to this crowd—
I've served 'em down in Flory-da an' out 'n Louisian'—
An' way up there in Oregon—it's still the Hart Brand Can—
When you get 'em in a dinin' car—you gotta please 'em all—
An' give 'em just the best they is—spring, summer, winter, fall—
So my boss-steward, he's plenty smart—an' serves on all his trips
The Hart Brand foods from Michigan—an', man—it helps my tips!"

Whether it is on the dining car, where the cuisine reflects the highest degree of excellence, or in homes where wholesomeness and good living are paramount, Hart Brand canned foods give a splendid zest to daily meals. These Michigan-grown fruits and vegetables, with their unforgettable flavor, will delight you. Their healthful qualities make them the best food for young and old.

Always look for the Red Heart on every can.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Peas (11 popular sizes), Corn (5 varieties), Green Lima Bean Succotash, Green Lima Beans, Green String Beans, Wax Beans, Red Kidney Beans, Spinach, Beets, Pumpkin, Peaches, Pears, Strawberries, Cherries, Red Raspberries, Black Raspberries, Blackberries—and many other varieties—all first in quality, all moderately priced!

VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

Quick-Action Power

If you want quick-action power—if you like to be on your way quickly, and to get there with a minimum of fuss and gear-shifting—then use the *new* and *better* Texaco. ¶ For Texaco is a true high-test gasoline—a gasoline in which marked anti-knock qualities have been achieved without the addition of chemicals. Rigidly controlled by special distillation processes, every drop of the *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas*—every drop burns cleanly and produces smooth, responsive power at all times. ¶ There's all the difference in the world between the *new* and *better* Texaco and ordinary gasolines—and the price is the same. ¶ Drive in today wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. ¶ The Texas Company, Texaco Petroleum Products.

YOU BUY THE LIQUID BUT YOU USE THE VAPOR

A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, resisting the action of the spark, make starting difficult and cause an uneven and sluggish power-flow.

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a *dry* gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air which responds immediately to the spark, providing an even flow of power from all cylinders.

The NEW *and* BETTER

TEXACO GASOLINE

"TOMORROW —is the day that may never come"

Intelligent men do not need to be persuaded that Fire Insurance is a gilt-edged investment.

The wisdom of insuring is undeniable. It is provable—demonstrable. It has that particular quality essential to all truth: *it is self-evident to one who will fairly examine the record.*

And yet—and yet—

Because intelligent men are also very human men, insurance is often neglected, often delayed . . . And often one day's delay spells disaster —irretrievable loss . . .

So year after year men of intelligence, men of prudence and accomplishment, put off insurance as a matter to be attended to . . . *tomorrow.*

And year after year the tragedy continues: The life-dream and vision of a man are burned to ashes; the solid material achievement raised by years of toil, razed, gutted by Fire—and the ashes scattered and the dream burned out . . .

"Delay is dangerous . . . Tomorrow . . . Tomorrow is the day that may be too late . . . *Tomorrow* is the day that never comes."

Call the Hartford agent—now. Find out what insurance you have and what you need—now. Let him begin —now, to act as your agent. He knows insurance and his services are free.*

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of Insurance except life.

*If you do not know the agent's name look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't so listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company direct.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

(Continued from Page 19)

of paddy. Then he killed the Burman motor driver, who was easy, being already fallen down and half dead with fright.

Then, wiping his dah upon his orange-and-black-checked *loungyi* Maung Maung went along to the motor car, whistling. Vital Das had to move a little, because the thickness of the branches prevented his seeing. When he had changed his position he saw Maung Maung standing at the lakeside with Mary Wa Lee, who had been with the Chinaman in the motor car, for they two were lovers.

She was crying bitterly now, half beside herself, saying, "I saw, Maung Maung! What have you done? You are wicked—very, very wicked! You have killed him!"

She tried to get past him to where the Chinaman lay at the lakeside. But Maung Maung put out his hand and would not let her go.

Up in the tamarisk tree Vital Das clung, giddy and sick. He wondered whether he ought to go down and show himself. He wondered whether he ought to call out to Maung Maung that he was looking. But that seemed merely to augur another corpse at the lakeside. Vital Das could not think what he ought to do. He told himself Maung Maung would not harm the girl. He could not possibly harm her. Vital Das clung to the tamarisk tree, his mind in a whirl in which nothing stood out except "Capital of England—London. Capital of France—Paris. Capital of Germany—Berlin."

He closed his eyes. He dared not look any more. If only he could think of a plan. But all he could think of was: "Derbyshire, Derby, Matlock and Buxton."

When he looked up again, Mary was dead. Maung Maung had killed her, stabbing her this way and that. She lay quiet in the moonlight. From his place in the tree Vital Das could see her long, familiar pigtail, with its bow of crimson ribbon. Vital Das remained in the tree for some time, paralyzed with horror. He dared not go near, to look at Mary. When at length he summoned strength to come down at all, he went back to the palace and fell sobbing on the floor, where he lay until morning.

The news reached Wa Lee at daybreak He was like a man demented. Vital Das went to him and told him all he knew of the night's doings, up to the running away. But beyond that he said nothing, for he did not want to be mixed up in it and have questions asked him. They were all far cleverer than he was, and he wasn't sure that they wouldn't accuse him of having done it himself if he said too much.

The police came. They hunted the countryside for Maung Maung, but they did not find him. And now it dawned on Vital Das that, if he had come straight back and told Wa Lee all he knew, there would have been a better chance for them. But he did not think of that until too late. Several hours had elapsed before the search started, and Maung Maung knew how to put them to the best advantage.

Vital Das could neither eat nor sleep. A deep melancholy descended on him, which never lifted again. Usually quiet and morose, he was now so at all times. He told himself that he would leave the house of Wa Lee and scour the countryside until he found Maung Maung, when he would strangle him with his own hands.

But he did nothing. He remained where he was, going daily to the office. And now, in the mental distress of the Chinaman, he got a greater hold than ever on all the business of Wa Lee, whether official or unofficial. He discovered three methods by which he could do Wa Lee out of considerable sums of money, with the minimum risk of detection. He saw himself, presently, a rich man and grew avaricious, hoarding everything he could in a secret place of his own.

One night, late, Wa Lee came to him. He said, "There is ten thousand rupees' reward out for that one."

"Which one?" asked Vital Das, to gain time.

"The Mad Dog."

"How can that help anyone, when we do not know where he is? If I knew where he was, would I not have slain him months ago?"

Wa Lee said nothing more at the moment. He stood, lost in thought, his hands tucked into the wide sleeves of his coat.

Some nights later Wa Lee came again. He said, "In many tlings you have learned to keep silent. Can you now keep silent in one tling more?"

Vital Das replied gloomily, "Am I a man of many words?"

Wa Lee told him nothing further, but patted him upon the shoulder, saying, "Ally lighty. When I want you, you speak. When I don't, you say nothing. Ally lighty."

Vital Das heard no more till he was called as a witness in the case of Maung Maung, standing his trial for brutal murder of several persons.

"Now you speak," said Wa Lee. "What he asks you, you say. You don't say nothing more."

It was too easy. Not one lie passed his lips. They asked, "Were you with Maung Maung on the night of this murder?"

He replied, "Yes."

"Did you see the Chinaman, John Cheng, run toward him, taking off his coat, and Maung Maung draw his dah?"

Vital Das replied that he had seen. More questions of that kind he answered quite truly. The only thing was that the man in the dock was not Maung Maung. It was Maung Gyi, the half-wit, own blood cousin to Maung Maung and not unlike him, being aquiline of nose, when other men were squat. Petrified and weak with terror was Maung Gyi, slobbering at the mouth and unable to collect himself. But the judges and the police remembered how, of old, Maung Maung had tried that ruse and defeated the ends of the law by pretending to be deficient, so that he had been put into an asylum, out of which he escaped with great promptitude. The judges and the police were not having any more of that.

So they hanged Maung Gyi and that was the end of him. Vital Das got three thousand rupees as his share of the prize money. Wa Lee laughed as he dealt the money out by lantern light in the big, empty room of the derelict palace. His shadow loomed on the ceiling, vast and evil, like a devil god.

"Plenty money. That velly good," said Wa Lee and he nodded, and his shadow, immense in the half darkness, nodded with him. "Only one thing now. Maung Maung will come back. Burman always comes back to his own town. We must watch velly clarefully. He will come back, Mad Dog. And we will kill him without mercy."

But months went by, and presently a whole year, and Maung Maung did not come back, nor was there any news or any tidings of him. Wa Lee's businesses prospered exceedingly and Wa Lee grew richer and richer. And, unobtrusively and with the minimum risk of discovery, Vital Das grew richer too.

Wa Lee became strange in his ways and difficult to live with. He arose, screaming, from his sleep, shouting that Maung Maung had come. A dozen times they hunted round the rooms of his town house for Maung Maung.

But the rooms were empty and still in the night, and there was never anyone there. By day Wa Lee gave handsome parties, to which Europeans and men high in government positions came. But Wa Lee got no pleasure from his wealth; neither did Vital Das. Only the outcast, Simon, enjoyed himself. He drank freely and developed a paunch.

One day, in his cups, Simon talked too much once too often, for he spoke unwisely with Alec Jones, the young policeman, and that might have been a difficult business if Wa Lee had not acted promptly. The policeman was knocked down by a motor car and badly hurt, for in hospital a man may talk wildly and get nothing but ice at his head and a thermometer in his mouth. When he came out of hospital all chances of collecting evidence were removed. More thoroughly removed than ever Wa Lee dreamed of, for not only was Simon buried in the débris of the fallen palace but Wa Lee himself was lost there also, nor were their bodies found to this day.

So Vital Das collected all Wa Lee's jewels that were hidden there and sold his various businesses, and there he was, a rich man and a free man, with no one living except Maung Maung, the Mad Dog, who knew a word against him. And the Mad Dog remained in close hiding.

"I have merely to finish that one," mused Vital Das, "and the wolf is for alwaya from the door."

Now they told him that, just before the death of Wa Lee, he had shouted that Maung Maung had returned, that Maung Maung stood in the garden, laughing at him. And Vital Das was uneasy in his mind and never went abroad without a small revolver. His dreams, like the dreams of Wa Lee, became very miserable and haunted, and all his riches were of little use to him, nor was the honor men paid him of much account. There were people who urged Vital Das to take a hand in the government of the country by standing for the legislative council, promising him every necessary help and assistance.

"Nart even will you have trouble making your speeches," they pointed out, "for that, too, we will arrange, having one of great eloquence domiciled in Mandalay, who will write speeches of much inspiration on all necessary occasions."

At times Vital Das half considered it. At others it seemed too much trouble. He was haunted these days by one terror—that when the moment came and he found himself face to face with Maung Maung, he would fail, as he had failed on most other occasions, to come up to scratch. He was afraid he would swither and hesitate, and so lose his opportunity, and, instead of him slaying Maung Maung, that one would slay him.

So he lay awake at night, sweating, and hating himself and the whole world in general. And he haunted the garden of Wa Lee's derelict house at sunset, and the river bank, and the edge of the little lakes, because it was here he expected Maung Maung would one day appear.

At the Full Moon of Tabaung a deputation waited on Vital Das once more, urging him to stand for the legislative council. He now had a large following, having given many sums of money away, as advised by his friends. Vital Das was a perfect citizen as long as he had someone behind him to tell him what to do.

As he went down to meet this deputation a coolie brought him a note. It was scrawled untidily in pencil, and said:

There is news awaiting on the lakeside road, after sundown, about one shout from the tamarisk tree that stands beside the lake.

Vital Das' knees began to tremble and shake, and the sweat poured down his back and off his face. He sent word to the deputation that he was sick and could not see them till the morrow. Then he shut himself up in his room, waiting for sundown and practicing, in his mind, the course of action he would take; for Maung Maung had returned to kill him, and he must think out a way of killing Maung Maung first, and, after he had killed him, of disposing of his body; though no questions would be asked, that one being already officially dead.

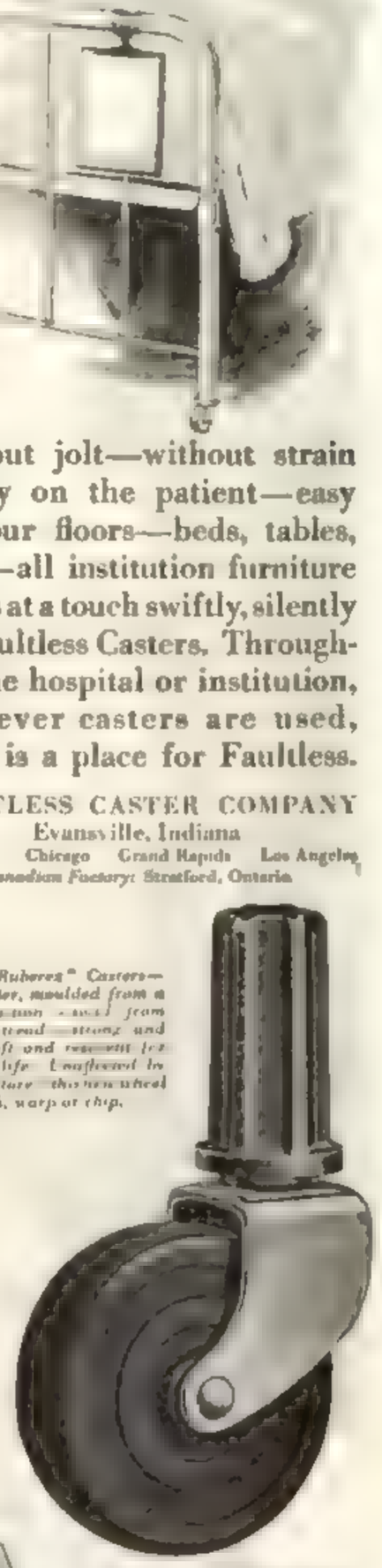
He paced the floor, trying to think, but he could think of nothing useful. Only senseless scraps of his education floated

(Continued on Page 106)

Institutions Move on Faultless Casters

Without jolt—without strain—easy on the patient—easy on your floors—beds, tables, carts—all institution furniture moves at a touch swiftly, silently on Faultless Casters. Throughout the hospital or institution, wherever casters are used, there is a place for Faultless.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
Evansville, Indiana
New York Chicago Grand Rapids Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario



Faultless "Ruberex" Casters—a better caster, moulded from a new composition ... steel from bushing to tread ... strong and rigid yet soft and resilient for quiet, long life. Unaffected by acids or moisture ... this new wheel cannot crack, warp or chip.

Countless miles a day down your corridors across your floors over your rugs ... it's no wonder casters are an important phase in institution management. Here is a book every institution should have ... it covers an important subject—a copy will be sent you upon request.

NOELTING
FAULTLESS • CASTERS
Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

AWAY AHEAD IN THEIR STYLE

Kuppenheimer Overcoats are worn by the well dressed young men who insist upon smart appearance as well as usefulness. Good, and good to look at, is their combination. Handcrafting, and exclusive fabrics give Kuppenheimer Raglans, Ulsters, and Dress Coats the leadership.

KUPPENHEIMER
THE QUALITY IS APPARENT, TOO
Kuppenheimer Overcoats show their quality - everybody gets it quickly. The man who wears one gets even more - ease, comfort, extra wear and the abundant satisfaction of knowing his appearance is pleasing. Don Juan - is the new silky fur surfaced fabric - ask for it.

Your best friend will soon tell you

YOUR fellowmen will welcome the mild fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite tobacco. They'll be grateful that at last your "social pipe" is living up to its name. It's mild, it's mellow, it's kept fresh in the tin by a wrapping of heavy gold foil. It's the perfect combination for a well-bred pipe.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. S, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C

B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 103)

loose through his mind, odds and ends of the pages and pages of things he had learned at school, like a parrot:

"Sixteen ounces one pound. Fourteen pounds one stone. Twenty pennyweights one ounce."

At nightfall he drove himself out to the lake and waited under the tamarisk tree. From the beginning he knew that he was doomed, because he forgot to bring his revolver. He forgot to bring his revolver, and never discovered he had done so until it was too late! Then, sick with apprehension, he realized that someone approached along the lake edge—a Burman, taller than the average, clad in an orange-and-black-check *loungyi*, with a head scarf round his head. Vital Das felt his knees failing him. Unless he acted instantly, he knew that he would end by running away. The Burman now stood still at the water's edge, about one shout from the tamarisk tree, looking out over the lake. Vital Das sprang on him from behind, his hands at his throat.

"Mad Dog," he gasped, "I have you now!"

The fact that he had not failed himself went to his head and filled his arms with an unusual strength. He knelt down on his victim, feeling over his body for a dah or some instrument to finish him off with. He was panting and drunk with triumph.

The Burman lay very still. Vital Das turned him over onto his back, to search the front of him for a knife. The white moonlight fell on the startled liver-colored face, the protruding eyes, the open mouth.

Vital Das gave a smothered cry and let the man go. For it wasn't Maung Maung! It wasn't even anyone like him. It was a squat-nosed Burman of the ordinary type—a poor fisherman fishing by moonlight. His circular net lay abandoned in the water, with, entangled in its meshes, one silver fish.

"*O-ma-lay-lo!*" gasped the Burman, struggling to his feet. "Thieves, robbers, murder! Murder! Robbers! Thieves!"

He ran away into the night, leaving his net behind him. Vital Das drew it up out of the water and bathed his hands and head, and leaned, gasping, on the edge of the lake, for he saw what an escape he had had. If he had brought his revolver with him he would have killed that man, and the man was not even like Maung Maung.

Then he saw the priest in the yellow robe. He came along the lake edge slowly, a Buddhist priest, his garments wrapped about him. When he was about one shout from the tamarisk tree he paused. But, seeing Vital Das, he came on.

"You came here for news?" he asked.

Vital Das looked up, astonished. "What news have you for me?"

"News of one Maung Maung, called Mad Dog. A friend of yours. He spoke of you many times. Would you hear tidings of him?"

Vital Das said passionately, "The only good tidings of that one would be that he had died a dog's death."

"For such tidings, would you pay good money?"

Vital Das clutched at the man's cloak. "Is that true? Is the Mad Dog dead?"

"As for that, it remains to be seen. How much can you pay?"

Vital Das, in his eagerness, named a sum. The priest doubled it. Vital Das agreed, trembling. What did he care if he could know, once and for all, that he was rid of this terror! Together the two men returned to Wa Lee's town house, where Vital Das now lived. The money was paid in notes before the priest would speak.

Then he laughed and said: "That one died, even as you have wished, a dog's death, for he foamed at the mouth and uttered sounds like a dog, and we think an evil spirit certainly entered into him at the end."

Vital Das leaned forward in his chair, sick with relief: for now all his troubles were at an end.

But were his troubles at an end?

"Of all the men who schemed for the hanging of the wrong man," said the priest gently, "only you remain. That, too, is a punishable offense under the white men's law."

Vital Das looked up quickly.

"I will pay," he said. He knew what it meant. Had he not assisted at just such arrangements a hundred times in the flat-roofed house on the outskirts of Calcutta, before his mind got all cluttered up by the things they taught him at school?

"Regularly to the funds of the monastery?"

"In the usual manner."

"It is well," said the priest. "Then there will be no difficulties. We shall not quarrel. And placed where you are, you will be of use to us in many ways."

After he had gone, Vital Das sat down on the edge of the European bedstead and wept a few tears over the complication of life and things in general.

He was elected member of the Legislative Council the following cold weather. He gave large sums of money away, as advised by his supporters, and he said whatever he was told. A series of questions, mostly of an obstructive nature, was made out for him to ask every session, by the priests, for ends of their own. And his speeches were ably written by a gentleman in Mandalay. The only anxiety Vital Das had was as to whether they would catch the post and arrive in time.

At the instigation of his supporters he endowed a ward in the hospital. For the most part, his mind remained a complete blank, though, at the oddest moments, scraps of things he had learned at school, all mixed up with political facts that had no bearing at all on anything in particular, would float through his head. And sometimes, for no reason, he would find himself repeating a long series of dates:

"Ten sixty-six to ten eighty-seven. Ten eighty-seven to eleven hundred." He had long since forgotten the names of the kings that went with them.

He was knighted in 1932.

"And deserves it, if ever a man did," said the commissioner heartily. "Though I do not like his political views and he is often an awful nuisance in the Legislative Assembly, he has done a great deal of good with his money."

Lady Paravane said, "I can't bear the man."

"What a mercy it is," said the commissioner genially, helping himself to some more toast and rearranging the paper handily against the coffeepot, "that the world is not run by you women, with your prejudices and fads!"

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

How little the public knows of moments and ceremonies like these! The book is most informing, and incidentally, Professor Bogg's treatise on Spectrophobia is suggested as preliminary reading.

THE JADE ASH TRAY, by Max Hohmer. A mystery story of breathless interest. Anopheles Sprockett, face-lifting specialist, is found dead in his office, with his pituitary gland missing. Keen detective work reveals nothing, until at last James Muffett, the young night watchman, hears a curious snaffling sound in the penthouse and but we must not spoil the surprise. Begin it, and you'll sit up till morning.

OPAQUE BODIES, by Julius Pritzel. A stark, gripping tale of Siberian love and despair. Yankya Wigoff, girlish toiler in a samovar foundry, leads a stifling, inhibited life in a sordid hut with a tuberculous grandmother and a great-uncle who is dying of encephalic myxœdema. Craving self-expression, she meets Elmer Spodge, a clever but neurotic American who is secretly studying the gasoline market, and he persuades her to run away with him to Kutkadakut, on the shore of the White Sea. Inevitably he tires of her, and after freezing their two microcephalic children he returns to civilization.

Yankya then enters the air-mail service, where her untiring struggle for self-expression and her tragic end are described with a sure touch that probes the acrid depths of the Russian soul.

HEARTFEATHERS, selected poems, by Velma Snodgrass. Poignant, stark, vital. The type is Caslon Old Face, inked with ink balls. A book redolent with nostalgic charm. A single extract will give the reader an idea of the vibrant timbre of her mentality:

You lie beneath my window;
The curtains close are drawn,
Nor can you know that through the pane
I see you in the dawn . . .
What matters it to me, that you
Dropped dead upon my lawn?

BLISTERED SOULS, by Salathiel Radford. Every few years a new attempt is made to pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds the poems and personality of Emily Dickinson. Why, for example, after so many years of silence, was the Single Hound published? It is not generally known that the title of this book refers to Walt Whitman, whom the authoress met when she boarded the Philadelphia horse car upon whose platform he stood conversing at the driver. Although they never met again, the following quatrain shows that he made a deep impression:

Men may have beards, and some may try
To stand on either leg;
But oh, the eccentricity
That glitters in a fog!

This story and many other unknown anecdotes of literary folk are told in "Blistered Souls."

SO YOU'RE GOING TO GET DRUNK! by Walton Winkwell. A reliable guidebook advertising the night life of our great cities. Thoughtful parents will love this cheery little volume. Buy it for your sophomore son. It will prove highly educative and may save him from the tragedy of blundering into the night clubs which are not really smart.

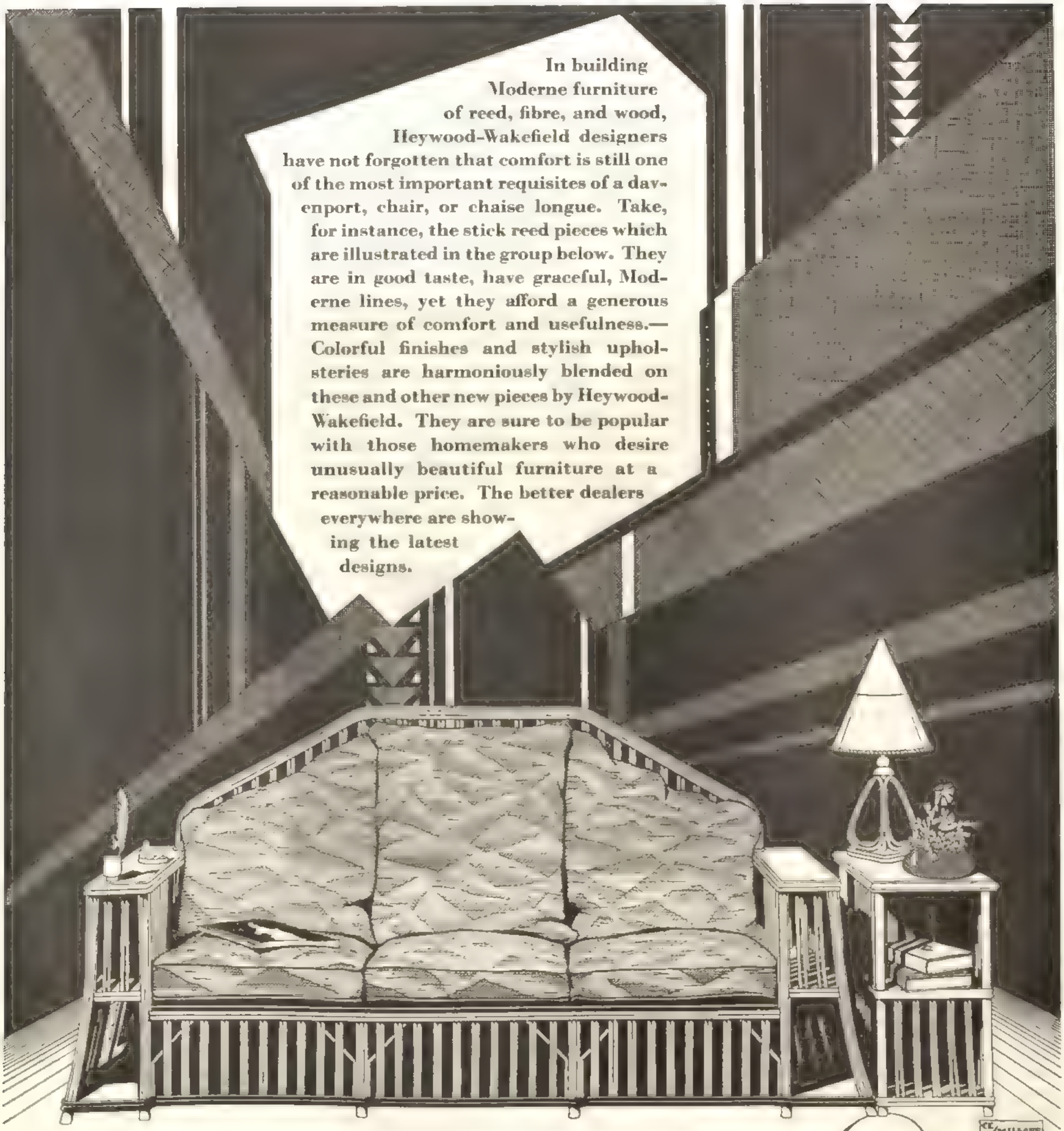
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

It's a Simple Matter for a Graduate to Get Tickets for the Big Game

A SELF-MADE MAN: I certainly envy you every time the football season comes around.

ONE WHO WENT TO COLLEGE: I don't doubt it. All I have to do to get my tickets is make out my application on Form 878-B-66-28, and no other; sign it with my full name in ink as a guaranty that the tickets will not fall into the hands of scalpers; indicate by a cross in the proper place whether or not I will occupy one of the seats applied for; inclose the proper remittance, not forgetting the registration and mailing fee; make three choices as to desired location of seats; be satisfied if none of the desired locations is available; agree to take what I can get; send no letters or telegrams of inquiry if the tickets have not been received four days prior to the contest; agree to wear a red tie throughout the game; promise not to uproot the opponents' goal posts in case of victory; and above all, swear not to raise an umbrella should it rain.

—*Bill Sykes.*


In building Moderne furniture of reed, fibre, and wood, Heywood-Wakefield designers have not forgotten that comfort is still one of the most important requisites of a davenport, chair, or chaise longue. Take, for instance, the stick reed pieces which are illustrated in the group below. They are in good taste, have graceful, Moderne lines, yet they afford a generous measure of comfort and usefulness.—Colorful finishes and stylish upholsteries are harmoniously blended on these and other new pieces by Heywood-Wakefield. They are sure to be popular with those homemakers who desire unusually beautiful furniture at a reasonable price. The better dealers everywhere are showing the latest designs.

The "Art Moderne" pieces illustrated are Davenport R 845-60, End Table R 839 G, and Lamp R 734 E.—Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, to cover the cost of mailing our new book on interior decoration, "Color Furniture in the Home."

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

Do you eat enough candy?

See what the modern authorities say about candy in the diet — why and how you should eat it

CANDY IS A FOOD! that's the first thing to know about it. Candy supplies definite needs of the body, just like milk, fruit, vegetables, cereals. Candy, in fact, furnishes several vital elements of the diet, without which you couldn't keep well!

So this is the word of modern dietary science—eat candy sensibly, eat it as a food—if you do this you will get the greatest possible enjoyment and benefit from it.

How candy fills important bodily needs

Candy is sometimes considered as an energy food only, because it is so remarkable in that respect. But candy is much more than that. In the candy shown on this page, for example, you will find: Proteins, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts, and vitamins—all vital to health.

You doubtless recall having read that Gertrude Ederle ate candy for "body fuel" when she swam the channel, that soldiers, athletes and explorers use it for the same purpose.

Considered as a source of quick energy for the body—an extremely necessary food-function—candy is a near perfect food. Considered as a complex food, the source of regulative and building elements (proteins, vitamins and mineral salts) candy also has a place in the properly balanced diet.

Caroline Hunt,* noted specialist in Home Economics, has therefore recommended that candy be made a part of the "sweets" ration, which consists of about five pounds a week for the family of five. Candy may constitute whatever part of this is desired.

*Specialist in Home Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Farmer's Bulletin Number 1313

Hallowe'en comes on October 31,
the eve of All Saints' Day, an occasion for happy parties.
Candy is always part of the picture.

A hint to women (and men, too) who want to be thinner

Contrary to the old superstition, candy has no unique fat-producing qualities. Such authorities as Gordon and von Stanley** even suggest the use of candy in a slenderizing diet.

Here is a suggestion: eat candy as a dessert, as often as you find it agreeable. Let it take the place of the heavy, rich desserts, which are difficult to "burn" as fuel, and which tend more to be converted into tissue-fat.

**American Journal of the Medical Sciences—Jan., 1928

Candy thus supplies the need of a sweet after meals in the most wholesome way. Serve it alone or with fruits and nuts.

How to use candy as a food

Treat candy exactly like other foods! The best diet is a *varied* diet and a *balanced* diet. Don't try to live on any one or half-dozen foods. Even milk alone, the most nearly perfect of all foods, is not enough in itself to keep you in good health. Don't make a meal of milk, or potatoes, or fruits alone—or candy! See that *all* the necessary elements are there in proper proportion.

Divide your food-budget like this, for example:

"About one fifth for vegetables and fruits
About one fifth for milk and cheese
About one fifth for meats, fish and eggs
About one fifth for breads and cereals
About one fifth for fats and sugar (candy)"

(Cited by Dr. Henry C. Sherman, "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," MacMillan.)

A book for you

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen has written a scientific, modern booklet in everyday language for you—called "The New Knowledge of Candy." Beautifully printed and illustrated in colors. Use the coupon below, and send ten cents.

Please send me Dr. Bundesen's Book on Candy. Ten cents enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

ABOVE STATEMENTS APPROVED BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

Mail Coupon to RESEARCH DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS ASSOCIATION, 180 *West Washington Street, Chicago*

DYNASTY

(Continued from Page 23)

of the church and managed minutes of conversation with her. It would be incorrect to say he was contented, but he came close to contentment; for he felt he was impressing himself upon her, making patent to her his intentions, impending over her so that it was impossible he should occupy any but a considerable place in her thoughts.

As to his ultimate success he had no doubt. He believed in himself. He believed that what he desired so greatly must be his, and he feared no rival. Also he was patient. That it was other young men, and not he, who saw her home from parties or from the evening services might have been a source of dissatisfaction, but never of apprehension.

So matters proceeded through that first six months since his taking of the pledge. During that six months his position in Carthage had changed materially. He was still an object of gossip and of wonderment; his reformation, at first a nine-day wonder and regarded with suspicion, was now accepted generally as a stability; but he was still a young man with a past. There was a certain glamour about this, of course, but also there were disadvantages. His handling of the strike had won for him more fear than affection, and in such a little city as that, his apparent usurpation of place in Amasa Worthington's regard drew to him more jealousy than admiration. He was, as the saying went, worming himself in with his employer.

But he could not worm himself in with his employer's wife or his employer's son. Jonathan Steel Worthington was then in his sixteenth year, and was such a boy as his environment and social position made of him. He was a rich man's son, his mother's darling, and fully conscious of his importance in the scheme of things. He had been the only child in town to own a pony, which, fifty years ago, was the sign manual of juvenile aristocracy. His mother impressed upon him daily that he was the son of Amasa and how this carried with it responsibilities. There were children with whom he must not associate and various things he might not do without losing caste. He never knew, as did most of his fellows, the pleasant sensation of bare feet pressing dewy grass or scuffling through ankle-deep sand of luxurious warmth. He was always dressed up, even of Saturday mornings, and he did not play rowdy games. More of his time was spent with girls than with boys. On the whole, though his instincts were well enough, though he was naturally kindly, as his father was, there was enough in him of his mother's narrowness and class consciousness to make of him a precocious snob—which suited exactly Mrs. Worthington. Less children stood outside Amasa's fence and watched Jonathan playing inside with expensive toys—and did not regard it as other than right and fitting. It was the custom of the day and in keeping with the period.

"I don't see," his mother said to him many times, "how your father can abide to have a man like that Hiram Bond in his employ. Of course," she said, with the phrase which she used so frequently when criticizing her husband—which deceived nobody—"of course your father knows best, but I wonder at him."

"He is a hoodlum," Jonathan replied, quoting.

"Some day, Jonathan, you will occupy the position your father occupies now. It is a great responsibility. Your father and I are doing all we can to prepare you for it. When that time comes I hope and trust you will not have about you any such people as Hiram Bond."

"If," said Jonathan, "he works in the mill then, I'll discharge him the first thing I do."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Worthington

Which carefully planted and watered seed was one Hiram labored in vain to uproot; nor was he one to minimize the importance of its uprooting. Amasa P. Worthington was no more permanent than any other man, and half a dozen years would bring his son to legal age. It was inevitable Jonathan should then be inducted into the business and occupy the throne of crown prince. What, on the day of Amasa's departure from life, would it matter to Hiram how high he stood in his employer's esteem, if he stood low in that of the son? Ten years, twenty years, of effort would be brought to nothing on the instant Therefore Hiram exerted himself to win Jonathan, but never with the minutest progress. Mrs. Worthington was too strong for him there.

At this time Hiram's plans were interrupted briefly by the sudden illness of his father. Between the two there had never been what might be called a breach, but Mr. Bond's disapproval of his son's mode of life had been made apparent; he had never recovered fully from his disappointment at Hiram's failure to enter the legal profession, though that effort had been more his wife's doing than his own. But he was a man to resent any failure—an austere, grim sort of man, not capable of expressing himself or of unbending. However deep his love for his son might have been, it was mute, hidden deeply under his surface of reserve. But we may believe that Hiram understood his father better than Mr. Bond understood him. If, however, there had been a wound in the relations of father and son, it was healed at the bedside.

"My son," said the elder Bond, "the doctor says I shall not get up again."

"Yes," said Hiram.

"I am ready to go." The voice was firm and no flicker of emotion disturbed the granite face. It was as if he spoke of some trivial journey. "I have lived my life on this farm and among these neighbors. I have wronged no man; I have rendered unto Cæsar what was Cæsar's due, and I am not afraid to face my Maker." He was a man who during his lifetime had spoken seldom of religious matters, though strict in his religious observances. The chapter had been read and the blessing asked in that house. But now he said a thing which Hiram was to store in his memory. "I have had no other gods before Him, and"—here his eagle eyes, softened by the gentle thought, rested upon his son—"I have been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Hiram nodded and touched his father's hand, and the old fingers closed and clung, not for comfort, not in fear, but in one of the few gestures of caress Hiram ever had known.

"I feared," said Mr. Bond, "that I would be disappointed in you, but these last months have been a satisfaction to me." He paused and looked far through the open window over the ripening yellow fields. "I have watched you, Hiram, because you are my son. I am not going to ask you to stay on this farm, where I and your grandfather lived our lives. It was big enough for us, but it is too small for you. I am going to make no dying requests or exact deathbed promises. But I want to say one thing, my son, which I believe needs saying to you: There are times when it is better to be generous than to be just."

After that he lay in silence for a long time, thinking his own thoughts. But what those thoughts were Hiram was not to know. At last he turned again. "Your mother has been a good wife to me," he said.

Hiram understood this; it was that his father asked some assurance that he would take care of his mother—not with money but with other and more imponderable commodities, such as solicitude and gentleness and filial affection. He wanted that assurance, but could not put the request into words.

"I love my mother," Hiram said, and his father moved his head upon the pillow in a sort of nod of gratitude.

"You will be well off," said Mr. Bond. "I am leaving no will. Your mother will be entitled to her third; the rest is for you. But I should not like the farm to pass out of our hands. I do not ask it. It will be yours to do with as you must."

"I will keep it," said Hiram.

Two days later the elder Bond died. Hiram took up his residence in the spacious old farmhouse, rising an hour earlier each morning for the three-mile drive to the mill. By this bereavement, by this loss of a father whom he admired with deep sincerity, Hiram became a man of financial consequence in the community. At that time in his career when money would be of the greatest service to him he came into command of money, or of the power to raise money. It is, however, a point to be observed throughout his long life that the making of wealth for himself was never a major purpose. It was power, success. His passion was for growth, for combination, for centralization, with himself as the moving and directing force. Could he have achieved this position without making a dollar for himself, he would have been content. To understand him, one must know that his sole reason for enriching himself was that without riches he could not maintain authority.

But now, by inheritance the master of a fortune of not less than fifty thousand dollars, he was in a position to stride forward rapidly.

"My father is dead," he wrote Professor Witmer. "In his way, he was a great man. I think I should be happier if his qualities were my qualities. He loved me, I think, deeply, but without the ability to draw my love to him. Nevertheless I have given him something which is, perhaps, better than blind love, and that is a profound admiration and reverence. By his death I have become a man of considerable property. I can say to you honestly that I would rather have remained poor until my dying day than to have come into means in this manner. . . . I have moved to the farm because my mother is lonely. It makes matters a trifle difficult, but I am very glad to do this. I expect within the year to bring home a wife who will, I am sure, be very welcome."

Then he added a curious *postscriptum:* "My father feared I would become a hard man. I wonder. In my personal relations, my social life, my friendships, such as they are, I am conscious only of a tendency to overleniency. It is only in matters of business, impersonal, that I become aware of an inflexibility, a sort of inexorability. In those matters I do not seem to be myself, but to be driven by something outside myself. Or is this myself, and the other an unconscious pretense?"

VII

HIRAM'S method of furthering with Amasa P. Worthington his project of acquiring Brooks & Sons was that of the dripping water which wears away the rock. The subject was always cropping up, daily, almost hourly. Worthington's objections were met one by one and overcome; but more important than that in its far-reaching results was the ambition, or vanity, or delusion, which Hiram succeeded in creating in his employer's breast.

Contentment is a tenant difficult to replace, and Amasa had been contented. He had been more than satisfied to be first in a little Iberian village, but Hiram knew no horizons. Not by fulsome flattery did he reach his objective, but rather by adroit suggestion. It was a Japanese sort of proceeding, a jiujitsu by which Amasa was lured into defeating himself.

One must not suppose Worthington to have been without ability. He was an able man of mediocre stature. His was the ability to take care well of what he possessed without the vision to perceive easy conquests. He was an honorable man whose ambition it was to be pointed out to small fry as one worthy of emulation. If a teacher in the local high school told his pupils to regard Amasa P. Worthington as a model of what a business man and citizen should be, then Amasa was rewarded. He was stubborn in his opinions, but not incapable of thinking from cause to effect or of seeing and understanding in a measure what was put before him clearly. It was the inertia of contentment which was Hiram Bond's most obstinate enemy—that and the caution of a man who never had become accustomed to ventures. Amasa was not one to risk what he had in an effort to acquire what he had not.

Besides these things, there was one more—Mrs. Worthington's determined opposition.

"I am coming to agree with you, Hiram, as to the general advisability of the thing," said Amasa, "but Mrs. Worthington is against it."

This was by no means news to Hiram, he had sensed this opposition and considered what forces of reserves he might throw against it at the turn of the battle. Now he felt that turn to have arrived.

"Perhaps," he said, "Mrs. Worthington has not been made to see the advantages to herself."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Worthington, not understanding this in the least.

"My experience is not so wide as yours, sir, but I may venture to say that arguments which convince a man's mind such as yours—do not interest a woman's mind."

"My boy," said Amasa, astonished at the novelty of this discovery, "I believe you are right."

"So," said Hiram, "I am wondering if it might not be worth our while to argue with Mrs. Worthington from her point of view"

"But what is her point of view?" Amasa smiled indulgently. "I have been married to my wife for twenty years, but I must confess I have discovered no invariable point of view"

"I believe," said Hiram, "I could put this matter to her in a way which would interest her—if that would be agreeable to you and an interview could be arranged."

Amasa flushed uncomfortably and fiddled with his penholder. He fancied he knew his wife: he did know of her implacable dislike for Hiram—for that hoodlum. Being a kindly man, it embarrassed him to be compelled to tell the young man of so humiliating a state of affairs.

"I am afraid," he said hesitantly, "that is out of the question."

"You mean," replied Hiram, "because of Mrs. Worthington's aversion for me?"

"Er—exactly, Hiram. She does not seem to like you. She—er—seems, for some reason, actively to dislike you."

"That is to be expected," said Hiram. He smiled such a smile as could give no offense to Mrs. Worthington's husband "She might," he suggested, "consent to an interview for that very reason." He long had felt that the lady would welcome an opportunity to give him a piece of her mind, and upon this possibility he built hopes for the meeting he requested.

"I will suggest it to her," said Amasa.

"And might I suggest, sir, that we be left alone?" As Amasa raised his brows Hiram grinned. It was a most carefully rehearsed grin, the grin of a naughty boy. "Because," he said, "Mrs. Worthington may want to scold me—and your being there would be a restraint."

Worthington threw back his head and laughed, and then he sat forward with a wry smile which faded into grave scrutiny. "Hiram," he said, "I'm afraid you are slick."

"If I am, sir, it shall be used for your advantage."

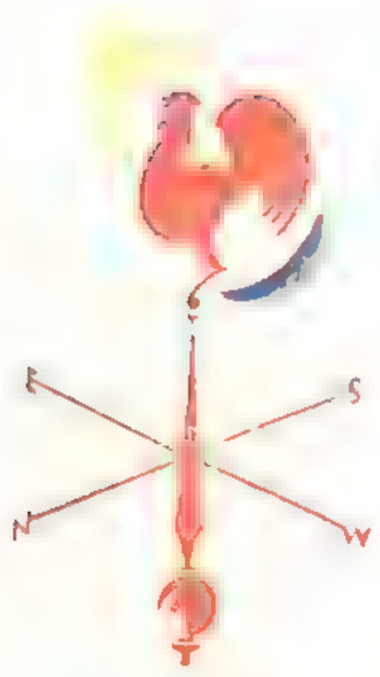
"I am convinced of that, my boy. I am sure of your loyalty, but there are moments

(Continued on Page 112)

Instead of an ornate "parlor" stove—this touch of modern beauty. . . .
Instead of dry, "spotty" heat—balmy, luxurious warmth in every room

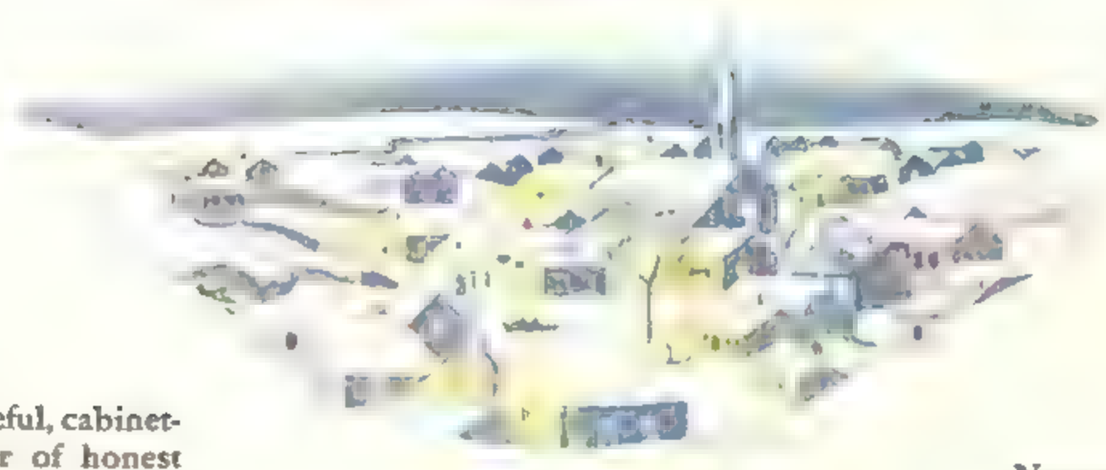
★ ★ Estate ★ ★

© 1928, The E. S. Co.



NORTH
SOUTH
EAST *and*
WEST

—to homes of good taste the Heatrola has brought new harmony, new health, new luxurious warmth • it is so obviously the thing to have • • this modern whole-house heater



IT is so good to look at! The graceful, cabinet-like Estate Heatrola with its air of honest quality, its simple, clean-cut lines, its softly gleaming finish of rich mahogany!

Women *approve* it at first sight . . . naturally.

And when frost frescoes the window-panes and icy blasts shriek shrilly through stark trees, their approval changes to *enthusiasm!*

For then the handsome Heatrola demonstrates the magic of modern home-heating methods. No more shut-off rooms. The whole house, upstairs and down, is fairly flooded with genial, *breathable* warmth . . . the balmy, moistened warmth of tropic isles . . . so good to the nose and throat . . . so healthful.

No more drafty floors and chilly hallways. Let the children play on the floors. Put plants on the window-sills of those used-to-be-frigid north rooms. For Heatrola warmth is *circulated* . . . there is always the same even temperature in every room.

Put away the smudgy stove polish. Stop worrying about smoke and ashes and dust. The Heatrola is *clean.* And you can *keep* it clean with a dust-cloth . . . like any other furniture!

The exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Duct—the heart of Heatrola's double air-circulating system. This ingenious device greatly increases Heatrola's heating capacity by capturing and utilizing heat that in ordinary heaters goes to waste up the flue.

And from a man's point of view

Beauty, cleanliness, healthfulness . . . these are things about Heatrola that appeal to women. It remains for the man of the house to discover its *hidden* virtues.

He will be quick to note the substantial perfection of Heatrola construction. He will like the ball-bearing grate that even a child can shake . . . the one-piece, air-tight ash-box . . . the smoke curtain and fuel chute . . . the easily-filled vapor tank that keeps the air *healthfully* moist . . . *but, most of all, he'll approve the Intensi-Fire Air Duct—for this exclusive Heatrola feature will actually cut fuel bills nearly in half!*

Make sure it's a genuine *Heatrola*

It seems that as soon as anything makes a name for itself by sheer merit, imitators take advantage of that Good Name. So remember, please, there is only *one* Heatrola—*Estate* builds it.

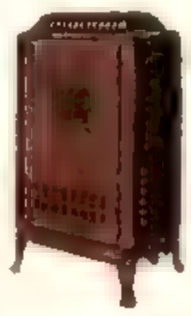
New low prices

Near you is an authorized Heatrola dealer. He is prepared to tell you all you want to know about the Heatrola. See him—take advantage of the new low Heatrola prices, and the very liberal terms of payment. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 8-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 241 W. 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.

FOR SMALL HOMES WHERE GAS IS AVAILABLE

ESTATE GAS HEATROLA



The Gas Heatrola is a true Heatrola, with the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, the Vapor Tank, and other exclusive features. Handsomely finished in everlasting vitreous enamel. Your Heatrola dealer or gas company will be glad to demonstrate. Of course, the Gas Heatrola is approved by the A. G. A.

AND NOW—THE NEW ESTATE HEATROLA JUNIOR

Especially designed for homes of from three to four rooms, small apartments and stores. "Junior" in size and capacity, but every inch a Heatrola in all its essential features of construction.

Mail this for full information . . .

THE ESTATE STOVE CO.
Dept 8-A,
Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me free booklet, "The Story of Estate Heatrola," also complete information regarding ☐ Estate Heatrola for Coal ☐ Estate Gas Heatrola (check which)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HEATROLA

There is only *One* Heatrola—*Estate* builds it

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR

CARRIED BY THOUSANDS!

NEW, IMPROVED "VERSATILE" Brief Case. Now has 6 Pockets instead of 5! No increase in price! Combines Brief Case, Week End Case, Traveling Bag, Sample Case, Catalogue Case, Accounts in Case. 6 bags practically for the price of one! Made from selected COWHIDE. Patented Steel Bar Construction prevents edges from sagging. Retains smart lines ALWAYS! COLORS — Handsome Brown and Black

(A) Secret pocket cleverly hidden for safekeeping of papers, contracts, precious manuscripts, money, etc.
(B) Pocket containing removable Toilet Kit.
(C) Zipper Top Expansion Pocket to fit Pullman or Attaché Case. Pockets for Hair Brush, Comb and Shoe Horn.
(D) Separate pockets for Pen, Pencils, Eraser, etc.
(E) Lunch Pocket for Pint Thermos Bottle.
(F) Patented disappearing, fully adjustable hanger (opens and closes with one hand) for Coat, Vest, Trousers, Skirts, Uniforms, Jackets, etc. Fits in Pullman or Wardrobe Trunk.
(G) Utility pocket for Pad, Envelopes, Blotter, Stamps, etc. MUST see the "VERSATILE" to appreciate it!

WE supply the "VERSATILE" to business men, bankers, traveling men, accountants, secretaries, salesmen, clergymen, architects, attorneys, students, young men and women. Has smart looking, nobby English tailored style. Stamps owner a person of importance. Our direct-by-mail price for limited time to feature our LUGGAGE DIVISION is $14.95

Sent on 10-Days FREE Trial

Our Plan is Different!

Terms $4.00 MONTHLY

or if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS deduct $1.20 and send Check or Money Order for $13.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return it. Order NOW $13.75

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Exporters, International Mail-Order House
"3 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
345 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON MASS
Sole Distributors of Versatile Brief Case

Gentlemen— Versatile Brief Case
FREE Trial on "Versatile" Brief Case. Terms Plan. Order Accepted.

NAME

ADDRESS

This Amazing Innovation is A Caseless Flashlight That Fits Your Vest Pocket or Purse

only 39¢ Complete

The most practical improvement ever made in flashlights. Lasts several months in ordinary usage, yet so small it can be carried with you daily for emergency uses. Choice of five rich shades of colors in bindings. Light snaps on and off as lid is opened and closed.

BURGESS SNAP-LITE FLASHLIGHT

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise $600up
as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30

Chart - 35th cruise, 66 days, sailing Mediterranean, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.

Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; $600 up
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

(Continued from Page 109)

when I am afraid your—shall we say sickness? will get me into trouble."

"You are here, Mr. Worthington, to watch and to stop me. There always must be your consent before I can act."

"True," said Amasa. "H'm—well, I will see what I can do."

Two days later Hiram trod the long walk from Amasa P. Worthington's gate to his front steps, past Amasa P. Worthington's cast-iron stags on the lawn and past Amasa P. Worthington's son, who was entertaining two little girls on the piazza. Young Jonathan eyed Hiram superciliously, uttered audibly the one word "hoodlum," but otherwise disregarded the visitor utterly. Hiram pulled the handle of the bell and was admitted by the hired girl.

Mrs. Worthington received him icily, in the library, under the steel engraving of Landseer's Stag at Bay. Her spare form, in the basque glittering with black jet, was rigid with enmity, and she compressed her lips significantly before she deigned to speak.

"My husband tells me you wished to talk with me," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hiram, and allowed a pause to intervene. He did not desire to come to his point until Mrs. Worthington had relieved herself of a measure of her pent-up dislike. She did not hesitate to do so.

"I consented to see you, Mr. Bond, only at my husband's request. I was surprised at his asking it, for he knows that I disapprove of you, of your mode of life, and that I have repeatedly urged him to discharge you from his employ."

Hiram Bond remained standing, huge, impassive, impressive, and upon him sat a calmness which was at once his armor and his offensive. He did not reply, but waited.

"Somehow," said Mrs. Worthington, "you have wormed yourself into my husband's confidence. I have warned him. I shall continue to warn him. It is not becoming that a man like Mr. Worthington should have a person like you in a position of responsibility. It reflects upon his family. A man who frequents low saloons and engages in drinking bouts with low laborers! Understand, Mr. Bond, my husband may do as he likes, but I shall have nothing to do with you, and I shall not permit my son to come in contact with you. The day Mr. Worthington consents to dismiss you will be one of great relief to me."

Again Hiram replied with silence, and Mrs. Worthington, failing now of dignified language in which to couch her disapproval, was somewhat at a loss. The silence became oppressive.

"Well," she demanded sharply, "have you nothing to say?"

"I believe I have," said Hiram.

Mrs. Worthington was compelled to ask him to proceed; his impassivity placed her at a disadvantage, and the impressiveness of his person was not without effect. She was learning not to undervalue him. He wished to impress her with his force, with his manner, to arouse in her a respect for his ability to achieve. He did not wish to impress her definitely, but intangibly, to awaken in her the certainty that there resided in him a certain imponderable something which spelled success. In this he was not unsuccessful.

"Proceed," she said.

"Mrs. Worthington," he said, "you are a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. Because of that I have asked for this interview. You disapprove of me personally. I have no desire to change that. I am asking you to regard me as a machine which can be very useful to you." He shrugged his great shoulders. "When a machine becomes useless it may be thrown away."

"It may," she said.

"You are now," he said, "the first lady of this county. Your husband is its wealthiest and most respected citizen."

"He is, and I wish him to remain so."

"I," said Hiram, "wish you to be the first lady of the state and your husband its wealthiest and most honored man. That is why I have come to you. It is possible. I can bring it about."

Mrs. Worthington sniffed.

"Your son, with whom I need not come in contact, can be heir to a great fortune instead of a moderate one. His can be one of the great positions in the country—such as that of the Astors or the Vanderbilts. You are not interested in the means—that is only business. To those things I can attend—with your husband's advice and consent. The beginning is the purchase of Brooks & Sons, which you have opposed."

"Which I shall continue to oppose."

"By that one transaction your husband will more than double his wealth, without risk. I need not point out that an income of, say, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year will make you a much more important personage than your present income of fifty thousand. Mrs. Worthington, will you consider what it would mean to you—to you—if your husband's income were a million dollars?"

She was startled and she was impressed. This was thinking in territory her mind never had ventured to explore.

"You are crazy," she said abruptly.

"I am sane," he said. "I know. I know this country and its possibilities. The times are ripe for the founding of great fortunes. I know my own abilities and my plans are made. I can do what I have said. I shall do them—either for the benefit of Mr. Worthington or of someone else."

"And what," she asked, "do you get out of all this?"

"Payment," he said, "adequate to my services. . . . I cannot go ahead against your opposition. It will hamper me. I must be free of such opposition. I am therefore proposing a truce. I am frank—only a truce. Withdraw your opposition until I have done what I promise—and then you can discard a useless machine. That is all I have to say. If you make impossible the Brooks & Sons deal, I shall withdraw. But, as I said before, you are an extraordinarily intelligent woman. Is it better to rid yourself of me—or to tolerate me for a while and take the advantages which my plans will give you?"

He bowed and walked toward the door, where he paused, turned to bow again, and made his exit.

On the following morning Amasa P. Worthington announced that he was ready to go ahead with the Brooks deal.

"But remember, Hiram, they are neighbors."

"There are no neighbors in business, sir."

"There are," said Mr. Worthington, "in my business."

"Very well, sir," said Hiram. "Then, with your permission, I will interview Mr. Brooks."

"Do so, but keep me posted at every stage of the negotiations."

"Of course," said Hiram.

To reach the office of Brooks & Sons, Hiram must walk through the business portion of Main Street and cross the railroad tracks; every second person he met spoke to him by his first name and he replied in the same coin. It was pleasant, friendly, intimate; old customs, old democracies persisted there. Horses drowsed at hitching rails, fly nets dangled their brightly colored tassels, men loafed in their shirt sleeves. There was an odor about that street which would be difficult to find after this lapse of years—an odor of tea caddies, of coffee and tin foil, of crisp crackers, and of butter from the tubs. Mingled with it was the smell of calicoes and the newness of rubber boots hanging from the iron of an awning. Hiram was unconscious of it as he passed, but in other years and in distant places, that morning, with its aromas, would come to him again and he would know what it means to be sick for a home, for an era, for a civilization which generations of mechanical progress have abolished forever.

Ahead of him he saw a dainty, slender figure in a figured dress, with a parasol and a bonnet, and he walked more rapidly until he overtook it just at the drug-store corner.

"Good morning, Libby," he said as he drew alongside.

She looked up at him and colored. "Good morning, Hiram," she said.

He glanced through the window and saw at the back of the store the tables and chairs which told that refreshments might be had there.

"Would you like a dish of ice cream?" he asked.

"No, thank you, Hiram," she said nervously. "I—it is too near dinnertime."

He essayed a pleasantry. "You've made me give up everything stronger than ice cream," he said.

"Oh, yes, Hiram, and you've done so well! Everybody says it is wonderful the way you've kept the pledge and that you must have a very strong will."

"Whenever I have been tempted," said Hiram—who never had been tempted in the slightest degree—"all I have to do is just to think of you, Libby."

Her cheeks grew very pink at this and her eyes sought the boards of the walk uneasily. "I—I'm so glad if I help you, Hiram," she said gently.

"Do you think your father has changed his mind—about my coming to call on you?"

"He hasn't, Hiram. He—he is more set about you than ever. I'm sorry, because you have stayed reformed and -and he ought to think about that. But he doesn't."

Bond bent toward her as one who is eager for a reply to his question. "Have you asked him, Libby?"

"I knew it wouldn't do any good."

Hiram straightened his shoulders. "Did you want to ask him, Libby?"

Again she blushed, but from her manner one might have supposed it to be more from uneasiness than from any warmer emotion.

"I shouldn't want to do something papa doesn't want me to, should I?" This was a distinct begging of the question, and Hiram set it down as a to-be-expected feminine evasion.

"I'll have to talk to him," he said, and she looked up at the change in his voice. It was not the tone, almost gentle, which he had used hitherto, but was grim, determined, the oral evidence of the working of a vigorous will, resolute, relentless. It frightened her a little, just as it had caused others to feel apprehensions. "I'll talk to him—soon," Hiram repeated.

"I must go in here," Libby said suddenly, as they passed the door of the millinery shop. "Good-by, Hiram, and—and I hope, whatever happens, you will always keep right on being reformed. You won't let anything stop that, will you? Because I would feel as bad as could be."

Something about this good-by startled Hiram so that he made no reply to it whatever, but stood looking after her with questioning eyes until she was no longer visible in the shadowy store. What did she mean by it? Whatever happens! Did she mean anything in particular, or was it but the chance phrase of a girl who was not apt at expressing herself exactly? This question vexed him until he stood at the door of the office of Brooks & Sons. But it did not enter the door with him. Nothing entered the door with him but the business upon which he came.

VIII

THOMAS BROOKS had passed his sixtieth year—a lean man who could walk tirelessly in the woods, but whom no exercise or medicine could rid of dyspepsia. He was more at home in lumber camps than in front parlors; his son—his sole surviving son, Walter—was more at home in parlors than in the camps. The old gentleman belonged to that school of lumbermen who have bookkeeping forced upon them, and who are the despair of bookkeepers. He spent money without accounting for it, moved supplies from storehouses without giving receipts, and firmly believed that the way to save money was to shut down the mills for sixty days each year. In earlier

(Continued on Page 114)

When Beauty *is at stake* —take care

Use a soap made for the sole purpose of safeguarding good complexions—
a soap containing Nature's greatest cleanser—Olive Oil

TIME was when women were told "Use no soap on your face." For then all soaps were judged to be too harsh. And Nature's great skin cleansers—the oils of olive and palm—were beyond the reach of most.

Today the advice of skin specialists is *wash the face for natural beauty.* And today the prized olive oil that soothingly cleanses pores and keeps skin tissues youthful and fresh, is found scientifically blended in a great complexion soap, Palmolive.

Modern make-up methods require, above all else, a thoroughly *clean* skin as a necessary base for cosmetics. And natural beauty is impossible if the skin itself is not properly cared for, is not carefully cleansed by the use of a soap especially made for fostering good complexions.

Palmolive was developed in response to this need. Its bland emollient oils, in scientific blend, gently penetrate the pores, release their accumulations, keep the skin fabric conditioned to meet the abuse modern life gives complexions.

For your sake and ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

Today it is the beauty soap of the world. Even in beauty-wise Paris, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score—is today one of the two largest-selling soaps in France. For French women find in Palmolive their ideal in a soap—have given it a pinnacle place, for its cosmetic qualities, in beauty culture.

No soap, we believe, can excel in all things. After 64 years of soap study, we are convinced that a soap effective for general use cannot be gentle enough for the delicate skin texture. So Palmolive is made and offered for ONE exclusive purpose, the fostering and safeguarding of a good complexion. To gently guard your youth and charm, and for nothing else.

Women by the thousands, largely on expert advice, have turned to Palmolive; and the results in beauty held and youth retained have made "that schoolgirl complexion" the rule, rather than the exception.

Hence today Palmolive has become the largest-selling toilet soap in the world—favorite of millions in every land and clime.

There are, we admit, toilet soaps at 25c and more that approach Palmolive quality. But Palmolive—due to enormous production—sells for but 10c, no more than ordinary soaps.

When you are asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive quality and results, *take care!* When beauty is at stake use genuine Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use—a soap that embodies Nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion." Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

In Paris, itself, Palmolive fast supplanting French soaps

In France, mecca of the beauty seeker, home of the cosmetic art in its most sophisticated aspects, Palmolive is supplanting French soaps. *Palmolive is one of the two largest-selling soaps in France today!* Please remember this when tempted to "try" an unproved soap on your face.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time, 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

K E E P T H A T S C H O O L G I R L C O M P L E X I O N

"I guess those Kelly-Springfield tires are pretty good from what I've heard of them, but are they really worth the extra cost?"

"What do you mean—'extra cost'? I didn't pay any more for my tires than you did for yours."

(Continued from Page 112)

days his books had consisted of two spindles; on one he transfixed the bills he had not paid, on the other the bills he had paid. His method of inventory was simple. He paid all bills on December thirty-first, so that on January first whatever he had was his. He would have preferred this simplicity to persist. It was the secret shame of his life that Walter could play on the piano.

This old gentleman was found by Hiram in the log yard, and he snapped a nod at the young man.

"How be ye? Lookin' for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's wanted?"

"I've a proposition to make you."

"What kind of a proposition?"

"To buy you out." Hiram knew when to be direct.

Thomas Brooks straightened his spare body, and his smallish gray eyes, shrewd and not humorous, glinted.

"Go to hell," he said.

"I represent Amasa P. Worthington."

"Don't care if ye represent Dan'l Webster."

"I also," said Hiram, "represent myself."

"Don't make no difference to me."

"Does it make any difference that I've bought the Graham town?"

"Don't b'lieve a word of it."

"And have options on the Green tract and the Wilson town and the Woodbury strip?"

Mr. Brooks squinted, wrinkling his leather cheeks into innumerable tiny lines.

"That shuts off more than sixty thousand acres of your timber from the river," said Hiram.

"If ye got it," admitted Mr. Brooks.

"Every log of your timber has got to come down the river. No other way of getting it out. You've figured, Mr. Brooks, that you were the only man in this country with an interest in timber, and that you could buy when you got ready or wait as long as you liked. You've even cut across the line some. I know all you lumbermen do it—buy a town of timber and cut off three more. But this time you've been cutting my timber."

"Turn loose your dog," said Mr. Brooks.

"I've made two towns useless to you. You can't get to water. But where you were lax was when you figured you owned the river."

"Eh?"

"I own the river," said Hiram.

"You own a dog's hind leg," said Mr. Brooks.

"I've a charter from the legislature for a river-improvement company, to dam and boom. It is a pretty liberal charter, Mr. Brooks, and I'm starting to work. You should have done that twenty years ago. Now you'll pay toll to me on every log you drive."

"Did Amasa Worthington do me that dirty trick?"

"He doesn't even know it. The improvement company is mine."

"I'll buy it off you."

"You'll sell," said Hiram grimly. "You'll sell for a fair price now—or I'll get you at sheriff's sale later. Now sit down and listen."

Mr. Brooks sat stiffly on a log and Hiram stood over him; he did not sit.

"Mr. Worthington," he said, "wants to combine your mill with his. He uses something over a third of your output. If he can't buy you he will build a sawmill of his own. There goes a third of your business. You've depended on it for twenty-five years."

"Amasa would do that?"

"He will."

"I swan!" said Mr. Brooks.

"You are getting along," said Hiram ruthlessly. "Maybe you can hang on and fight for a few years. But what about Walter? How long can he fight anybody?"

"Walter's a good boy. He hain't give me any trouble—savin' that dratted piano playin' of hisn. He's a good, decent boy."

"He's all of that, but as a business man, Mr. Brooks, you know how long he'd last in a timber war."

"Hiram," said Mr. Brooks, "you're perty slick and you're harder'n granite rock. I dunno's I'd care to be so myself. You've come a perty mean caper, seems to me shuttin' me off from water and hoggin' the river and eggin' on Amasa Worthington. Amasa never'd 'a' thought of it by himself." He looked down at the ground and kicked the damp chips about with his blunt toe. "I hain't one to fight jest for sake of fightin'. I know when I been ambushed. So I cal'late I got to deal with ye. But ye might's well know first as last, young feller, that I'll git what I think's comin' to me fair 'n' square, or there'll be tramplin' and bellerin' and snortin' all over this here county."

"I want to make you a fair offer."

"I dunno, Hiram, if you're so constituted ye kin. Don't seem as though."

"Let's go into the office, where we can go into facts and figures. I tell you, Thomas Brooks, I am not out to cheat you. I want your mill and timber, and I'm going to have them. But I'm not interested in gouging you out of a thousand dollars or a hundred thousand. If you will bear that in mind we'll get along better."

"Huh!" snorted Thomas. "Come along with me."

They entered the office and Hiram produced from his pocket a bulky envelope of papers; those papers contained more information about Brooks & Sons than the books of the company could show. There were listed every acre of timberland every acre Thomas had cut over without troubling to buy it—the inventory of the mill and machinery, output, sales, approximate profit. If Mr. Brooks was astonished he did not say so. Hiram went over the physical property, item by item. He produced careful estimates of the quantity of timber, and opposite each item he exhibited the price he was willing to pay for it. At the end was a total, a lump sum which was not inconsiderable.

"That," he said, "is the price we will pay—not a penny more, not a penny less. Take it or leave it."

Brooks sat back and rubbed the stubble on his sharp chin. "I dunno, Hiram, but mebby I wronged ye some. You're sharp and you're hard, but when it comes to dollars 'n' cents I'm danged if I don't b'lieve you're honest. That figger's some more than I cal'lated I was wuth."

"Money," said Hiram, "is a tool. It's like a saw in your mill. It's good for nothing but to saw wood."

"How d'ye figger to pay me—cash?"

"In bonds, paying 7 per cent, payable in one, two, three, four and five years—first-mortgage bonds."

Brooks stroked his stubble again, and again turned his sharp gray eyes upon Hiram appraisingly. "Cal'late, don't ye," he said, "to make my own mill pay me what it's costin' ye?" He shrugged his shoulders. "All one to me. So long's I'm shoved out, I don't care where the money comes from. But by dad, you want to pay that interest prompt or I'll come down onto ye like a ton of brick!"

"Are you satisfied?"

"I'm content," said Mr. Brooks.

"Then put your name to the agreement."

Thomas Brooks signed.

An observation Thomas Brooks made to Amasa Worthington at a somewhat later date is worth recording here; it was made at the time of the formal closing of the transaction some weeks later, when Hiram had perfected the organization of the corporation, and when the bonds were turned over to the old lumberman in payment for his business.

"Amasa," he said, "I been studyin' this young man of yourn. If I was stayin' in business I'd contrive to git him away from ye. He's one that'll be all-fired hard on anybody that tries to keep him from gittin' what he wants, but if they come to his way of thinkin' he'll be fair in money matters.

(Continued on Page 116)

The average reading time of this advertisement is only 45 seconds Spend this fraction of a minute and save a lifetime of regrets

Out *of* Control!

An airplane out of control is less dangerous than an automobile skid. For the flyer has two chances—he may right his plane before he crashes, or he may jump with his parachute. But the driver has no chance to stop his skidding car. Nor can he jump. There isn't time. He can only *hope* for luck.

This is the worst season for skids. Autumn rains and autumn leaves make oil-soaked pavements greasy. Make country roads muddy . . . And fresh fallen snow smashes many a car at the end of an unnecessary skid . . . Don't let the Devil Indifference double-cross you into relying on your balloons and four-wheel brakes alone.

Put WEED Chains in your car today—and put them on your tires when you face a slippery stretch of driving.

Husky *steel* WEED cross chains give you real anti-skid protection. It's the *steel* that grips. *It's the steel that lays down a non-skid track for your rubber tires to travel over.*

WEEDS have stopped skids for over 25 years. Have helped motorists through the worst stretches of roads. Don't accept a substitute. You can buy WEEDS wherever accessories are sold. Genuine WEED Chains have red connecting hooks, with the name "WEED" stamped on every hook.

ACCO

WEED CHAINS GRIP!

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass

America's leading diamond importers

For over 50 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston**, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at importing prices. **Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

1 carat, $145.00

This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy [illegible] 14K solid gold [illegible] and we will refund your money at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**

Ladies' Diamond Ring $150.00

Ladies Platinum Diamond Ring $200.00

18K Solid White Gold Ring is exquisitely pierced [illegible] giving [illegible] Diamond [illegible] perfectly [illegible] Diamond [illegible] by six smaller Diamonds [illegible] on each side **$150.00**

An Exquisite Platinum Ring, [illegible] pierced [illegible] Diamond [illegible] with 2 marquise [illegible] Diamonds [illegible] 8 small, [illegible] on the sides **$200.00**

A few weights and prices of other Diamond rings:

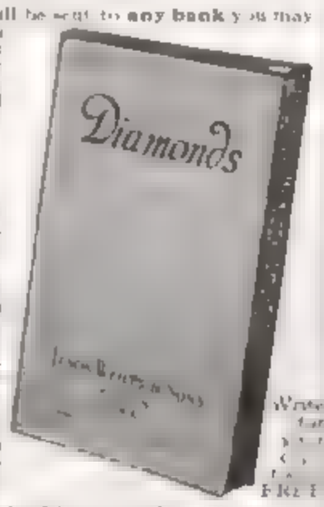
¼ carat	$31 00	1 carat	$145 00
⅓ carat	50 00	2 carats	290 00
½ carat	73 00	3 carats	435 00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name. [illegible] Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our [illegible] guarantee [illegible] value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to buy wisely and well. Tells history, uses, cut and market of gems. This book, showing weights and prices of diamonds [illegible] to $2,000.00, is considered an authority. Write for it. It's FREE



Jason Weiler & Sons

361 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies Amsterdam and Paris

PLAYS

for amateurs or professionals

Mostly new including farces, comedies and dramas in one, two and three acts, with large or small casts. Easily staged. Many have received prizes in national contests.

Write today for free catalogue. It clearly and accurately describes over 500 plays and renders selection easy.

The Penn Publishing Company

921 Filbert Street Philadelphia

DEAF? Here's Sure RELIEF.

Now deafness need be no more a handicap than weakened eyesight. A new German discovery now available in America gives relief so amazing that the deaf almost forget their impairment. Even the severely deafened can hear with ease, and in many cases failing hearing is rebuilt.

THE NEW *Universotone*

[illegible] 1934 44th Street New York

It's a PHONOPHOR of course

(Continued from Page 114)

And, Amasa, he hain't so much interested in makin' money for him. If I was you I'd tie to him. For instance, he didn't need to tell ye about that river-improvement charter of hisn. He could 'a' held ye up."

This point had not made itself apparent to Amasa, but it became crystal-clear as the old lumberman spoke of it. Hiram could have held him up, or, even with fairness, might have retained his charter and derived a handsome profit from operating a log-and-boom company on the river. But he had not done so. He had turned it over without comment, asking nothing in payment, and Amasa had accepted it as a matter of course. Hiram had not, as many men would have done, indulged in the pleasure of pointing out how his loyalty to his employer had moved him to this sacrifice. Worthington felt himself accused.

"Thomas," he asked, "what would you say was the fair value of that charter?"

"I'd be willin'," said Brooks, "to pay ten thousand dollars for it this minute."

In the morning Amasa called Hiram into his office. He was very important and dignified as he sat behind his desk—and glowing with a sense of righteousness.

"Hiram," he said, "you have carried out this difficult transaction in a highly satisfactory manner. I am—er—impressed. I may say I am astonished at your success."

"Thank you, Mr. Worthington," said Hiram.

"And I have not failed to note your loyalty to me. In the matter of the river charter, Hiram —— But I do not feel I can accept such a sacrifice from a young man by no means wealthy. I have therefore transferred to your name a small block of the stock of our new corporation, in payment for that property and as a token of my appreciation of your—er—accomplishment. I am glad, young man, to admit you as a—in effect—a partner." He extended his hand with a manner which indicated that handshake as being of more value than the stock certificate. "The amount, Hiram, is twenty-five thousand dollars," he said.

"Thank you, sir." Hiram was moved, he was touched—as any act of kindliness or of appreciation touched and moved him throughout his life. "I think I can guarantee that the venture will be very profitable."

"It will entail—er—great responsibilities and heavier labor for all of us."

"I would suggest," said Hiram, "that you allow me to take charge of the Brooks mill and workings until I can put them in some sort of order. They are helter-skelter, without system, and have been run wastefully."

"I was about to suggest that solution," said Amasa, conscious again of the comfort of Hiram's strength upon which he might lean. "You will have a free hand. I repose the most implicit confidence in you. . . . By the way—er—would not some title make your authority more impressive?"

"Quite possibly," said Hiram, but without real interest in such trappings of power as mere titles. The substance he had—and would hold. He cared not an iota what men called him.

"I think," said Amasa, "we will promote you formally to the position of general manager."

"As you like, sir," said Hiram.

During those weeks which ensued Hiram's time was occupied day and night. His personal interests were excluded from his thoughts—even that most important personal interest which centered upon Libby Bell. But presently, having brought some degree of order into the chaos of the Brooks affairs, he bethought him that the time was ripe for an interview with Henry J. Bell. Not only was he a man of property through the death of his father but a personage of importance in what he had caused to become the largest corporation in that part of the state. He could, if need be, exert pressure upon this country banker, and it was his intention to exert what pressure should become necessary.

Therefore he called at the bank, asked for Mr. Bell and was shown into the banker's office—a gloomy chamber behind the banking room. Bell could not well decline to receive him, but he extended a chill and pompous welcome.

"Well, young man—well?" he said in a particularly self-important and irritating voice. "What can I do for you?"

"You can," said Hiram, "ask me to sit down." He did not wait for the invitation, but drew a chair to the banker's desk and seated himself. "Mr. Bell," he said, "something over six months ago you refused to allow Libby to receive me as a caller in your house."

"I did," said Henry J. "I did not —and do not—approve of you as an intimate of my daughter."

"I am now," said Hiram, "in comfortable circumstances. I hold a position of responsibility. I think there is nothing you can say against my personal character."

Henry J. permitted himself to lift the corner of his shaven upper lip in something very like a sneer.

"These things," said Hiram grimly, "being facts, I have come today to ask you to give Libby permission to allow me to call upon her."

"For what purpose?" asked Mr. Bell.

"That should be obvious—I want to marry her."

"Ah, you want to marry her?" His shoulders moved with silent laughter at some joke very enjoyable to him but not perceptible to Hiram. "Oh, you want to marry Libby?"

"I do," said Hiram.

"You are a little late," said Henry J. "But I think I can manage to have you invited to the wedding."

Hiram gripped the arms of his chair and stared at Libby's father; so fixedly, so fiercely, did he stare that the stoutish man edged back in his chair apprehensively.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You ought to take to looking at girls' fingers. Libby has a diamond on hers. She's going to be married before the New Year."

Hiram did not ask to whom. He did not care. He was conscious only of a frightful blankness, of an awesome powerlessness. Libby was going to be married! Libby would not be marrying him! He had counted upon that with all the certainty of his strong nature and it was unbelievable that it was not to be. He had permitted himself to love the girl. He never had permitted the thought to occur to him that she would not have him for her husband or that he could fail in a project so important to him.

"Is this the truth?" he demanded, rising and standing over Henry J. The banker was conscious of that huge bulk, and of certain fearsome passions which he knew to reside in its depths. He looked up into Hiram's eyes and mistook the astonished agony in them for rage.

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare lay a hand on me!" he said in a voice which arose to falsetto.

"Then it is true," said Hiram. He erected himself to his full height, shook his head as some fighter might do to clear it from the effects of a stunning blow, and fumbled at the desk top. That was his one sign of weakness, of hurt. Then he turned, found the chair in his path to the door, and as if the emotion within had reached a point where it must escape through some physical safety valve, he lifted the heavy piece of furniture high above his head and sent it crashing into the wall.

Henry J. Bell made himself very small lest Hiram's attention be called to him, but the young man did not see him—saw nothing, in fact, but an awful blankness, a numbing, unbelievable failure in a project upon which he had set his whole heart. He walked out of the office and out of the bank, nor did he pause until he was far in the country and in darkness. When he returned to his desk in the morning—that desk just outside Amasa P. Worthington's door—it was from this walk, which had continued until dawn.

Two months later the town was astonished to hear that Hiram Bond had married Bessie Willets, of the neighboring town of Hampton. She was not a pretty girl—plain, sensible, religious. It would be wrong to say that she was colorless, for no human being so gentle and affectionate as she can be completely without color. But what color she possessed, what personality was hers before the day of her wedding, was engulfed by the color and personality of her husband, whom she worshiped—or came to worship as the years went by. Her life was a constant thought of him, her career his service.

Why had he married her? By many was that question asked, but Hiram alone could answer it—and did answer it in a letter to Professor Witmer, without which any biography of him would be woefully incomplete.

"I have taken a wife whom I do not love," he wrote. "I did this because I could bear no longer to be alone. I have loved fully and completely, but through my own stupidity she married another man." It will be seen how he blamed his stupidity for his failure, but could not be brought to see how failure was inevitable from the first. He could have succeeded. "And so," he continues, "I looked around for a woman I could bear to have in my home, at my side, opposite me at table for the rest of my life. I have found her, and I shall deal with her as her gentleness and goodness deserve. I can see myself becoming fond of her. But let me confess a curious thing—I pretend she is the other. There are times when I am compelled to this pretense. I take Bessie in my arms, but the woman I hold is not Bessie, but Libby." And then, after another paragraph upon this peculiar phenomenon of his psychology: "I knew I could not do what I must do with my life without the solicitude and affection of a woman in my home. A wife was necessary to me, so I took a wife."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS CROOK SEES CROOK

(Continued from Page 15)

sort or another, and the sensationalist always likes to see the light of admiration rise in a listener's eyes

But to get back to my friend Jim. When he first wrote me, he was working out the remainder of a five-year jolt It was on the cards that he was to be rearrested as soon as he left the New York prison, for an offense of which he was undeniably guilty, and do a stretch of seven years in New Jersey. But it seems there were mitigating circumstances in this Jersey case; some of his friends got together and paid back the money he had stolen; the authorities were inclined to be lenient if he were guaranteed steady work when he got out; a certain amount of influence was exercised here and there, and Jim got off without the additional seven years. When he got out he came in to see me and announced that he had a job at eighty dollars a week working in a munitions factory in New Jersey. Shortly afterward he was raised to $125 a week. Within a year he was transferred to a plant in West Virginia at still more money.

In one of our earliest confabs I happened to mention to him that I wanted to build some sort of cheap summer shack on a

(Continued on Page 121)

"Fillerless Cord", extra heavy construction, with other exclusive and original Fisk features builds tremendous mileage into Fisk Heavy Duty Rugged Tread Balloons.

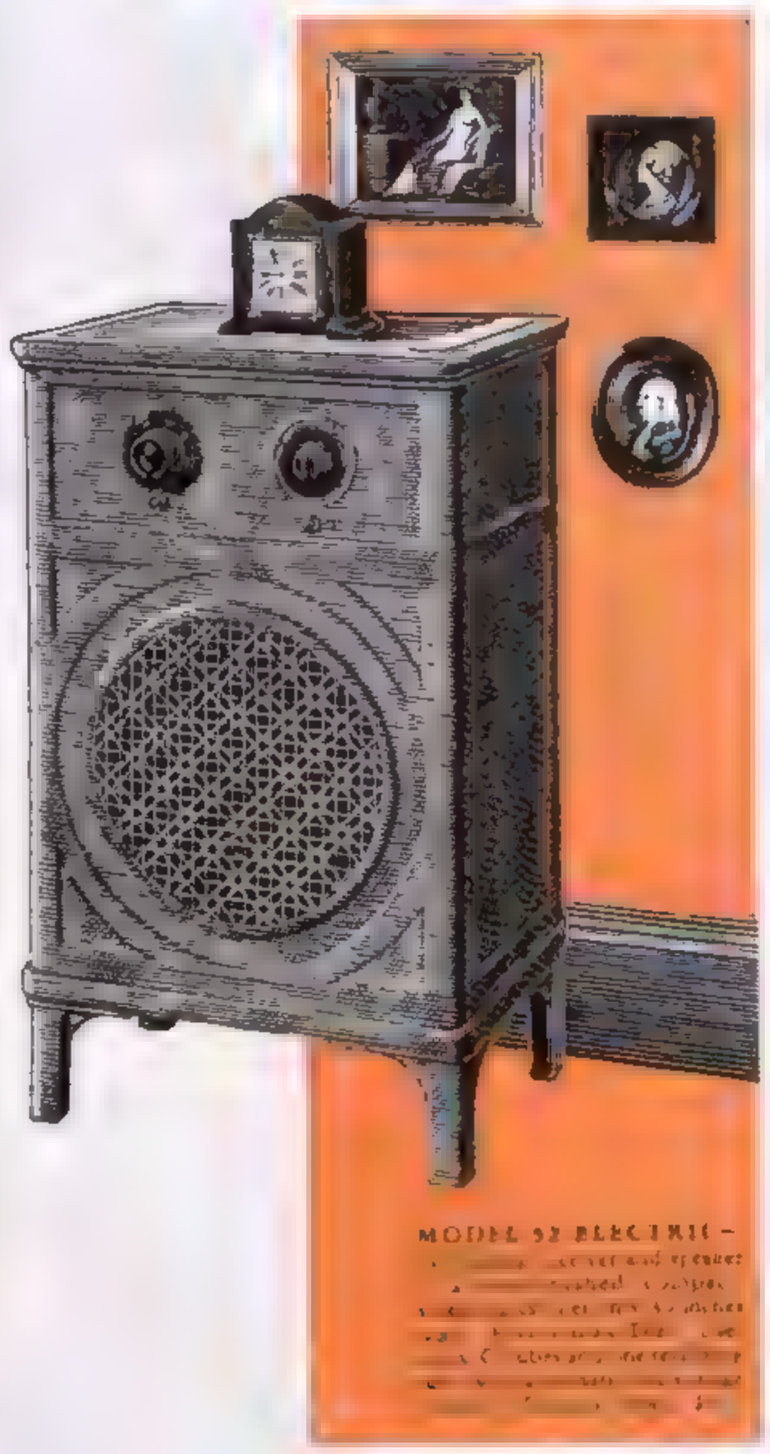
Bebe Daniels Registers Satisfaction

Hundreds of distinguished stars of the screen—hundreds of thousands of motorists—agree with Miss Daniels. Fisks give them complete satisfaction in appearance, performance and economy.

You, too, will find that Fisks on your car enhance its appearance, make it ride more easily, provide better road grip and easier steering—over thousands of carefree miles.

FISK TIRES

ATWATER KENT RADIO

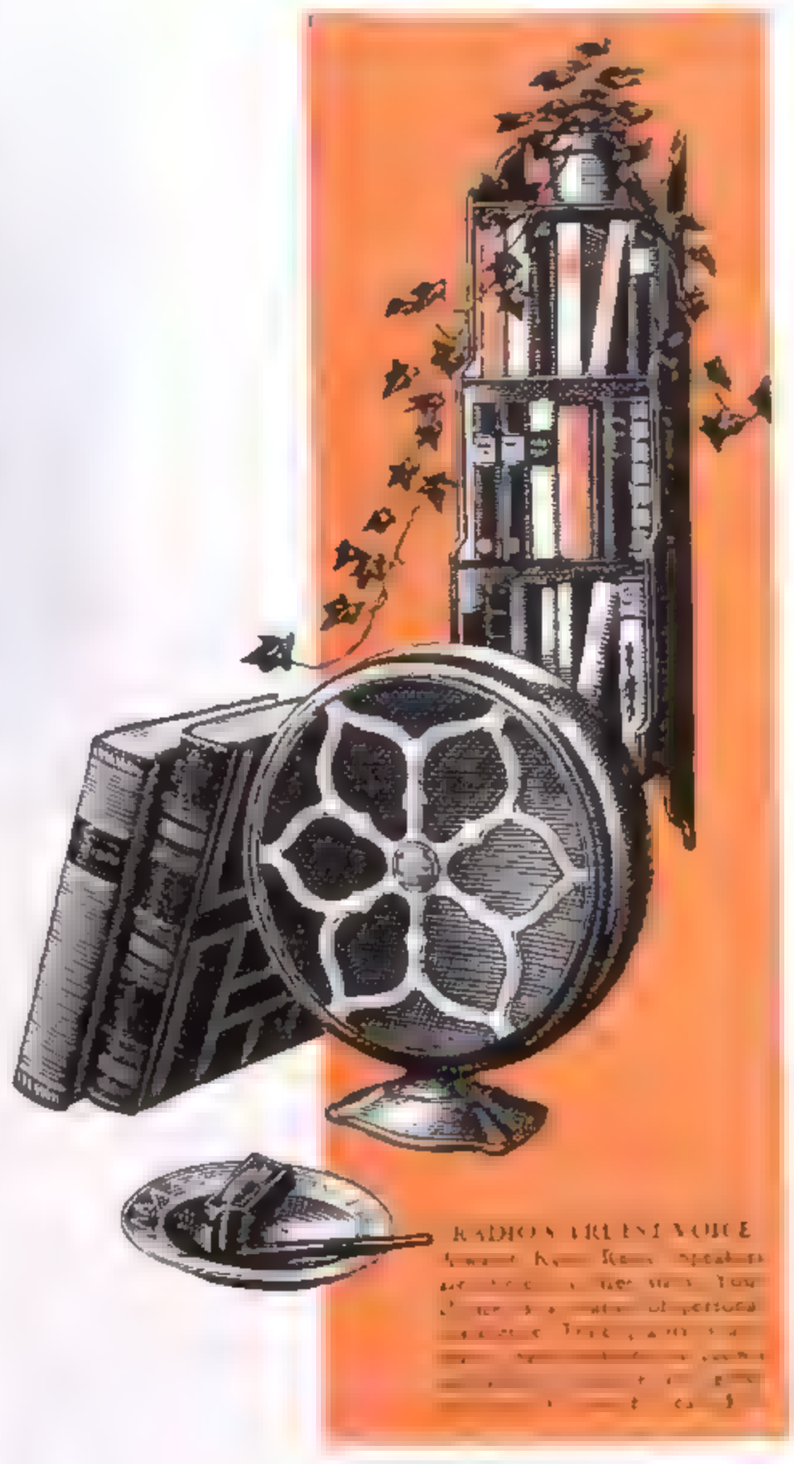


MODEL 52 ELECTRIC—

IF YOU could tear apart an Atwater Kent all-electric set and examine every part under a microscope, with an expert's eye, you would know why Atwater Kent is known far and wide as "the radio that works—and keeps on working." Anything less than the best of materials is not good enough. Anything less than A-1 workmanship is intolerable. 294 factory tests or inspections of every Model 52 complete our task. So your Atwater Kent set does work and keeps on working. It can't help it.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT RADIO

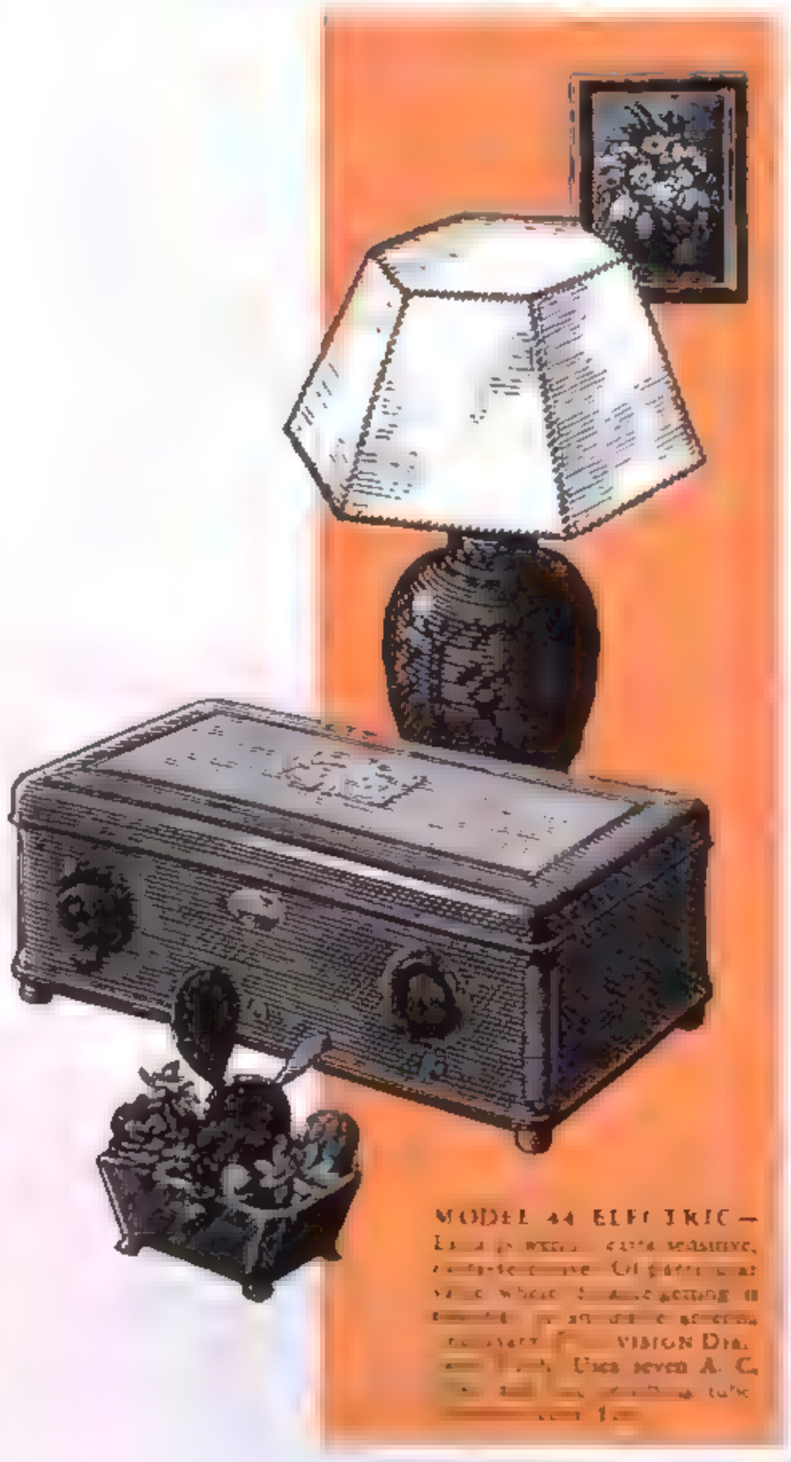


RADIO'S GREATEST VOICE

AVERY good way to assure yourself on every point is to ask an Atwater Kent dealer for a home demonstration. Your home is the final proving ground—and Atwater Kent Radio likes nothing better than a chance to prove that all you have heard about it is true. Only—be prompt. There is so much to listen to this year—Presidential candidates, football games, hundreds of star musical events—that the whole country is turning to radio. And even the largest radio factory has a limit!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

ATWATER KENT RADIO

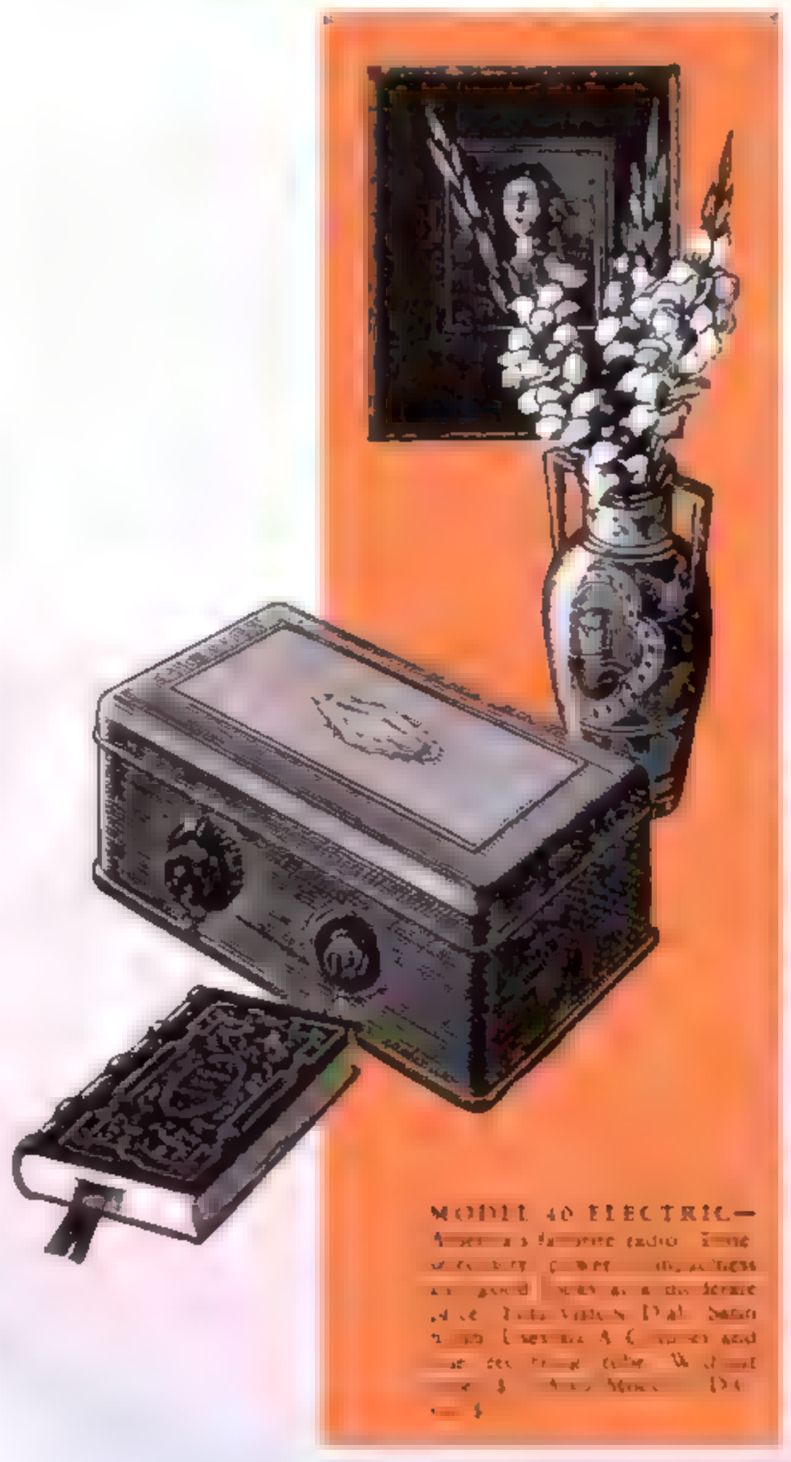


MODEL 44 ELECTRIC—

ONE well-known Atwater Kent feature puzzles some people. That is the price. Experience and comparison show you there is no better radio. How, then, can the price be so moderate? Come to our factory some day and see what modern production means in the place where most radio instruments are made. Nearly 2,000,000 families own and enjoy Atwater Kent Radio. *They*—and the multitude who are buying now—they make the price. It would be much higher if only a few people bought.

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

ATWATER KENT RADIO

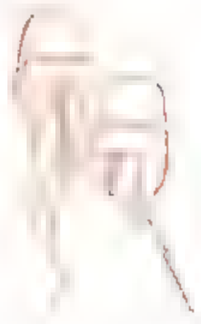


MODEL 40 ELECTRIC—

TO MANY people, the whole range of radio possibilities is summed up in the two words, "Atwater Kent." They look to Atwater Kent Radio for every worth-while improvement in simplicity of operation and tone-pure, trouble-free performance. So, when the 1929 all-electric sets were announced, thousands bought with confidence—and *thousands more are buying every day*—because Atwater Kent Radio inspires confidence by justifying it. There is twenty-six years' experience behind it.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

What should a man put into shoes?



HIS feet, you will say. Right, but that isn't all. He should put his *mind* into the selection of them, for shoes are the foundation of his whole apparel.

On this score, Smith Smart Shoes will pay you back handsomely for the little effort it takes to get them. They put your best foot forward—for sport, dress or office wear. They have style, and *keep* it. They have durability, and *prove* it. They have that look of being socially at ease, and they *are!*

Thus the one thing you should surely put into shoes is the modest expenditure it takes to get Smith Smart Shoes. You can pay more if you like. But you need not. For the little things that make higher-priced shoes what they are, are precisely the things that make Smith Smart Shoes what *they* are also!

TEN DOLLARS

Some Styles to Thirteen Dollars

This oxford—The Hampton—is the most popular in the Smith Smart Shoe line . . . Imported Black Calf, No. 400; Tan, No. 303

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of

Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK OR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 116)

small piece of land in Connecticut, but that I didn't seem to be able to save the necessary $1000 to start it. He said nothing at the time or afterward until one day, about five months later, he came in and dumped $1000 in bills on my desk.

"Now you can start that shack," he said.

He had saved it from his salary at the rate of fifty dollars a week, and he was really hurt when I wouldn't take it. I used to lend small amounts of money—from five dollars to ten dollars—to most of the newly released crooks who came in to see me, and there was only one fellow out of twenty who failed to pay it back. This is a higher average than most of us have found in some other professions, but we must not deduce from it too much with regard to the fundamental probity of the professional crook. These fellows happened to like me personally.

"Why do so many of them go back to it?" I asked Jim one evening when we were discussing some of the gang whom I had met through him, all of whom had come out professing that they intended to go straight thereafter.

"It's pretty easy to get back," said Jim, meditatively—"easier than anything else.

"For instance, let us suppose you're just out and there's nothing on earth you want so much as a decent job and the feeling of safety. Well, if you tell people you're a convict, you don't get the job, as a rule. And if you don't tell them, somebody finds out pretty soon, and then you get the deuce for not having told, and lose the job. Most of your friends are crooks. Some of them lend you money when you get broke. You hear of a job that's going to be pulled off by some of the boys. They invite you to join in with them. Maybe you refuse. Maybe you refuse two or three times. But if you keep on and on refusing it looks pretty bad. 'What kind of a game are you playing?' they begin to wonder. And by this time, maybe you've been living off them for two or three months. In the end the average crook joins up with the mob again."

"But, Jim," I objected, "the country's full of organizations especially designed to help the convict start in again honestly."

"I know," he said, "I've been up against about every kind of first aid there is. And for the most part, their motives are all right. But the crook pays a tremendous price for the help he gets from them. Mind you, I'm not saying that it isn't right that he should pay the price. But for the most part, he won't do it."

A Crook's Point of View

"Some of these institutions work on the theory that a criminal ought to be willing to work for an indefinite period for scarcely more than his mere physical existence, just in order to get back into the fold of respectability again. They hold out to him the prospect of an indeterminate uphill struggle by the side of which Christian's march to the Celestial City, in Pilgrim's Progress, was an afternoon's pleasure jaunt. I don't say they aren't right, but the average crook gets discouraged. The crown of glory held out at the other end is that he'll be able to win back to the society of respectable people.

"Well, it may be news to you, but the average crook thinks he's about as good as most respectable people anyhow, only that he's had a tougher break in getting found out. He's probably wrong, but he thinks so.

"And then, most of these institutions, all varieties of them, bend over on the criminal a kind of moral patronage. The old-fashioned ones salvationize and convert him, and he's usually hypocritical enough to stand for that and take advantage of it, if he can get any advantage out of it.

"But none of these institutions ever lets a crook forget he is a crook. Whereas, he thinks of himself primarily as a human being. He's all the time telling himself, inside, that he's just about as good as they are, or would have been, if he had had any luck in the breaks."

Some of the things a crook tells himself were revealed to me by a fellow whom I will call Benny. Benny was a handsome fellow, about thirty I should say, tall and with a good figure; athletic looking, with a keen, handsome face. He was a young Jew; he dressed rather fashionably and in good taste; you would have taken him at a glance for a rather usual type of young New York business man.

But he had one disconcerting habit. He looked one so steadily and intently in the eye all the while he was talking, that one finally began to dodge his penetrating gaze. He stared me down so many times that I began to feel as if I were guilty of something and he a stern representative of the law who knew all about my criminal secrets.

About the third time I met him I put it up to him:

"Benny," I said, "you make me feel nervous with that look of yours. What's it all about, anyhow?"

He seemed a little embarrassed and said he didn't know he was doing it; but he let up on me after that, and I felt almost as honest again as he said he intended to be thereafter. Jim explained it to me, months later.

"Benny," he said, "is sold on the idea that a crook can't give you a straightforward look when he talks to you, but an honest man can. And he's practiced and practiced till he can stare through a stone wall. It's part of his equipment as a confidence man and he's awfully swell-headed about it."

Professionals and Amateurs

Benny had a pretty fair education and had read a good many books. Though he announced it as his intention to go straight the rest of his life, he was, nevertheless, very glib in his justifications of the professional crook. He talked like an anarchist who had declared war on organized society, and maybe he had really fooled himself. He was always unconvincing to me in his professions that he intended to go straight.

He had married, two or three years before, a very pretty blond girl, of a good family, who had been about to graduate, when she met him, from a well-known college for girls, in the East. He had told her that he had been a crook; she saw something romantic in him, and, of course, she intended to reform him. Her family cast her off when she married him. He did a short jolt after they were married, but she stuck. He brought her in to see me after I had met him a few times, and it was interesting to notice how her association with Benny and his crook friends was getting hold of her, unconsciously to herself. That is to say, nine-tenths of the time she was the usual college girl in speech and manner; and then there would suddenly appear something she had picked up from Benny and his mob. She was about twenty-two.

Benny ceased to call on me. One day, after I had not seen him for five or six months, his wife came in to see me, rather excited, and said:

"What do you suppose that fool Benny has done now?"

"What?" I asked.

"Got himself pinched again," she said. "I thought maybe you could help him."

"What's he done?" I insisted.

"The idiot helped a couple of other fellows rob a country post office," she said. And then, with heat and contempt: "The fool! If he had to turn crook again, why didn't he stick to his own line? He wasn't a cracksman, ever; he was a forger!"

As it appeared that Benny was undoubtedly guilty and certainly deserved all that was coming to him, I declined to make any attempt to use any influence I might possess in getting his jolt shortened. The girl sat and brooded for a while, and then she got up.

"This time," she announced, "I won't stick! He's just a cheap crook! He'll never be anything else. A country post office!"

Benny, in short, had lost his glamour for her; she could forgive him for being a crook; she was fool enough herself to see something attractive in that; she couldn't, however, forgive him for being a boob, after she thought it over.

Here is the gist of half a dozen conversations with Benny—his justification; his excuse to himself for being a crook, although of course it didn't come in one speech like the following:

"You can't show me a so-called respectable business that hasn't got, somewhere, in some of its phases, its crooked spots. Sometimes they call them trade customs. You can't show me a political party that hasn't had its crooked relations with business. You can't show me a phase of organized society that isn't, in one way or another, susceptible of perversions. You can't show me a community in the world where a part of the population hasn't had to suffer from injustices.

"You think the professional crook doesn't know these things? Think again. That's what makes him a crook. All these so-called respectable people are divided into just two bunches: The bunch that puts across these injustices and profits by them, and is looked up to and respected, and the bunch that suffers from them. The so-called respectable element are all either hypocrites or else boobs. Don't talk to me about justice in this country. The man with money enough can get away with murder. Often he does get away with murder. I've been a crook, and been caught at it. The powerful, respectable bunch don't get caught. Why should I respect them? And why should I respect the boobs? I trim the boobs more directly and candidly than the respectable crook, who isn't caught, trims them; I'm more candid and honest than he is; that's the only difference between us."

This was the sophistry with which Benny salved whatever conscience he may have had; but I never thought of Benny as having much to salve.

There was another one, whom I shall call Ed, who once expressed to me practically the same point of view. Ed went further, and made some remarks about the various institutions and individuals who labor for the reclamation of the criminal; they were all supported, he said, by the so-called respectables whom he despised. He had once had the experience of having the charming daughter of a very wealthy man, who had gone amateur social worker, working for his salvation.

A Lucky Shot

"She was a swell kid, see?" said Ed. "Class, that little dame—class! I let her go as far as she liked. She liked reforming me and I liked being reformed—you get me? I could have hurt her feelings, but I didn't. I could have told her how her old man got his money. He and a bunch of other slick crooks wrecked a business and got control of it when the stock was down; then they made a pile out of the reorganization and the come-back. She didn't know about it; or, if she did, she didn't know it was crooked. What would 'a' been the use in me pointing out to her what a crook her old man was, or telling her to reform him first? I ain't any spoil-sport, kid. I liked her. But you can see, can't you, about how far some of those reformers are going to get with the crook?"

"There's a certain amount of accident goes to the making of a convict," Jim said to me one day. "There are a lot of respectable people who might have been convicts, if they hadn't had good luck."

"For example?" I asked him.

"Nearly everyone," he replied soberly, "has had some experience that might have taken a bad turn and got him into serious trouble, if he hadn't been lucky. Haven't you ever had anything like that yourself? Think."

My mind suddenly presented me with a half-forgotten picture of myself, as a youth of twenty, trying to kill the boss of a railroad construction gang with an old-fashioned coupling pin; if I had succeeded

DOLE Syphon Air Valves guard your comfort in every room. Steam radiators are automatically controlled and deliver all the heat you want — quickly, constantly, economically. Amazing results!

Dole Valves are inexpensive. Without worry they keep you warm all winter. No tools needed to install them. Noiseless, foolproof, guaranteed for 5 years. Sold by steam-fitting and plumbing shops. Millions used successfully.

Try a Dole Valve on your worst radiator, price $2.50. Write for literature

THE DOLE VALVE CO., 1923 Carroll Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dole
SYPHON AIR VALVES
Manufacturers of Dole Vacuum Air Valves [No. 3] Also Dole Automotive Products adopted as standard equipment by leading manufacturers

There's health and *Sunshine* now in
TUCSON
("Too-sōhn")

Sunshine *is* health. "Of all cities in the United States, Tucson has 80% of the possible amount of sunshine." So says the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Sporty golf, horse-back riding, mountain picnics, cow-punching, wonderful motor roads—and all this any day in the year! *Oldest and largest municipal airport in the U. S. A.*

Write to Sunshine Club for information, then come Rock Island or Southern Pacific. Winter rates and stop-overs on all tickets.

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA
806 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the "*Sunshine Booklet*."
Name _____
Address _____
This advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Commission

"I'd Like Him If—"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refined men and women keep nails *always* clean and neat with Gem the pocket manicure that quickly cleans trims and files. Ask your favorite dealer or druggist for Gem Jr. 35¢ (the watch case model)

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers
Gem Jr. 35¢

COMPLETE RADIO $10.90
Just what millions of homes have been waiting for. 300,000 already sold. Write today for folder number 39
LEON LAMBERT MFG. CO., Wichita, Kans.

BIRDS
Established
1795
THERE is a Bird Rug of enduring quality in beautiful colors and design . . . moderately priced for every room in any home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.
Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00.
BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.
Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.
BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE
MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS
LTD
Montreal
BIRD
NEPONSET
PRODUCTS
ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

I would certainly have got a jolt for manslaughter, and after that it would have been the easiest thing in the world to go wrong. I was working with a gang of roughnecks about eighty miles west of Chicago, and this fellow had cheated me out of sixty-seven cents, which was half a day's pay, and which would be, if I could collect it, the only sixty-seven cents in the world, as far as I personally knew. We had words, and he advanced on me with a pair of fists the size of two nail kegs, only a good deal harder. I grabbed the coupling pin and he turned and ran. I pursued, and when I thought I was near enough, flung it at the back of his head. My intentions were frankly and fervently homicidal; I could, in fancy, hear the crunch as it demolished his skull. It removed his straw hat, tore his ear and combed his hair. But we were both lucky; it didn't crunch his brains out. He was running away from me; I could scarcely have pleaded self-defense for that reason; I would have been in the devil's own mess and, the way one thing leads to another in this world, would possibly now be writing my own prison reminiscences instead of other people's—if my aim had been as murderous as my humor was. Incidentally, I never got the sixty-seven cents. After I had shot my bolt he turned and I ran—down the embankment, off the right of way, and, somehow through a barbed-wire fence, into a cornfield. He brought up against the fence, and didn't dare to stoop to get through it, as this would have put him at an obvious disadvantage. We conversed profanely for some moments, but it finally got down to this:

"Well, you ——, I'm glad I didn't kill you, anyhow."

"You ain't no gladder, you ——, than I am," he said, feeling his ear. He went back to his gang and I made a prudent detour through the cornfield around his works and accepted a position half a mile down the line, where they were having a jolly lark shoveling crushed rock out of gondolas—the kind of occupation that makes you wish you were in a nice, quiet, refined jail.

"No," said Jim thoughtfully when I told him the story, "it wouldn't have made a crook of you, even if you had got a jolt and had to associate with convicts for some time. But some ignorant young fellow, with a roughneck record behind him and no chance of contact with reputable people, after a certain amount of association with crooks, would be very likely to turn into one himself, and continue as one."

The Trouble With Uplift Work

The sort of institutional work which this experienced convict heartily approved was the sort which aims at giving the proper education to young offenders, juveniles, semi-accidental offenders, before they become hardened; preventing their contact with the hardened crook and the hardened crook's philosophy of existence at a period when reclamation is still possible. He had a slant on this sort of reclamation work which interested me.

"Most of that sort of work," he said, "ought to be done by the state. It shouldn't be done by private individuals or by institutions that are associations of private individuals, or are supported by private individuals. And I'll tell you why: If it is done by private individuals or institutions supported by them, it gives the old crook a chance to say to the young crook that it is all hooey, because it is backed by so-called respectables who are no better than he is, in the way most of them got the money they are spending to reclaim him. And they will point out to him that the so-called respectables, who make such a to-do over reclaiming him, are responsible for the social conditions that made him go wrong. They will present him with their own philosophy—ready-made, in fact; and if he has contacts with them he will be apt to pick it up. But if it is the state that says it wants him to be a good citizen, and tries to show him how, and encourages him and helps him, he will have something like an answer ready when the old crook starts to tell him that the law-abiding stuff is all hooey. He can think that even if unjust social conditions forced him or permitted him to go wrong in the first place, there still must be some other aspect of organized society some aspect that has expressed itself in the system that is trying to steer him right again

"You won't be able to convince the juvenile offender, for instance, that some judge like Ben Lindsey is a hypocrite working in the interests of respectable crooks; but you may be able to convince him that Mrs. So-and-So, who contributes thousands to reformatory institutions, gets her money originally from business maneuvers just as essentially crooked as anything the professional criminal puts across. The young offender won't think the Ben Lindseys hypocrites and he will be guided by them, but he will tumble pretty early to the Mrs. So-and-Sos, even though the Mrs. So-and-Sos never tumble to themselves."

"What do you think about the Mrs. So-and-Sos, Jim?" I asked him.

Reciprocal Reformation

"If I knew how to reform them and their husbands and fathers, as well as they do how to reform me," he said with a grin, "the whole problem ought to disappear overnight." And then, after thinking a while: "Listen, I'm going to tell you why I quit being a crook and why I didn't quit sooner.

"The Mrs. So-and-Sos worried me a good deal. There's no species of the reform and uplift game I haven't been against. I had the typical crook's attitude. The scientific investigators, the criminologists, the sociologists, the religious enthusiasts, the reformers and theorists of all varieties, the psychologists, all brands of sentimentalist and uplifter, all the people that study the crook and work over him and analyze him—I thought they were all hooey, because all their shows were financed and maintained by the so-called respectable society I despised. Even when I liked some of them as individuals, I wondered why they couldn't see they were the employes of a society really no better than I was. To me, just as to these other fellows you have talked to, the respectables were in two classes—either clever crooks or boobs.

"During my last stretch I had time to do a lot of thinking. I began to wonder if I was such a clever guy after all. The facts seemed against it. I was thirty-five the last time I was lagged; I'm forty now. It began to seem to me that if I'd really been so damned smart as I thought I was I wouldn't have spent so much of my life behind bars.

"It became evident to me, the more I thought it over, that the so-called respectable people whom the average crook despises must at least be cleverer than he, if they were nothing else. At least they kept out of stir.

"The next reflection was: They have the power—these respectable people. I began to get a vision of us avowed professional crooks as a rather pathetic little ragged army of miserables, in spite of all our vanity and pretense of slickness.

"The respectables had the power. How? And why? Because they were crookeder and slicker crooks than we criminals who were always getting lagged? That is actually the opinion of some crooks I know and whom you know.

"But the longer I looked at that theory the less I liked to accept it. It connoted a universe built entirely on crookedness. Not merely upon indifference or brutality, but upon double-crossing. I'd never thought of that before. I didn't see how it could work. It would be a queer cosmos that sat down and put in its time gypping itself. There didn't seem to be any point in it. Either it was going somewhere or it wasn't, but neither conception called for a hypothesis of deliberate crookedness at the core of it.

Continued on Page 124

THIS one bill wipes out all we saved.

I know, Mr. Olds. It isn't the first one we've had; and I'm afraid there'll be more like it.

But surely this is abnormal. These pipe lines aren't a dozen years old. What does it mean?

Cheap pipe. That's about all you can expect from it, in our kind of service and with our water what it is. Good wrought iron lasts at least twice as long. Any experienced architect ought to know that.

What are we using for all these replacements? The same stuff?

No indeed, Mr. Olds. Genuine wrought iron. Byers—the best that's made. Of course it's rather discouraging to patch up with good pipe when you know other parts are sure to break down shortly. But in the end, we'll have a complete Byers installation.

Shall we be tearing down and replacing the same walls and floors two or three times over?

Oh, no, Mr. Olds! We look out for that. Of course, we don't open up a section until we have to; but when we do, if it's in a concealed place, and hard to reach, we see that every inch is replaced with Byers Pipe before we leave it.

It's a pity we allowed the original pipe specifications to be changed. But it looked like an easy way to save money—at the time. Guess the engineers knew what they were doing when they specified Byers. But what gets me is this: Why didn't they object more strenuously when we set out to substitute cheaper pipe?

THE incident related is only too typical of what is taking place in buildings of every type, in every part of the country, erected ten to twenty years ago and equipped with cheaper, less rust-resisting pipe than Byers. Repair expenses, even for a few failures, soon wipe out everything saved initially, and become heavier from year to year.

Byers Pipe, because made of highly rust-resistant wrought iron, costs from 60 to 80% more than ordinary black and galvanized pipe, *but installed in the system,* it adds only about 5% to the cost. Thus, for 5% more, you obtain a system which will last from 100% to 200% longer.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY

Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

Send for Bulletin No. 38

"The Installation Cost of Pipe." Contains cost analyses of scores of heating, plumbing, power and industrial pipe systems.

Shows the high cost of replacing rusted pipe and the folly of using cheap pipe.

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

They STOP leaking tire Valves

DILL VALVE INSIDES are the most effective insurance you can buy against leaking tire valves—and the loss of tire mileage which inevitably follows.

Buy them by the box. Put one in each tire valve. You immediately *stop* the leaks—and the uncertainty of varying tire pressures.

Your valves will stay leak-tight over a long period because the delicate vital spring is protected by a distinctive metal barrel—each individual part carefully designed and built—the complete unit so thoroughly inspected.

Buy Dill Valve Insides from your dealer—or direct from us. 25c for a box of five (35c in Canada).

The Dill name on the box is your assurance of quality.

Dill Instant-On
Off with a twist and a pull—and on again just as easily. A combined dust and valve cap. Chromium plated to match your car, if you choose.

Dill Valve Cap
Utmost protection to the Valve Insides and another definite seal to the valve.

Complete Dill Valve Stem
Made in all standard sizes for all types of cord and balloon tires.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

DILL
Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 122)

"I finally decided that the universe couldn't be fundamentally crooked, or else the idea of justice could never have established itself in the human mind. And it was there. It was there in us crooks. Our kick was that the respectables were living no nearer to the idea of justice than we crooks were, but that it was we crooks who got most of the punishment.

"What, then, was the secret of the respectables and of their success, if I had to give up the typical crook's idea that they were more successful simply because they were really more crooked? Could it be that they were, after all, most of them, more in key with a universe that wasn't crooked than we crooks were? That they were, after all, most of them going somewhere, while we were—were lagged?"

The Cure for Old Crooks

"I hated to admit it. I hated to give up the typical crook's theory that the respectables are just as crooked as he is. I began to think them over. I began to think them over along the line of their achievements. And I began to see that the positive, progressive, enduring things built by humanity are necessarily honest in their conception and execution, and are an effort to keep faith with a universe that is not crooked. It is the idle, predatory things that are obstructive and that perish. In spite of the injustices, in spite of the occasional crookednesses, in spite of the oppressions and hypocrisies, there must in the end be more honesty than there is crookedness in the make-up of the respectable majorities; and this is, at last, why they win, why they achieve, why they build, why they succeed.

"Well, all these thoughts may be familiar enough to you, but it took me years to fight my way to them. The conclusion I came to was that I would be just a plain, ordinary fool to be a crook any longer."

Jim was the only one of the bunch I knew who was capable of this much connected thought or capable of pulling himself out of it. He was such an unusual fellow in several ways that I could never understand how he got into it in the first place.

"I was a spoiled brat, lazy and stuck on myself," he would say, when I asked him. And on one occasion:

"Even the crook who has had a rough deal and has been made a crook almost in spite of himself need not have been a crook or stayed a crook if he hadn't been so lazy. They don't want to work. Show them a way out and they won't take it if it means any steady effort, as a rule. They're sorry for themselves, and squawk when they're in bad; as soon as things are easy for them again, they get stuck on themselves once more.

"I've told you and they've told you, more or less, what the crook tells himself about being a crook—when he tells himself anything. And through it all you will hear the squawk that he's had a raw deal. The fact is, he hasn't had a rawer deal than a lot of people who stay honest. But he can feel sorrier for himself than anybody else. But he doesn't feel sorry for anyone but himself."

One thing these fellows who came to see me all wanted—with the exception of Jim, the only one who could really have done it competently—was to write their prison reminiscences, their criminal experiences. They wanted me to help, and to help get the copy published. They certainly had interesting material. I encouraged all of them. Not one of them made good with any copy that I could conscientiously recommend to a friendly editor. They didn't have the continuity to go through with it. They were all too lazy to work at it consistently. They wanted me to do the work, really. And the reason they all went back into the crook business, and some of them back to prison, and that Jim stayed straight and prospered, was simply that he had finally conquered his laziness and they hadn't.

I began to be bored with them after while—all of them except Jim, who will always remain an interesting figure to me. I suppose a stern moralist would tell me that I left quite unimproved an opportunity to influence some of them for better things. But as I got better acquainted with more and more of them, the less inclined I was to waste any sympathy or sentiment upon any of them.

They were interesting in spots and at times; they were nearly always amusing; they were frequently very entertaining indeed, but in the end I began to detect one note common to all of them—a note of fundamental cruelty. Cruelty in the sense that they were quite incapable of caring a hang about the injuries their crookedness inflicted upon others. It ran, unconsciously, through all their talks and narrations. The crook's vanity, self-pity, almost incredible egotism, may sometimes be amusing in their manifestations; his fundamental cruelty can only be repellent. His frequent sentimentality and occasional facile emotionalism are sometimes apt to obscure the fact of this cruelty. A gross materialism after while ceases to be interesting, whether it is embodied in a professional crook or a successful man of affairs. They were on the level with me, I suppose, simply because they liked me; a man may be both crooked and cold-blooded, and yet occasionally be governed by these superficial likings, which amount to nothing at all in the long run.

I said to Jim one day: "If you were deputed by society to run things, what would you do about the crook?"

"As far as the old crook is concerned," said Jim, "I'd give him hell. Not treat him brutally; give him good food and sanitary conditions, of course, and give him a chance to pull himself up, if he's got it in him. But don't coddle him or get sentimental over him; make his punishment one he'll dread; get out of his mind that he may get a stretch he can do standing on his head. Give him hell; it's what he really understands. The young crook's different; he can be reformed."

The severity of the Baumes laws and the effect they are having seems to bear out Jim's idea.

The Black Sheep Returns

A couple of years after I last saw Jim an English physician who happens to be also a writer, a very good friend of mine, who always calls on me when he is in New York, called me up one day and asked me to luncheon. He asked if he might bring with him a lady whom I didn't know.

We went to lunch, and the young woman guest proved to be an interesting person; indubitably a girl of refinement and background, as the saying is. The doctor had said over the phone that he didn't know why she wanted to meet me, but she seemed set on it.

When we rose from the table and were about to separate, she said:

"I wanted to meet you in order to thank you for your kindness to a cousin of mine; the whole family wants me to thank you."

"Who is your cousin?" I asked her.

"He was a sort of black sheep for a long time," she said. "You knew him as Jim. We are all immensely grateful."

It seems he came of very good people. And, I suppose, on the whole Jim and I may really have done each other some good. At least, I helped save him from a seven-year jolt in Jersey and he has furnished me with material for a magazine article.

I hear he married a fine girl. And I suppose that by this time he is so respectable that his wife won't let him associate with newspapermen.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MAMMA'S, AND DIMITY GAY

(Continued from Page 39)

Presents were spoken of prior to the issuing forth of the four Gay girls—spoken of by little Miss Dimity, listened about by the three fair sisters.

Instructions were given with sisterly directness by Dimity and received with charming meekness by sisters. These were neither complicated nor difficult. It appeared that the sisters were to stroll about half a dozen times up and down the promenade and through the gardens facing the sea, after which perambulation they were all to call for Dimity at the colonel's apartments.

Detaching herself from them at the moderately shabby apartment house "with marine views" wherein the unhappy Haslar had rented himself a room for his holiday prior to tackling his forlorn hope of making a tolerable living, Dimity duly found herself sitting face to face with him in the bay window from which the expensive marine view started itself.

"It's kind of you to call," said Haslar, D. S. O., politely, his eyes bright and extraordinarily interested. But Dimity shook her bobbed and curly halo.

"I shouldn't think it was very kind of a silly little snip of a thing to call," she said frankly. "But it is nice of you to be bothered with me, for I—I don't mind telling you, Colonel Haslar, that I am ever so interested in you."

She smiled, nodding. Haslar, quite miraculously, shook off his blues.

"You see, I have always loved D. S. O.'s and M. C.'s and soldiers—Archie was only a boy when it was wartime or he would have been one, I should think—and I have always been curious about you because you are an old sweetheart of mummy's. And ever since I met you the other day I have been anxious about you, because I don't think somehow that you are very happy. You see, I asked mummy about you, and somehow mummy seemed to know. I expect you will think this is very impertinent. I am always being called that, and that sort of thing, and nobody seems to know what will become of me, and I'm sure I don't."

She laughed, like a small bird happy in its private thicket.

"But, after all, I am engaged to Archie, the son of Sir Bessemer Crust; and I suppose that some day, if I like, I shall be Lady Somebody-or-Other and have a ridiculous lot of stuffy old money, and it seems to me to be so silly, because, after all, what have I done to have it?—a bit of a thing like me! I am not a D. S. O. or an M. C., and, Colonel Haslar, sometimes when I think that I was just a fat little thing playing with a colored ball while you were making yourself into a D. S. O. and an M. C., I feel somehow as if I owed you—oh, hundreds of awful big bills. And then, on top of that, you haven't got mummy, and once upon a time, if you had been luckier, you might have had her instead of daddy, who is a darling if you understand him; and then you'd have been daddy, if daddy hadn't been—you see ——"

She broke off, laughing. "Oh, dear, that's too difficult!"

She glanced out of the window and began to speak faster: "Never mind. Only mummy said that she was distressed to think that you had done such great things for so small a reward."

The haggard man in the chair facing her shook his head, moved his hands. "My dear little soul," he said, "I am a most fortunate man, compared with many—yes, with millions."

"Oh," said Dimity blankly, "are you?"

She slipped from her chair and went across to him, dragged a low chair near and resumed—more intimately. "Well, you see, I don't care what they say," she continued vaguely. "I have just come to ask you to do something for me, for just two reasons. One is because you are mummy's old sweetheart and the other is because you said I was like a dainty little ghost of mummy come back over the gulf of years to greet you again. I just loved to hear you say that. Oh, and there is one more reason. You see, mummy is not always awfully happy—you couldn't expect that, I should think, with four of us—and I love to make her happy and hear her laugh and make her eyes shine. Well, if you will please do what I am going to ask you, it will please mummy too. I would like to do that again, for I am always worrying her and she doesn't ever quite know what will become of me."

The colonel spoke: "Dimity, my dear, I will do anything in my power that you ask me to, for all your reasons—for one of them—for none of them—for nothing at all except just your power to bring back to me what were happier times than these."

Dimity pressed his thin brown hand. "You promise that?"

"I do, Dimity."

"Very well then, I want you to buy a charming little place in the country not far from here, all surrounded by apple blossoms, called Applegarth Holde. Not to keep, of course, but just to buy and sell again for a great big profit. I think that is what they call a tip—a market tip—or getting on the ground floor or something."

"Eh?" said Colonel Haslar, waking rather abruptly from the spell she had cast over him. "Buy it? But how much money will it cost? You see, Dimity, I—I don't happen to have very much money." He smiled rather wryly. "Silly of me, that, only ——"

Dimity turned away. "Silly? Oh, if you talk like that ever to me you will make me cry, Colonel Haslar," she whispered. "When all the time I want to laugh and to see everybody laugh! Oh, when I am a millionaire's wife, how I will alter everything in the world!"

"Forgive me, Dimity," said the colonel "One is weak enough sometimes to get bitter, and that is quite inexcusable"

"Well, I forgive you," conceded Dimity, "if you will take my tip into the ground floor and make a little speculation with Applegarth Holde. It doesn't really matter how much money you have, you know. How much have you?"

"Well, if five hundred pounds would do ——" said the colonel.

"Oh, that will be plenty," said Dimity swiftly. "I thought you were serious when you said you didn't have very much. Why, that will be heaps and heaps!"

Strictly, it was three thousand five hundred too little, but the electrically swift and boundlessly kind genius of Dimity was capable of waiving the odd thousands instantly.

"Then, please, you will buy Applegarth Holde? Please do," coaxed Dimity. "I don't suppose you will need to touch any money at all, as it can be sold just as soon as you buy it."

Somewhere a bell purred, and Dimity grew brisk. "I am so glad, so glad, you have agreed to buy Applegarth Holde; for, you see, I promise that you will make a lovely profit when you sell it again—and I would not like to think that you have relied on me alone. My sisters will tell you that I am awfully reliable about things."

The sisters, as foreshadowed by the bell, were shown in to the dazzled D. S. O., and Dimity rose. "You know them, don't you? This is Torfrida, and this is Clarence's Maulfry, and Bethoe, and here is Archie. Why, Archie, how did you happen to be here? I should think you would have liked to tell me you were coming this ——"

Archie pleaded, in self-defense, that he had telephoned, telegraphed, sent a telephonic letter, and had even tried to get

(Continued on Page 128)

Why put in RUSTABLE PIPE when it must be replaced in a few years?

Install ANACONDA BRASS PIPE *and forget it!*

IT'S a mistake to assume that because rustable pipe *looks* strong and durable when you put it in it is going to last. Pipe that will rust is temporary at best. And think of this . . . the expensive tiling in your bathroom and the tinted walls are only as permanent as the water pipe sealed up behind them.

With rustable pipe, the first hint of trouble comes when you open a faucet and get brownish water, instead of the clear, clean water which you have a right to expect. Rust is beginning to form. As the rust accumulates, the flow of water is gradually reduced.

You wait ten minutes, even twenty minutes, for a tub that used to fill in two. Soon mysterious pipe leaks occur. The plumber is summoned to repair the pipe. Out must come tiling and sections of the tinted wall. Inconvenient, annoying, expensive.

This could not happen with Anaconda Brass Pipe. It is immune to attack by rust, and is not to be confused with "rust-*resisting*" pipe. In a seven or eight room house, Anaconda Brass Pipe saves an average of $31 yearly in upkeep. Send for interesting booklet on the economy of rust-proofing, inside and out, with Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. Write to The American Brass Company, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Water Pipes of

ANACONDA BRASS

ANACONDA

Anaconda Brass Pipe is guaranteed and trademarked every foot. Leading plumbers everywhere install it

NEW PERFORMANCE
NEW STYLE

OLD DEPENDABILITY

In Dodge Brothers New Victory Six every feature that contributes to comfort, luxury, style and performance has been refined and improved.

Increased leg-room follows as a natural benefit of increased body-length. Generous additions to head-room and seat width are betterments that everyone will value. Likewise the increased size of the new Victory doors, the greater breadth of vision for all occupants.

Victory lines and colors are smarter than ever. The radiator is higher and more massive. Wide, one-piece fenders of improved design are distinctive beauty-assets.

True Dodge dependability is evident in every stress-sustaining part. The extra sturdy chassis frame forms part of the body, replacing body sills and dust aprons. Body overhang and many excess pounds are eliminated, together with many sources of squeaks and rattles.

Every phase of Victory performance benefits by this unique construction. In particular, roadability and riding ease become nothing less than marvelous.

You are invited to treat yourself to a Victory demonstration today.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $995; Roadster, $995; Coupe, $1045; 4-Door Sedan, $1095; DeLuxe Sedan, $1170, DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1170; Sport Roadster, $1245, Sport Touring Car, $1245; Sport Sedan, $1295—f. o. b. Detroit*

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW VICTORY SIX

"Just a second!" *said the Sales Manager*

"Here's the whole story"

THEY needed a quick decision. The salesman covering Mill City had reported that Acker & Co. wanted exclusive rights in that town. "Just a second!" said the Sales Manager.

He picked a book from a shelf at his elbow. Running a finger along the index tabs he flung it open. Here were all their Mill City accounts, each on a separate sheet, overlapping so that all the names were visible. Before them was a three-year summary of the Acker business.

"There are two good reasons," said the sales manager, "why they can't have exclusive rights. This sheet shows that they don't carry our full line and haven't since 1926, when they dropped our "A" and "C" goods.

"The second reason is in these other sheets. We've developed some nice business through other dealers in Mill City. Look how fast Lambert Brothers are coming. We can't go back on them." The salesman nodded. "You win," he said.

Sound decisions like this can be quickly made with the aid of customer records housed in National Visible Binders. In compact, easily handled form, they summarize every essential for instant reference. As many as 10,000 records can be kept in less than three feet of shelf space, within arm's reach. Clerical labor in posting and in inserting new records or removing old ones is reduced to a minimum. At night these important records can be put safely into fireproof vaults like any other books.

National Visible Equipment is also ideal for purchase-and-quotation records, for stock records, for credit-and-collection records, and for many other uses.

There is a stationer in your city who can advise you competently about the efficient use of this and other National Record-keeping equipment, including bound books, ring books, post binders, loose leaf ledgers and machine bookkeeping equipment.

If you would like to know more about National Visible Equipment you need only tear off the bottom of this advertisement and send it to us, filled out or attached to your business card or letterhead.

National

Record-Keeping Equipment

Simplifies Business Control

BOUND BOOKS · LOOSE LEAF · VISIBLE RECORDS

MACHINE BOOKKEEPING EQUIPMENT

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY

Dept. 2-X Holyoke, Mass.

Please send me a copy of "A New Speed Record for Business Facts" illustrating and describing the uses of National Visible Equipment.

Name *Company*

Address

Business

The Stationer from whom we usually buy is

(Continued from Page 125)

over a telepathic communication to the effect that he was motoring down to Ernemouth that afternoon; explained that he and his car had been forwarded, as it were, by Mrs. Gay to the promenade where he had met the sisters, and so was forgiven and sweetly welcomed.

Dimity steered him to a balcony facing the sea.

"Please stay there, Archie darling, and see the sea until I come," she invited.

Archie glanced at the colonel, fully occupied by the three fair sisters, and dared to bargain. "Kiss me, Dimity, and I'll stay here."

"Oh, very well. I should think you could kiss me for yourself if you want to," said Dimity, subsequently adding, "though you needn't have made it feel as if you had dropped sealing wax on my lips and were stamping it with the Crust arms, Archie."

She flitted back into the room. "I only just wanted my sisters here to—to back me up and to reassure you," she explained to the colonel, and turned to Torfrida.

"Frida, dear, Colonel Haslar had agreed to do something business-y I wanted him to do. Would you tell him, please, if you think he is wise to do it?"

Torfrida, shy but splendid, was emphatically sure of that. "Oh, I am quite sure you are right, Colonel Haslar," she said. "Dimity has a—a kind of genius, you see."

That was corroborated, quite urgently, by Maulfry and Bethoe.

"And now shall we all go and have ices!" suggested Dimity.

Ices became fashionable forthwith, Colonel Haslar seeming to become oddly younger as he took his, Dimity watching over him like a little hen with one chick.

VIII

DIMITY invited herself and Torfrida to dinner at Crust Court that evening, and Archie had the joy of running her over in his car. En route, she thrilled the lad to his heart's core with a brief but affectionate account of what she described as her silly little plans on behalf of mamma's old sweetheart, Torfrida listening with a fearful joy to the unfolding of her little sister's scheme to levy upon the united wallets of daddy, grandpa and uncle a toll that would at least put mummy's old sweetheart out of danger of the poorhouse hospital.

"You see, Archie," she cooed in the cozy intimacy of the big coupé, "some day you will be an old sweetheart of mine, and I shall be one of yours."

"Oh, Dimity, the only one?"

"I should think so," responded Dimity; "and somehow that makes me feel kind to all old sweethearts—especially mummy's. Does it you?"

"Me?" said Archie. "Why, certainly it does."

Dimity pressed his arm and he repeated his acquiescence very firmly. "And so I want you to give up the idea of making a big profit out of your share of Applegarth Holde, Archie."

"Me?" said Archie. "Good Lord, I should think so! Rather!"

"Dear Archie," sighed Dimity.

She lost very little time on Sir Bessemer that evening. The old business behemoth had talked her over with Archie, with Julius Balm, with her mamma, with her daddy, and even with his once bitter but now reconciled enemy, Grandpa Avery Hackett, and he possessed more than a mere inkling that this beautiful, fragile, flitting little soul was going to make for his boy Archie a wife of a quality that is not easily found.

Sir Bessemer thought a great deal more of Dimity than he had told Archie; and when, presently, sitting in his big easy-chair in the lounge at Crust Court, with his coffee, he saw the child sweetly shoo Archie and Torfrida off to the billiard room and then, closing the door, come drifting back to him like a charming little sprite in a misty blue frock, he was conscious of a little thrill of pride at the notion that she was to be Archie's wife and some day sharer of the peerage at which he was already aiming that weapon of precision, his check book.

"When I think what the boy might have picked up with, eh?" he began to tell himself, and moved his hand from the broad springy chair arm to give Dimity room to perch herself thereon.

The child caught his hand as he moved it and held it while she settled herself, leaning a little to him. Then she looked at him carefully, with steady, interested blue eyes, for a moment.

"What is it, child?" he asked

"Please—for something," said Dimity.

"What do you want now, Dimity?"

"Nothing for myself," she explained in the tone of one who makes a quite unnecessary explanation. "It's for somebody else, you see, and it's only for your half of something. The other half is Archie's, and he has given his half to me already, you see."

"H'm!" said Sir Bessemer. "Naturally, my dear. Well, tell me."

Dimity thought. Then she seemed to go off at a tangent. "I should think you believe in being kind to old sweethearts, don't you, please?" she asked.

He raised rather grim gray eyebrows. "Eh? I've never thought about it, my dear."

"Well, then please would you mind thinking about it now? Think—think hard of one of your old sweethearts."

The gray brows drew together. "There was never more than one, my dear—and that was Archie's mother."

"Yes, yes, I knew that." She squeezed his fingers understandingly. "Well, now if ever it had been possible for her to have been unhappy and lonely, and not very well, and wanting ever so much somebody to be kind to her, and yet was too proud to ask or to allow anything to be given to her just like charity, you would have liked to be the one to—to do something for her—even, I mean, if she were only an old sweetheart—just because you and she had once been in love with each other, wouldn't you?"

The grim brows drew closer still and the lip corners of the rather hard mouth drooped a little. "Why, child, what's all this? What's all this?"

"You would have done something for her, I should think, wouldn't you?" persisted Dimity.

Sir Bessemer's eyes gleamed suddenly. "For her? My dear, I should have been ready to tear London up by the roots for her," he said, with an odd hunger in his voice.

Dimity's eyes widened. Then she leaned forward and kissed him very gently. "Well, you see, I want to do something for an old sweetheart of mummy's, and I can't do anything unless you do for me what Archie has done. I want you to agree to sell Applegarth Holde to him for the same price as you and Archie paid for it, please. Not to lose any money, of course; only just not to make a profit for once."

"What? No profit? Come, come, that's not business, my dear! That won't do, will it?"

"I should think it would do nicely for once," said Dimity, completely undismayed at the surprise in his voice.

Sir Bessemer settled himself a little more comfortably in his chair. He was rather enjoying himself. "Tell me all about it, Dimity, and we'll see what can be done."

So Dimity told him all about it and, as he listened, the gray brows disentangled themselves, the hard lips relaxed into the ghost of a smile and the stern eyes became kindly with amusement.

"I see, child," said Sir Bessemer at last, and laughed outright. "You think that as your daddy and grandpa and Uncle Julius Balm are evidently prepared to pay a profit on Applegarth Holde, they may as well pay it for Colonel Haslar's benefit as for mine and Archie's—and that means, some day, yours."

"Mine!" said Dimity. "Goodness, I don't want any old profit!"

(Continued on Page 130)

FRANK O. LOWDEN'S *Formula for Good Health*

FRANK O. LOWDEN, Governor of Illinois 1917-1921, former member of Congress and a leading figure in national politics today. Mr. Lowden has established a model farm at Sinnissippi, Ill., where for several years he has devoted close study to the problems of American farmers

"Physical exercise · ample sleep," says ex-Governor of Illinois and famous agriculturist—

An interview by
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

THE most important thing in any man's life is good health.

Almost everyone has some pet theory on how to preserve this priceless possession. I like Frank O. Lowden's method best. It's as old as human experience—and fundamentally sound!

Illinois' ex-Governor says: "The two indispensable conditions of good health are physical exercise and ample sleep."

How few men today follow this formula! Particularly men whose business affairs absorb practically their entire time and interest. To them, sleep is simply a mechanical process. Many men actually believe that as they grow older they need less relaxation—less rest.

Not Mr. Lowden! He acknowledges what so few prominent men do today—that one requires as much, and often more sleep in later life than one does in the earlier stages.

"The old theory," says Mr. Lowden, "that one requires less sleep as he grows older is not sound, so far as my experience goes. I require as much sleep now as ever, and I insist upon having it.

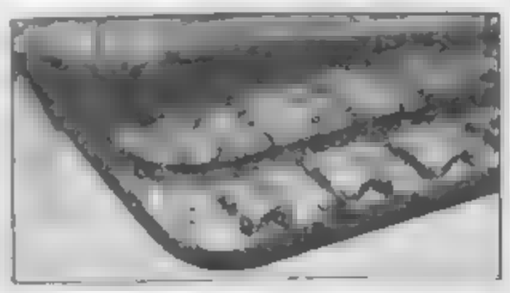
"The eight hours of sleep of my younger years are none too much now. No matter what else I must forego, my sleep is the last thing I sacrifice, even in the greatest emergency."

Mr. Lowden has for a number of years been actively interested in solving the problems of our farmers. He has established large farming acreages in various parts of the United States, for the specific purpose of studying agricultural conditions.

Certainly this advice on sleep from a man as mentally and physically active as Frank O. Lowden has a real significance for all of us.

MR. LOWDEN SAYS: *"Sleep is the last thing I sacrifice—even in the greatest emergency." Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs and mattresses, have developed scientifically the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This extraordinary comfort is within reach of every income—Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Simmons Ace Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.*

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—Hundreds of sensitive coils under thick layers of luxurious upholstering. New damask covering. Six lovely colors



Simmons Ace Spring—The perfected open coil spring. An extra number of resilient spiral springs—assuring utmost comfort. Slip cover additional

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

(Continued from Page 128

His keen eyes were very steady on her. "Well, but I rather glean that Archie intended to buy a new car out of his profit—a very smart affair, indeed, for you two."

"Oh, any old car will do for Archie and me, please. I should think there are enough cars about here that Archie can use if he wants a change."

"But they are mine, child!" he demurred, for the pleasure of teasing her.

"Well, what does that matter? Archie is a much better driver than either of your chauffeurs, although they won't admit it, and you can trust Archie to drive them. I wouldn't let him be reckless with them."

"Humph!" said Sir Bessemer to that. He thought. "But there's this, child," he went on. "Have you reflected that if you engineer this profit into Colonel Haslar's pocket, your daddy and grandpa and Julius Balm are going to feel hurt about it—feel that you have deserted them in favor of this colonel? What will daddy have to say about that? Especially as he knows that the colonel is an old sweetheart of your mamma's."

Dimity nodded gravely. "Yes, that has worried me ever so much. I shouldn't think daddy will say much to me, but I expect he will talk very much about it to mummy. But I have thought of a little plan that will make them quite contented, I think."

"Tell me what it is, Dimity."

Dimity told him at some length and with every atom of coaxing charm she possessed. It called for another promise from Sir Bessemer, but, nevertheless, his eyes were full of admiration when presently they followed her as she went across the lounge to fetch the others. Some day, in the nature of things, she would be a highly influential party to the control and spending of the big income which he had accumulated for Archie; and in spite of the fact that she had just cost him a very handsome little profit, he was well satisfied that she was very much more competent to take care of those she loved, and theirs, than she might seem to one who knew her less well. And moreover, considered justly, the child had a right to dispose of that profit the way she wished, for it had been entirely due to her brains that the profit had been made possible.

Pondering the little plan she had just confided to him—her arrangements for keeping Daddy & Co. sweet and happy in spite of the gouge which was about to be inflicted upon their capital, Sir Bessemer chuckled.

"She seems to cover everything as she goes. A very fast, very tidy little organizer, that child, yes; good-natured too, and without an atom of conceit or selfishness. A treasure, to my mind—yes, a treasure."

Sir Bessemer finished his cold coffee.

IX

THAT the authorish Mr. Wesley's notion of starting a literary career in London was to enwrap himself like a starving octopus around Gainsborough Gay's half promise to publish his book, was made perfectly plain to Mrs. Gay and her charming family next day at luncheon time, when the Wesleys dropped in, presumably to continue and develop the friendship reopened by Elaine.

Dimity, who was never tired of studying authors, when there was nothing else in the world to do, found herself after luncheon being used as a receptacle for Mr. Wesley's confidences. Speaking of his book—as authors will unless forcibly restrained the non-self-despising Wesley let slip the fact that a slight difficulty had arisen about it on the previous day, said difficulty being that Gainsborough rather unaccountably had banked down the fires of his enthusiasm to publish. But thanks to the kindly offices of a highly capable agent whom Wesley knew slightly, and to whom he had confided his doubts and fears, there was every probability that Mr. Gay might be prevailed upon by said agent to stoke up his banked fires and translate his implied promise into concrete performance.

Rather idly reflecting that any agent who could alter daddy's mind so quickly must be a very talented man, Dimity asked the name of this remarkable literary agent.

"Well, he's not so much a pure literary agent as a very high-class, well-known general agent to the aristocracy," explained Mr. Wesley. "He's a Mr. Jay—Mr. George H. Jay. He's a frightfully able chap. He confided in me that his offices at 5 Finch Court are more familiar to the aristocracy, and much more important to them, than the Savoy or the Carlton. He had a chat with your father for me and they have practically fixed up everything—practically, that is."

Dimity said she was awfully glad about that; which was true, for he had told her something she wished to know, and that was the name and address of an agent who could be trusted to take care that Colonel Haslar should not throw away in any quixotic fashion the benefits which she was striving so hard to bestow upon him. Normally, she would have gone to Uncle Julius for advice about a good agent for the colonel. But that was impossible. So she fastened rather swiftly on the highly recommended George H. Jay—so swiftly, indeed, that Archie was called upon to motor her up to town that afternoon to interview him.

Mr. Jay proved to be a burly, rather hairless, but cheerful-looking gentleman, extremely well dressed, apparently highly prosperous, with a breezy laugh, a glassy eye and a cordial manner. Altogether what Archie described later as "a dashed competent-looking old cock, what?"

Certainly Mr. Jay absorbed the general idea of Dimity's requirements with speed and precision, as he made evident from his summing up:

"The position then, as I see it, Miss Gay, is as follows: This property, Applegarth Holde, has been purchased by Colonel Haslar and he wishes to resell it to British Vintages, Ltd. You are anxious that he should not accept less than eight thousand pounds for it, plus certain conditions, which sum you believe British Vintages will pay and which concessions they will—er—concede. I see no reason why I cannot promise to conduct the transaction for you perfectly, privately and properly, Miss Gay. I shall be happy to do what I can at my—um—usual rate of—er—commission, namely—ah—10 per cent on the sum involved."

That was entirely satisfactory, and after civilities, compliments and farewells, Dimity and Archie left him to it.

Uncle Julius came down from town with daddy to dine with them that evening, and it was perhaps half an hour after dinner that Elaine came back to the drawing-room from Gainsborough's study, whither both Julius and Mr. Gay had retreated, and beckoned Dimity. "Daddy wants you for a moment, Dimity."

The little one flitted with mummy into the sunshine of her papa's presence.

"Well, kitten," said Gainsborough, and made a crook of his arm. Dimity insinuated herself inside the crook. "Your Uncle Julius has told me how you promised to try to help him and daddy and your grandpa in their business by asking Archie to persuade Sir Bessemer to sell Applegarth Holde to us. Did you ask him about it?"

"Yes, daddy, but, you see, they have sold it."

"Sold it!"

"Sold it!"

The violent ejaculations of Uncle Julius and Gainsborough dead-heated.

"Yes, daddy."

"But to whom, Dimity?"

"Why, to Colonel Haslar. Didn't you know?"

Gainsborough bounded to his feet. "Haslar! Haslar! Why, that's that seedy rascal of an ex-colonel who's always hanging around here!" His angry eye fixed Elaine the long-suffering. "Your ancient friend, I believe, Elaine."

Mrs. Gay flushed and her eyes flashed. "Indeed he is, Gainsborough, and I am very proud of that. To call him a seedy rascal would be malicious and unjust, if you really meant it. But you are angry and you don't mean it. And he is not always hanging around here. He has called three times, as I told you. Once we were all out, once I was in bed with a cold and the last time he stayed to tea. You are unfair and unkind."

She was really angry, and as Julius, studying her with an appreciative eye, noted, she was an extraordinarily well-preserved and beautiful woman.

"Colonel Haslar is a very brave, very unfortunate man, suffering from serious ill health and, I am afraid, from poverty," she continued. "If he has bought Applegarth Holde, it must be because it is exactly the sort of little place he has been seeking for a poultry farm, and I should imagine that Sir Bessemer has let him have it on mortgage or something; for I don't think, in spite of all his trials and efforts and suffering, he has anything like enough money to pay for it. I like him and I respect him; he is an old friend and I wish him well. Oh, it is a shame to talk so about him, and I won't listen! I am glad now he has bought the property, and if you and your stepfather and Julius want it you will have to buy it from him, and I hope he makes you pay him a good big profit. So there! You are all rich men and it won't do you any harm to pay a profit for a change instead of receiving one."

Gainsborough caught the look of admiration in Mr. Balm's eyes, the sheer, shining adoration in Dimity's and probably had a wireless signal from his own heart.

"My dear," he said quickly, "I am sorry. I should not have said that. I was angry. I did not mean it. Please forget it—a stupid thing to say—not worth remembering."

Deep down under, Gainsborough was all right. As sunny-natured as Dimity, though trained by long experience to keep her nature under control, Elaine melted at once.

"Why, Gainsborough, of course! How foolish of us both to take things so seriously. Some day you will meet Colonel Haslar and like him as we all do. There, that's all. I expect you will find him quite unavaricious."

She laughed and went over to the refreshment tray to make him and Julius a little something to wash away the shock.

"Well, well, we must get in touch with Haslar, Julius," said Gainsborough, shrugging his shoulders. "And I really must confess that I am relieved to think that it is easier to buy books than apple orchards."

Urbane Mr. Balm agreed. "We might telephone him, don't you think? I understand he is staying in Ernemouth. He may care to stroll round and have a cozy little chat with us now."

"Admirable! A really good suggestion." Mr. Gay reached impulsively for the telephone. But the telephone was rather quicker—it reached for him first, whirring rather agitatedly, like a rattlesnake alarmed at the close approach of Mr. Gay's grasping hand—not the first thing that had been alarmed in the same way.

The caller proved to be none other than old Mr. Avery Hackett. They all watched Gainsborough's face with a species of fascination as, after preliminaries, he settled down to listen. Once only he ejaculated, like a man who has been stimulated unexpectedly by a hornet: "Jay! Jay! That pirate!"

Julius Balm sat up to attention at that, rather in the spirit of one old hunting lion that hears afar off the roar of a rival and throws up his head to listen and to consider what had better be done about it.

Gainsborough completed his listening, glanced at the clock, spoke briefly and hung up, turning to Elaine. "Colonel Haslar does not seem to be quite so devoid of business acumen as his ill health might lead one to suspect," he said rather dryly. "It appears that he has put the matter of reselling Applegarth Holde—to us, British Vintages—in the hands of a—to my mind—rather sharp agent named Jay. Jay! The same person as that ingrate Wesley has engaged to handle the sale of his book to me! Bah!"

Mr. Balm broke in hurriedly. "Did I understand that Mr. Hackett is coming on here tonight?" he asked.

Gainsborough nodded. "Yes. It seems that this Jay has a small country house not far from my father's house. Jay telephoned him this evening, advising him that he had Applegarth Holde on his hands for sale and suggesting a quiet chat. As you know, my stepfather, if he has a weakness at all, is prone to the weakness of—er—rather voracious speed when his interests are concerned, and he has thought it wise to suggest motoring down tonight with this Jay and settling the matter forthwith. It is a charming evening for a run, the distance is not too far, and the sooner the thing is settled, he thinks, the better."

"Excellent!" purred Julius.

"We shall have to be extremely cautious with this Jay person," said Gainsborough. "I don't like the fellow—I don't like him at all. He is one of the hard, grasping type."

"Quite, quite," said Mr. Balm, the business expert, calmly confident. "But we have the advantage of numbers." He laughed. "We are, at any rate, three to one." It was his little joke. Apt in the field of quick business though the celebrated George H. Jay might be, it was impossible for any man to be overly apt when dealing with Messrs. Avery Hackett, Gainsborough Gay and Julius Balm. Julius knew that quite well.

They began to talk figures, and Dimity and mamma quietly stole away, leaving them to their mathematics. Dimity's hand slipped into mummy's as the study door closed behind. "It was so sweet and courageous of you, darling mummy, to stand up so for your old sweetheart, and —— Don't let's go to the drawing-room yet. Archie will be quite happy with the others for a little while. And I've got something to show you, mummy—something for you, darling—in my bedroom. Come and see, mummy."

"Oh, Dimity, you've not been extravagant again, have you?" Elaine was anxious.

But the little one only laughed softly, drawing her mother in the desired direction. "Oh, yes, I have—frightfully extravagant! Only, you see, it doesn't matter a bit, because British Vintages, Ltd., will have to pay the bill. Do come."

Elaine, anxious, intrigued and vaguely expectant, went. Dimity locked the door of the little white room before she drew from under her bed a fair-sized parcel.

"There!" she said, dumping it on the eider down. "That is for you, mummy—a present from me. I told you I was going to give you a present, and I meant it to be a nice little motor yacht for you to have a little cruise on the Norfolk Broads, where people are never seasick. Only I was so sorry for dear Colonel Haslar, and so worried about him, that I thought I would let my little plan be for his benefit instead of yours, just for this once. I thought to myself, 'I should think mummy would like that better; and, after all, I expect I shall be able to manage a little present for her too.' And so I did, and here it is. Only please be sure not to let daddy know until after they have finished their business tonight."

Her eyes were shining like stars, her exquisite face was tinged with the rose of keen pleasure, and she was almost trembling with joyous excitement. She pulled her mummy down to give her a big hug. "Now open it, dearest."

Elaine opened the parcel, disclosing to her startled vision and enraptured spirit a set of gold-and-tortoise-shell hairbrushes and similar dressing-table accessories, so varied and complete that the entire battery must have cost something considerably over a hundred and fifty pounds.

Elaine stared, with a curious kind of nervous delight. "But I can't have these, child! What would your daddy think?"

"Oh, daddy won't care. You will see for yourself by the time they have finished up

all their stuffy old business tonight," laughed Dimity. "I should think daddy will be rather charmed about them, for they are lovely, aren't they? And, you see, daddy will only be paying one-third share of what they cost. Uncle Julius and grandpa will be paying the other two-thirds."

Elaine tried the mirror. It went extremely well. "I —— Really, I don't understand how you manage these things. I hope it is quite all right."

"Oh, of course it's all right, mummy dear," Dimity reassured her. "Don't you bother a bit. Just trust to me, darling, and you will see for yourself how well everything seems to fit in."

What was there to do with a daughter like that—except to kiss her and love her very dearly?

x

THERE was apparent in the air of Mr. George Henry Jay, when, a little later, he followed Dimity's grandpa into Gainsborough's study, nothing whatever to indicate that the celebrated—or notorious, as one wishes it—agent felt at all daunted at the prospect of transacting business with the combined forces of those very keen-edged business transactors, Gainsborough Gay, old Avery Hackett and Julius Balm.

Burly and bland, bulking big and very black and white in his dinner jacket, Mr. Jay resembled in no particular at all a lamb being led to the slaughter; and it was characteristic of him that he seemed to have made excellent friends with the sharp-set Mr. Hackett during the trip down.

Politely waiting until old Avery had completed his extremely brief greetings, the agent proceeded to put them all quite at their ease with him.

"Ah, Mr. Gay, we meet again—a pleasure I did not expect so soon after our interesting little friendly battle *in re* the book of that very talented coming author, Mr. Wesley—ha-ha!"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Jay?" said Gainsborough. "I wish I had a tenth of your optimism concerning the talent of Mr. Wesley. Sit down, won't you?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jay, and greeted Mr. Balm. "Why, here is Mr. Julius Balm! Haven't had the pleasure of meeting you for some months, Balm. How are you?"

"Extremely well, thanks, Jay," boomed Julius. "Very glad to see you."

"That's good," claimed Mr. Jay heartily, and accepted the seat and the refreshment which Mr. Gay naturally offered him after his journey. "If I may be permitted to—er—pick and choose, my dear Mr. Gay, I'll say that I prefer Sfitz with my whisky rather than soda," he boomed cheerfully.

"And very wise too, Jay; very sensible, in fact," said old Avery Hackett, sole proprietor of Sfitz. "It's a very wonderful natural water, Sfitz, as I told you several times coming down. Costs me no end of money a bottle to make. There ought to be more of it drunk."

"True, true," said George H. Jay; adding, "Personally, I drink all of it I can get—in a way."

"Well, you'll be glad of it when you're a hundred years old," said grandpa. "Keeps you alive, y'know, Jay—Sfitz does. Just give me a glass of it, will you, Gainsborough, my boy? Good! That's good! Now then if you gentlemen are all ready to talk business, suppose we start. It's getting late and I'm older than I was. Now, Mr. Jay, you're here to sell this place—what is it?—Applegarth Holde—hey?"

"Yes, Applegarth Holde. As it stands, freehold, vacant possession, with all growing crops, and as a going concern. Yes, Mr. Hackett, I am here to sell it, if you will let me."

"Well, come now, we are men of few words, all of us here. Say the lowest you'll take for it, Jay—three thousand—three five hundred—whatever it is—and we'll make up our minds at once and no shilly-shallying."

"I will. I am instructed to ask ten thousand pounds for it, gentlemen."

Dead silence, broken by the voice of Mr. Hackett, quivering with disgust: "Well, good night to you, Jay!"

The agent ignored the proffered farewell. "I said I was instructed to ask ten thousand. But I consider it quite enough for the place, and at risk of annoying the client I represent I will take ninety-five hundred."

"We'll give you five thousand, Jay."

"I'll take nine thousand, Mr. Hackett."

"Oh, give him six thousand!" snarled Gainsborough.

"I refuse it," said Mr. Jay equably.

"Well, what will you take, what will you take?" snapped Julius Balm. "Mention a figure, man, mention a figure!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Jay. "Give me eight thousand five hundred pounds and say no more about it."

"What we'll give you for that bit o' property is seven thousand pounds, no more and no less," shouted grandpa.

The man Jay arose. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," he said, and seemed to be groping for a hat that, strictly, was hanging in the hall.

Grandpa looked anxious. "Now then, Balm, go on," he muttered. "Be expert, man."

Julius rose and faced Mr. Jay. They were oddly alike as they stood glaring at each other. "One moment before you go, Jay, my friend," said Julius menacingly. "Without any beating about the bush, I am going to name to you in cold blood the final figure, the uttermost fraction of a farthing, which British Vintages, Ltd., is prepared to pay for that bit of land. Is that perfectly clear? Now then we are going to give you seven thousand five hundred pounds for it, and when that's said all's said," he concluded expertly.

"All's said but five hundred," returned Mr. Jay imperturbably. Grandpa Hackett groaned aloud.

"Oh, don't let us have any haggling, I beg," wailed Gainsborough. "It's detestable and gets one nowhere. We buy it at seven thousand seven hundred and fifty. That is so, don't you agree, Jay?"

"No, I disagree totally, Mr. Gay. I must take either eight thousand or my departure—and certain conditions attach to that."

"Conditions, man! God bless my soul, what's the man talking about?" hollered old Mr. Hackett.

"Certain conditions plus eight thousand pounds for Applegarth," said the man Jay. "And I'll tell you the conditions stipulated for by my client, Colonel Haslar, at once. First, he stipulated that Mr. Gainsborough Gay publish the volume written by the gifted Mr. Esmond Wesley, entitled The World Put Right, as arranged in his implied verbal promise." That was due to Dimity's sense of justice.

"Oh, well, we accept that, Gainsborough—nothing much to that," agreed grandpa readily.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gay icily. "It will lose me, say, seven hundred pounds. I should have to consider ——"

"Nonsense, Gainsborough, my boy! Publish the man's book and just write it off—nothing to that!"

"I know," said Mr. Gay sullenly. "Seven hundred pounds less than nothing. In short, I ——"

"And the second condition," purred Mr Jay at this critical moment, "is that Mr. Archibald Crust, of Crust Court, Surrey, be made a director of British Vintages, Ltd."

The sheer shock of the gentle Mr. Jay's announcement was a mortal blow to any more haggling. The pending directors of British Vintages stared at one another, staggered.

"Archie! Archie!" said Mr. Gay, rather feebly. "A director! But—what's that? What is this? There's something here that I don't understand."

"I don't see that, Gainsborough," declared old Avery. "I like the boy. He's a very good boy. Any son of Sir Bessemer Crust would look very well, indeed, on my

(Continued on Page 134)

New thrill

Your skin feels a new sensation

INGRAM'S lather starts to *cool* as soon as it goes on . while the shave is on. From start-off to wipe-off . . . your skin feels a new sensation. Pioneer of *cool* shaving creams . . . Ingram's is kind to tender skins . . . takes the pull out of dull blades . . . soothes tiny nicks and razor scratches . . . leaves your skin whole and wholesome for the next shave. If you've had a notion you must use a lotion . . . INGRAM'S will show you you're wrong. With INGRAM'S you need no lotion. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste.

FREE!
7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others.
Use coupon below.

The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 cool shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1550-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 FREE *Cool* Shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

ALL MUSIC owes a debt to these revolutionary Sonora instruments

THE SONORA

The Melodon unlocks strangely beautiful new realms of music. It utters the Song .... the Dance .... a Symphony with new clarity and warmer brilliance. From its throat pours music .... the clearest music in the world .... for the Melodon brings to your home the final perfection in purity of tone!

THE SONORA MELODON WITH RADIO

Model A-40. A new Sonora Melodon that comes in combination with Sonora Radio. This Melodon has the pure tone of the new Sonora creations—the perfect reproduction that only the Melodon gives. Not only does it give you astoundingly beautiful music from records, but it starts and stops without presetting. It is also designed for use with long playing records such as Sonora will soon announce. The Radio, termed a "six tube set" actually employs nine tubes, including the long life high voltage Sonora tubes. It is far in advance scientifically—this is the Radio type of the future. (Available for various types of household current.)

THE New Sonora Melodon is an almost magical musical instrument. It reproduces by electricity the sweetness of every instrument . . . the true timbre of the human voice. There is no range that is slurred, no shading that is slighted. Superb rendition of every nuance is given you, every overtone is at last magnificently alive.

THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE SONORA MELODON

The Melodon revises radically your ideas of electrical reproduction. It gives you a new conception of the beauty that lies hidden in a phonograph record.

There was . . . last month . . . a notable gathering in the Audition Chamber of the Sonora Building in New York. Musicians, artists, financiers were there, engineers and scientists, men and women internationally known, lovers of music, patrons of the arts. A curtain rose and a hush fell . . . then came the first glorious notes of the Melodon. There was a little ruffle of surprise . . . a hush of rapt attention . . . and a deep silence as the last notes of the music died away . . . and, at the end, the storming applause of these people who know music, heralded the coming of a new king.

Now we are working day and night to fill the orders, for wherever the Melodon has been heard (with or without radio) the story is the same—the demonstration of its superiorities promptly finds it a place in the homes of those who know good music best.

SONORA PERFECTS THE RADIO

—combines it with The Melodon or offers it alone

You may have a Sonora Radio by its own perfect self. Or you may enjoy its beauties in combination with the Melodon. For Sonora spans the field

Sonora

THE MELODON, THE MELODON WITH RADIO . . .

YOUR EAR will tell how vastly they differ from all the rest . . .

NEW MELODON

of radio and recorded music and its new Radios are as distinct and certain an advance in the electrical science, as the Melodon is over all electrical reproduction.

With Sonora Radio you have now the sense that the radio has emerged as a true musical instrument. Gone is the consciousness of mechanism and method. With Sonora Radio you hear aerial music in its purest and most lovely phase.

For Sonora has dared to pioneer in radio, designing first a musical receiver and then engineering out of the way those compromises with musical perfection which have handicapped radio in the past.

Specifically, it employs a new Sonora long-life tube of 15 volts, designed especially for its set. It does not use the low voltage tubes familiar to the public. Through Melodonic reproduction, such sweetness and musical virtuosity appear for the first time in any radio instrument.

Hear them as soon as you can. They are a musical sensation. Their coming is so important, their advance so great, that even waiting a week or two for delivery will repay you in the end. But hear them, by all means hear them.

And when you do, you will be amazed to know that you may have all their perfections, all their great advantages at so little an expenditure.

And when you sit and listen to these new Sonoras, no other instruments will ever seem the same.

THE MAGNIFICENT SONORA MELODON

Model A-20. The glorious Melodon, of full electric operation, for those who desire the perfection of record playing instruments. Until you hear the Melodon, you do not know the beauty which lies hidden in a phonograph record. And you may use it, if you wish, as the perfect speaker for the separate radio set. All Melodons play all records to perfection, and are also especially designed to reproduce the new "long-playing" Sonora records soon to be issued. The new automatic "start-stop" device too, is one of its new marvels. (Available for various types of household current.)

HEAR THESE NEW MARVELS THE MOMENT THEY REACH YOUR CITY

As you read this first news of these great developments, Sonoras are being dispatched to every city in the land.

Write for a descriptive booklet of these revolutionary new Sonora instruments to the Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., Dept. P, The Sonora Building, 50 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE SONORA RADIO

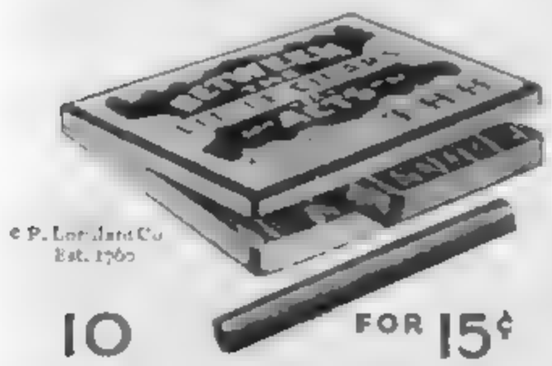
Model A-36. This superb radio is the last word in beauty of music and beauty of cabinet. It is a 7 tube set (but, actually, employs 11 tubes). It, too, employs the high-voltage, long life Sonora tubes and the Melodonic speaker principle. With the coming of the new Sonora Radios, you may now class the radio as a true musical instrument. (Available for various types of household current.)

. . . SONORA RADIOS, THE MELODONIC SPEAKER AND SONORA PHONOGRAPHS

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE BETWEEN-THE-ACTS CLUB

HARRY LANGDON *Film Star*

When time's too short for a long cigar it's time for Between-the-Acts. This fine little smoke will save $1.00 to $3.00 a week on your half-smoked cigar bill.



10 FOR 15¢

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Imitation fee to become a Between-the-Acts smoker is 15c. If your dealer cannot supply, send stamps or coin to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

The words you want fall into line with a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil!

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Three for a quarter in Canada

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 6-J, Jersey City, N. J.

TYPEWRITER TABLE

ADOPTED BY BIG BUSINESS

CONVENIENT UTILITY TABLE

Use for billing, adding machines, comptometer and [illegible]. Proced reasonable See it at Office Furniture Stores or at Typewriter Supply Stores or write for circular and name of "Tusco" dealer nearest you

Tubular Specialty Mfg. Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Tusco

(Continued from Page 131)

board of directors. That is a very good condition of yours, Jay. I will accept that condition."

Urbane Mr. Balm was nodding like a mandarin. Gainsborough understood. "Well, well, let us see. I agree. Archie is in the drawing-room. Suppose we hear what he says. Personally, I am glad to hear he is so interested in business, though why he ——"

"Allow me, Gay," said Julius. "I'll ask him to step in."

"So do, Julius, so do," approved Grandpa Hackett, beaming unrestrainedly at this marked advance upon the tremendous capital owned and controlled by Sir Bessemer, papa of Archie. "And just give us a little drop more Sfitz, Gainsborough, my boy. Go on, Jay, you have a little drop more Sfitz. Wonderful nutritious beverage, to be sure."

Archie entered rather guiltily, accompanied by a slim, lovely little figure in a blue and silver frock.

"Why, Dimity!" went Gainsborough Gay.

"She won't hurt, my boy. She won't start interfering, hey? Not my little maid," said Grandpa Hackett. "You come over here with me, my dear, and just sit quiet."

"So you wish to be a director of British Vintages, Archie, do you?" asked Gainsborough.

"Oh, quite—if you are agreeable," said Archie.

"What does your father say about it, my boy? Does he want to put in the capital necessary for you to qualify for directorship, Archie?" asked Julius Balm, in the friendliest way.

"Oh, quite. He's rather keen on it," explained Archie.

"That's capital," said Gainsborough.

"Certainly," corroborated grandpa.

"Very well," boomed Mr. Jay. "I congratulate—um—all concerned. I take it then that we may consider the matter settled—um—at eight thousand—plus the acceptance of my conditions—admirable!" He drew a folded document on them like a man drawing a revolver. "Nothing serious separating us, after all, gentlemen—ha-ha! Here is the—er—contract. Merely formal, of course."

He stood blandly over them while they signed, each pleasantly thrilled at the knowledge that the great Sir Bessemer Crust was kindly disposed, even amiably interested, in their commercial activities.

"But, after all, you know, I am still committed to squander money on Wesley's impossible book," complained Gainsborough.

"Oh, but, my dear Gay, these incidentals can be adjusted, naturally. There are always incidentals—um—considerations inwards and outwards—back and forth—in these affairs. They can be—as they should be—adjusted," said Julius Balm, thinking of Elaine's little present. "Matter of bookkeeping pure and simple."

"Quite, quite!" agreed Gainsborough.

"No doubt but what you're right, Balm," grudged grandpa. "But I don't know that I care about too much of this modern bookkeeping myself. I always say ——"

"Please?" Strange how sweet Dimity's musical piping sounded after their urgent masculine voices. It was as though something or somebody invisible had laid a cool finger on their lips or a quiet tranquilizing hand on their very warm brows. "Please, may I speak?" Daddy nodded. "Well, then, so I will, because it is so nice to see you all so happy."

"Is this child bothering you?" It was Elaine, appearing anxiously at the door.

"Nunno!" said several of them simultaneously—a trifle behind Archie.

"I only just wanted to say something, daddy, that I should think you would all like to know," said Dimity in her clear, childish, wholly adorable soprano. "Uncle Julius wished me to try to persuade Archie and Sir Bessemer to sell Applegarth to you all—only somehow that did not seem to go very well. And it seemed such a shame for you all to be disappointed about that, and so I managed somehow to persuade Archie to be a director if you would like him to be, didn't I, Archie? And then just to be quite sure that you, daddy, and you, too, Uncle Julius—shouldn't be disappointed, I asked Sir Bessemer if he would like to be a director too."

She paused, apparently to breathe.

"Well, well, go on, there's a good little maid," croaked grandpa.

"And Sir Bessemer said he would like to be one with you all, and I said I should think you would all be pleased at that."

"He—said—that?"

"Oh, yes, daddy! And he gave me a letter—here it is—to say so."

Three of them automatically reached for Sir Bessemer's letter. Grandpa got it. The old man read it in silence.

When Julius and Gainsborough came to think of it later, in cold blood, with even colder brains, both were faintly glad of that. Once old Avery Hackett and Bessemer Crust had been good friends, then they had quarreled. Then they had half made it up, thanks to Dimity and Archie. Now they had quite made it up, and henceforth were to stand side by side, as fellow directors if not exactly comrades, in their dealings with the British public as far as Roselle and Amberelle were concerned—or any other public that cared to concern itself with those brilliant and sparkling light wines at a few pence the bottle. Again, thanks to Dimity.

Quietly, old Avery passed the offer to coöperate of the old millionaire to Gainsborough, and patted Dimity's hand. "That's my little maid," said grandpa, oddly solemn.

Daddy had gulped the letter in a flash, as daddy always gulped his letters, and passed it to Mr. Balm, beckoning to Dimity. "That's daddy's good girl," he said softly to the little one.

But Julius Balm uttered his comment aloud. "Dimity is a joy—Uncle Julius' joy!" he claimed.

Nobody denied it, though Archie's look accused them all of serious infringement of copyright. Only the smooth Mr. Jay said nothing at all. But he knew his place.

It was Archie who received Dimity outside the study door. "Yes, I should think you would care to kiss me tonight, Archie," she said, laughing, "for everything is all right and everybody seems happy. Oh, Archie, Archie, I think I love everybody tonight!"

But, after all, it was mamma who had the last word when, an hour later, after everybody had gone home, and only Gainsborough was still up—busy in his study jotting down roughly the figures about Wesley's book—she went to say good night to her girls. She saved Dimity up till last—she always had, always would.

Wide-eyed, the little one was awaiting her, sitting up in bed. "Oh, mummy, dear, does daddy know about the brushes?"

"Yes, yes, he knows. He doesn't quite understand, but he knows and he doesn't care. I think he is rather pleased that Mr. Balm has to pay something, just as he has to publish the Wesley book, you see. But, Dimity, tell me"—mummy sat on the narrow white bed—"why did you take all that trouble? It must have been so complicated and tiring."

"No, no; it was so easy. You see"—the luring, lovely voice dropped almost to a whisper as her bare arms pulled her mother close, closer, closest of all—"you see, it was just because, somehow, I couldn't bear to think of your old sweetheart being all cold and alone and sad and ill. After all, mummy, I should think that you are happy and rich, and it was so easy to see that Colonel Haslar was very unhappy and so poor. And that seemed so sad to me—to think that of two people who kissed each other in some orchard full of apple blossoms years and years ago, one should now be rich and happy and the other poor and unhappy. So I thought I would try to help him. And, after all, I have succeeded, mummy. In a day or two Mr. Jay will pay Colonel Haslar nearly four thousand pounds, which will be his profit on Applegarth after paying Sir Bessemer and Archie for it, and that will be enough to make the colonel safe from poverty for his whole life. And I thought you would like to know that—somehow. And I persuaded Sir Bessemer to be a director because I knew they would all like that, and I didn't want to take so much from daddy without pleasing him too."

Dimity's head drooped low, for she was tired—really and truly tired. "Will he take it, mummy? Mr. Jay said he would arrange for that, but somehow I don't know whether to trust Mr. Jay or not. I think I do, but I am tired of thinking for today."

Elaine held her warm and close. "Why, Dimity, of course he will take his profit—he must. I will promise you that he will take it."

"Oh, well, that's all right then." Dimity drew in a long breath and lay down, looking drowsily up from her pillow. "I suppose, mummy, you think I am very romantic to bother so much about your old sweetheart."

Elaine looked down at this puzzling, reckless, generous, adorable little daughter of hers and laughed softly. "Yes, perhaps a little romantic, darling, but there is no harm. I—I'm not laughing at you, my dear. Only sometimes—when it's like this—if I didn't laugh about you, I think perhaps I should cry."

"Oh, I shouldn't do that," said Dimity. "It's ever so much easier to laugh and to just give me a kiss, I should think."

Elaine thought so too. Dimity gave her two. "One for you, mummy," she said, "and this one you can take to daddy for me."

Elaine did so. Gainsborough seemed glad to get it.

(THE END)

"The Fifth One is My Girl—There Isn't Another Like Her in the World"

Perfect refrigeration is such a comfort!

—easier menu-planning, always plenty of ice and foods healthfully fresh

PLANNING menus, marketing, entertaining—all of these are vastly simplified for the home-maker when she has a General Electric Refrigerator.

And even more important is the pleasant feeling of security—the absolute knowledge that her family's food is always safely fresh and wholesome. Even in winter scientifically correct refrigeration is vital. Kitchens are warm all year 'round, and food to be safe to eat needs to be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees—always.

The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others—it is indeed "years ahead" in design. It is entirely automatic. It never even needs oiling. All its mechanism is enclosed in an air-tight steel casing, up on top, away from floor dirt—forever safe from dust and difficulties. It uses little current and makes plenty of ice cubes.

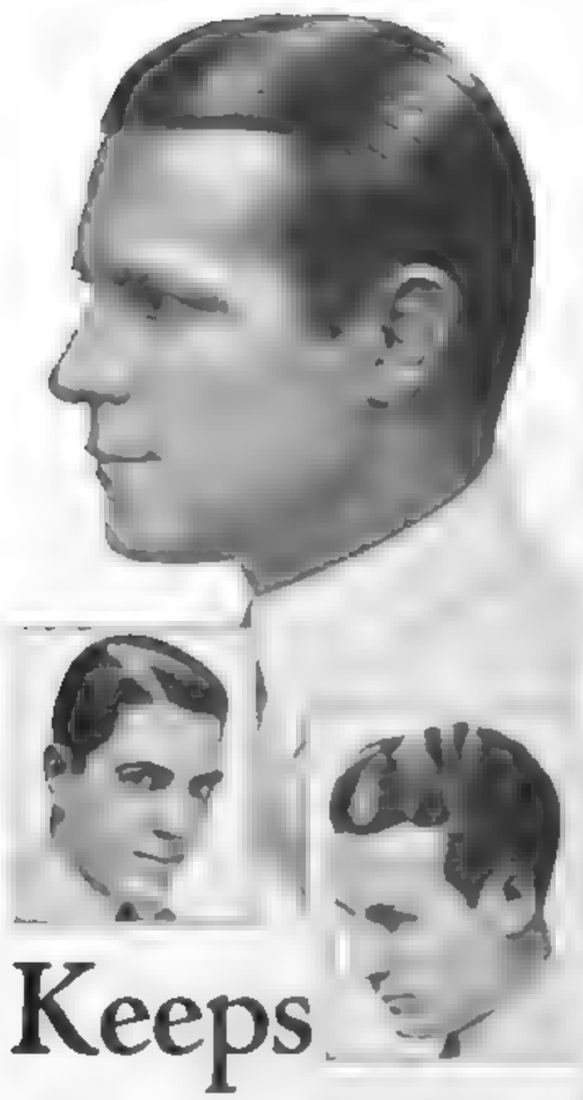
This electric refrigerator is the achievement of fifteen years of painstaking experiment and development by the Research Laboratories of General Electric. It will give you perfect refrigeration automatically, quietly and economically—that is the General Electric guarantee to every user.

To get complete specifications of these roomy, easy-to-keep-clean refrigerators, just write us today for Booklet S-10.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO



Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY J8-G-45
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid

Name

Address

THE WORLD'S SHORTEST LOVE AFFAIR

Continued from Page 17)

A moment Herbie eyed him with a level glance, and then, with a quick appreciation of the circumstance, he put out his hand. Maxwell looked at it with a supercilious smile and then deliberately studied Herbie from head to foot with an insolent calmness.

"Shake hands with an upstart!" he said. "I should rather think not!"

Herbie stepped forward, his fists clenched, and then he felt Yvonne's arm across his chest and he stopped and bowed.

"Maxwell," she said clearly, "when you insult him, you insult me—for he is my prospective husband."

Then, indeed, did the immaculately dressed man lose his calm. He stepped back as though from a blow in the face. He snarled so viciously that Herbie felt compelled to step protectively in front of Yvonne.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You are to marry a commoner! Perhaps you have forgotten ——"

He paused and Yvonne turned pale.

"Maxwell," she cried, "you would not—you could not ——"

"No?" he asked cruelly. "You think you could defy me?"

Herbie spoke impulsively: "Tell me all, Yvonne—tell me all! It does not matter—and if a willing heart and strong muscles can help, you may count on me!"

But the girl did not reply. She had buried her face in her arms and was sobbing softly. A glance at her and Herbie faced the man squarely.

"If there were not ladies present," he said coldly, "I would thrash you."

"Gentlemen," sneered Maxwell, "do not fight with their fists."

"But Americans do!" Herbie retorted, and his voice rang out like a bell. "Any day in the week a stalwart American can lick the decayed aristocracy of war-ruined Europe!"

Maxwell started to reply and then apparently thought better of it. He turned suddenly on his heel, laughed sardonically and reëntered the house. Herbie put his arms around Yvonne.

"Could this not be rectified in some way?" he asked tenderly. "It cuts me like a knife to see you weeping." But she could only sob. "Who is this man, anyway, and what devilish control has he over you? I do not think it is anything that I could not rectify. Tell me, loved one, tell me!"

She lifted her head: "Will you try to understand, Herbert? It will be difficult, but will you try to understand?"

"Of course, my child, of course!"

"Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham," she said brokenly, "is my fiancé—the man I am to marry!"

He stepped back, stunned. This beautiful innocent child mated to that roué, that characteristic representative of a degenerate nobility! He could not believe it. "Are you sure?" he demanded.

"Fate is no surer," she replied sadly.

"Then why did you tell him ——"

"I forgot for the moment," she admitted.

His fists were clenched in agony as he paced back and forth on the stone floor. What greater tragedy than this—to have found the one woman in all the wide world, to have held her pressed to his breast, and then to have found her another's! He gritted his teeth.

"But, Yvonne," he insisted, "what is this hold he has that cannot be broken?"

"You must not ask, dearest. It is a secret that is not my own," she cried.

"But, darling ——"

She placed a finger over his lips. "No," she whispered, "you must not ask, for I cannot tell. Some day ——"

"Is it your father?" She was silent. "So that is it! This fiend controls your father and you must be the sacrifice on the altar of his inhuman lust!"

"Herbert!"

"Ah, I see it all now! Yes, I see it all." He paused and looked thoughtfully at the sky. "His face," he said slowly, "seems familiar. I could swear I had seen it before, and under no good circumstance either. Could it have been in the Congo?"

Her tears dried, she snuggled against his arm like a little child and he pressed her hand tenderly.

"Let us not discuss it," she said. "This is our moment—our own moment. Let us enjoy it. Tell me about the Congo."

He lighted a cigarette and leaned against the balustrade. The look in his eyes was far away, across oceans and burning deserts and mountains capped with snow from June to June.

"Ah, the Congo!" he murmured. "The long silent nights, with savages lurking just beyond the gleam of the camp fire. Sleeping with an elephant gun in the crook of the arm. Never knowing from one moment to the next when death would come. But going forward always—always forward."

"You are fascinating!" she breathed.

"It reminds me of Java, of the long silent nights in Java. Ah, Java! We hunted ivory in Java, through the long nights, with savage beasts hiding behind every bush, ready to spring the second we were off guard. That, after all, is the life!"

"Your adventures make my poor acting seem minimized," she said. "While I have played at life, you have lived!"

"Civilization is stuffy. A man wants to get away from it all, away to God's great out-of-doors, with a wind in the face and danger to put a tang in existence."

"What a man!"

"It was nothing."

Suddenly he stiffened. Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham, had appeared again on the terrace, accompanied this time by two couples, handsome men and ravishing girls. With exaggerated courtesy, the earl bowed and introduced them.

"Miss Du Val," he said with his sneer, "wishes you to know one Mr. Gilbert—I believe that is the name—whom she expects to marry. Miss Lysium, Miss Corbett, Mr. Jones, Mr. McTavish—ladies and gentlemen, Miss Du Val's new fiancé, the assistant trouble hunter."

Herbie's temper nearly got the better of him again, but once more Yvonne caught his arm.

"Control yourself, dear," she murmured under her breath. "You could rend him limb from limb if you chose, so be merciful."

The earl had probably prepared the way, for they were, as he noted privately, laughing at him, though politely, behind their hands; and he heard one whisper, "He is probably uncouth and will be very amusing." He bowed courteously, however, and with such grace that the smiles disappeared from their faces.

"Mr. Gilbert," Yvonne said coolly, "was just telling me about some of his experiences in the Congo."

"And in Java," he reminded her.

"And in Java. They have been fascinating, and I wish he would continue them, if you wish."

"Yes," said one of the gentlemen, winking at the other, "by all means let us hear about the Congo."

"And Java," amended Yvonne.

"And Java," agreed the gentleman.

Herbie smiled easily. The six of them were facing him, and only Yvonne's eyes were sympathetic. They had come, he knew, to taunt him, to shame him before her, and yet he smiled easily, with a calm that infuriated the earl, and sent a reassuring glance at Yvonne.

"It was nothing," he said. "But you might be interested in a little incident when a lion entered my tent one night. It seems that we had trekked across the veldt all day ——"

He told the story so charmingly, so entrancingly, that despite themselves the two couples, as well as Yvonne, were presently enthralled, hanging on his every word. There was modesty in the story, and yet force, humor, characterization, human interest, pathos, satire, ecstasy, drama and pity. Another couple approached, silently, and joined the group of listeners, and still another couple.

He talked on, easily and well, and once he overheard a remark. A girl, cupping her hand politely to her mouth, whispered to a friend, "Though apparently of modest birth and rearing, he is yet a hero and tremendously fascinating. I, for one, envy Yvonne her love." And again, a gentleman: "He is a handsome fellow, with a cool, devilish glint in his eyes which convinces me he would be a hard customer in a tight place. Were I in danger, I should like him at my side; and still he is a prince among men, and it is no wonder that women worship him."

Involuntary applause greeted the end of the story and he was compelled to relate another, this one an adventure—"a bit of an incident," he modestly described it—which he ran across in Mongolia.

Presently the brilliantly lighted room was emptied, and the guests, all of them, were congregated about him, listening with rapt interest as he spun yarn after yarn, each different and each alike in drama and charm.

"He looks slender and frail," he heard a man whisper once, "but if you will notice, the muscles of his arm strain his sleeve. They are probably like bands of steel. His appearance is very deceptive and I should hate to be the one to oppose him."

"And yet," his friend replied, "he is as gentle as a woman in some respects."

"Truly," said the first speaker, "an all-around man, as attractive to men as he is fascinating to women."

Being no more than human, Herbie could not forbear a sly glance at the earl, and smiled secretly as he saw him on the outskirts of the crowd, twirling his waxed mustache and scowling furiously into the night. The tables had been turned. The man he had set up to become the butt of his underhanded humor was now something far, far indeed from that rôle.

"Have you ever been in Patagonia?" asked a girl.

"Only a couple of times," he replied

Those that had come to scoff stood now in awe and admiration. The girls looked at him adoringly, and there was envy, though impersonal, in the men. He was too likable for them to resent.

There came an interruption then. The audience separated, making a lane, and down this lane came an elderly gentleman, very distinguished in appearance, with his snow-white hair and his strong mouth. He halted before Miss Du Val and Herbie.

"Daughter," he addressed the former, "what is this that I have heard?"

Silence fell over all, and Yvonne looked at him in distress. Herbie stood erect and waited. The elderly gentleman resumed:

"I do not know this young man, though his appearance is in his favor. But I have been told on high authority that you contemplate marrying him, counter to your engagement with Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham."

Herbie saw the earl, twirling the end of his waxed mustache, edging closer, a sardonic smile on his lips.

"I am sorry, sir," Herbie began, when the elderly gentleman raised one hand.

"I am addressing my daughter, if you please," he said, though not unkindly. "Later I will hear you." He faced Yvonne again: "Do you not understand, my dear, the situation?"

"Yes, yes!" she gasped. "But I love him!"

Mr. Du Val's eyes softened and then grew old with pain and helplessness, and he turned to the earl.

"Is there no milk of human kindness in your heart?" he asked beseechingly. "Have you not heard of true love?"

(Continued on Page 138)

FROM SUCH MAGNIFICENT "PINES" AS THESE

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE FRUIT PIE

1 pastry shell
4 slices Hawaiian Pineapple
6 halved peaches
9 prunes
1 cup cream filling
½ cup cream, whipped

Spread cream filling lightly in bottom of pastry shell. Steam and stone 9 prunes and arrange on peaches, alternately with pineapple halves. Place prune in the center and garnish with whipped cream. One cup whipped cream may be used instead of cream filling.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE AND ALLIGATOR PEAR SALAD

6 slices canned Hawaiian Pineapple
1 small alligator pear
1 head romaine
½ cup lime dressing

Cut pineapple slices in halves. Pare alligator pear, cut in lengthwise halves, remove stones and cut halves, crosswise into half moon shapes. Arrange on bed of romaine, alternating halves of pineapple and alligator pear. Serve with lime dressing made by substituting lime juice for lemon juice in a standard French dressing.

Last year we sent you 69,000,000 cans of Perfect Hawaiian Pineapple

DO you ever do any gardening or "put up" fruit in a kitchen of your own? Then you'll realize what it means to grow and pack 69,000,000 cans of pineapple in a year.

And just *what* does it mean—to you who enjoy it?

It means that as the world's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple we have no alternative. We must send you the finest fruit these tropic isles produce.

It means that each of these 69,000,000 cans we pack must be full of golden goodness—ripened to a queen's taste, tempting to a king's—Hawaiian Pineapple at its best.

And it must mean that millions of families prefer pineapple grown and packed the Dole way.

That we can grow magnificent "pines" by the millions and capture their native flavor in gleaming cans—is largely due to the initiative of James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

Perhaps that explains why "You Can Thank 'Jim' Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple."

30 New Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes FREE!

When such famous authorities as Good Housekeeping, Pictorial Review and Modern Priscilla prepare 30 new recipes, you immediately know they are well worth having. Many are illustrated—all are included in this fascinating booklet. Send for your copy—now. FREE!

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Dept. S-118
215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
I would like to have a free copy of the new recipe booklet described above.

Name . . . . . .
Street . . . . . .
City
State

S-118

©H. P. Co., 1929

World's Largest Growers and Canners of Hawaiian Pineapple

Honolulu HAWAII · HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY · *Sales Office:* 215 Market Street San Francisco

Speak up!

ALMOST every other person you meet today is grumbling about something connected with government, and almost every other man or woman you meet neglected to vote on last Presidential Election Day.

Often you hear them say, "What's the use of voting? My vote won't change the result." Many of the men and women who should have cast their ballots in 1924 must have talked like that, for only 52 percent of them voted.

America has faced many crises. She has made laws, amended laws, abolished laws. She has kept step with changing world conditions. But many old problems remain unsolved. New ones will arise. Your government will be as sound and wise as you and other Americans make it. You have great responsibility and great power. It is your duty to exercise that power. And the way to exercise it is through your vote. Do not neglect it.

By failing to vote, you offer encouragement to the political plunderer and other unscrupulous persons who are eager to profit by the opportunity you give them. Only by voting can the majority of Americans holding like opinions dictate their wishes and save themselves from the danger of being governed by a minority holding opposite opinions.

Your next President will not be a despot or a dictator. He will not make or unmake laws, but he has great power and influence and will go into office bound to use them to bring about the kind of government wanted by those who elected him.

Once in four years you are called upon to vote for a President and thereby help to solve great problems. Let no private affairs prevent you from doing your duty to your country on Election Day.

Be a good citizen. Go to the polls on November 6th and vote.

In 1920, 54,053,000 citizens of the United States were eligible to vote. Only 26,674,171 voted—approximately 49 percent. In 1924, out of a total of 56,215,000 men and women who should have voted, only 29,091,417 did—about 52 percent.

Most good Americans are willing to abide by the will of the majority. The trouble is that many of us are not sure that the will of the majority is being expressed.

When about one-half of the voters neglect their duty the country is governed not by a majority of the people — but merely by a majority of the minority.

In 1928 America needs every possible vote so that the will of the real majority may be known. No one else can speak for you on Election Day. Speak for yourself. Vote.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 136)

The earl sneered. "I am no milksop," he said. "But I make no demands. If the girl will marry me, all very well and good. Everything else is forgotten. If she chooses not, but to marry this—this bourgeois, it is quite all right with me. Only"—and he glanced at Mr. Du Val significantly—"you know the consequences."

There was silence for a moment, and then: "Shame!" The exclamation had burst from the lips of a man in the foreground, and as it smote his ears the earl turned and faced the crowd with a snarl.

"Who cries shame?" he demanded.

But there was no answer. The men quailed before the ferocity of his glare. Few men were brave enough to face Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham, and none here save Herbie, who stood back, pale but calm, helpless in the face of this exigency. Mr. Du Val, suddenly haggard with strain, faced Yvonne.

"Dear," he said, "it is up to you. You know all. You know what your decision means. I am ready to abide by it. If you say one way, I am saved. If you say another, you are saved. Choose!"

For a full moment she gazed at her father, her nerves taut, her eyes tired and troubled. A stillness like death had fallen over the crowd. Their sympathies, Herbie knew, were with him, with her, with the elderly gentleman, but against them stood the sinister figure of Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham, a figure none dared oppose.

"I choose ——" She paused and the crowd held its breath.

Then, casually, with that bland, irritating smile which was so ruthless, so confident, so forbidding, Maxwell stepped forward. "It is cruel," he said sardonically, "that the lady should be compelled to make such a choice."

He stood there before them, an immaculately dressed gentleman, with his evening clothes, his shining white shirt, his carefully waxed mustache and his fine manners, and beside him the bourgeois, straight, strong, clean-limbed, an American, wearing his shabby clothes like a king in his ermine, as proud and as brave.

"Perhaps," the earl continued pleasantly, "something will happen during the evening ——"

At that instant, like a shaft of lightning through the night, a scream split the air. It slashed through the earl's words with the finality of death, and with blood cold and hearts halted, the guests turned as one person.

"My necklace! My diamond necklace! My diamond necklace is gone!"

It was Eleanora Purdue, star of Purdue Productions, and immediately she fell into a deep swoon. Pandemonium reigned for a moment. Women cried out in alarm and the men looked here and there, everywhere, completely nonplused.

"A moment!"

Herbert Gilbert's voice rang out like a trumpet, and at its sound calm returned. Instantly they turned to him for leadership, for guidance, he was so clearly the man to take charge of the situation. Garbed as he was in his modest work clothes, a strange contrast against all these finely dressed gentlemen, nevertheless they recognized in him the born leader and bowed to his word and wish.

"Lock all of the doors and windows," he commanded crisply. "This thing must be thrashed out thoroughly."

Men ran to obey him, and presently they were all again in the brilliantly lighted room, with Herbert acknowledgedly in charge of the investigation. They sat around in a semicircle, eying him breathlessly, and his troubled glance noted the crushed old father in the front row and the sneering earl standing in the rear. Again he racked his brain to recall where he'd seen that face.

"This is a very grave matter," he began. "As we all know, Miss Purdue's necklace was worth a king's ransom. Composed of gems each as large as a robin's egg, it was nevertheless a modest trinket. Some one of us here is regrettably guilty. Our duty is to ascertain this unfortunate person, return the necklace and keep the matter out of the public prints."

A beautiful young girl whispered behind her hand to a friend. "How succinctly he phrases it, and what a comprehensive grasp of all fields of information he has! Twice on the terrace he quoted Kipling, once Poe, and again Robert W. Service, and yet he does not look like a typically Oxford man. We should undoubtedly welcome him to our circle as a very valuable addition if we could persuade him to give up his adventurous life in the far places of the world."

"I feel safe with the situation in his hands," replied the friend. "If his alert brain cannot solve the mystery, none can."

"My suggestion," Herbert continued gravely, "is to call in the servants and question them as to any mysterious figure seen skulking in the rear hall shortly after dinner."

Mr. Du Val moaned: "This will ruin me! I will never be able to hold up my head in public again!"

Yvonne put her arms around him tenderly.

"Rely on Herbert, father," she said. "He will save us."

Two of the gentlemen had started for the doorway to summon the cook, when once more the earl stepped forward. He glanced coolly over the company, by now a little antagonistic toward him, and spoke in his smooth, suave voice so laden with venom.

"If you will pardon a slight interruption," he said, "I would suggest another move. I feel that nearly all of us here know one another fairly well. I presume that we can speak for one another. But"—and here he paused significantly—"there may be an outsider present for whom we cannot account so readily. My suggestion is that first we search all uninvited guests."

Then, with a nasty leer at Herbert, who had straightened and paled as though from the lash of a whip, he lighted a long gold-tipped Russian cigarette and stepped back. A wave of indignation swept the crowd, for they had come to love and respect this slender, straight, clean-limbed young American who had so thrilled them with his anecdotes. But before anyone could speak he stepped forward himself.

"I recognize His Grace's point," he said calmly, "and I am prepared."

"No! No! You cannot be subjected to this indignity!" cried Yvonne. "You are the man I love!"

But Herbert stood with his hands above his head and reluctantly two gentlemen began to go through his pockets. Suddenly one paled, and from a side pocket slowly drew a handful of glittering stones. A sharp cry escaped Yvonne, for there was the famous Purdue diamond necklace, recovered from the young man who stood as pale as death.

A low growl swept over the crowd. Yvonne fainted. Miss Purdue cried with relief, and Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham, laughed hoarsely.

"I had suspected some such thing," he said, his voice laden with venom. "Perhaps now ——" And he turned to Mr. Du Val.

"Appearances"—Herbert spoke with difficulty—"are against me."

"Oh, Herbert, how could you?" the girl cried, and buried her face in her father's arms.

For a moment Herbert could only look about desperately. The love and sympathy that he had found in the eyes of these ladies and gentlemen were all, all gone, and they returned his look coldly. One cannot do certain things, such as stealing, and retain the respect of society.

"This is all a gigantic mistake," he said hoarsely. "There has been dirty work somewhere, and it is up to me to find where. I shall never again eat or sleep until my name has been cleared in the eyes of the whole world, as well as Yvonne, whom I love." He turned to her. "Yvonne," he said, "this will all be cleared up. Have faith in me."

(Continued on Page 141)

Which of these Products do you need for your fall repairs ? Genuine Ruberoid Shingles - Roll Roofing - Plastic Cement - Roof Coating

WINTER'S battle with your roofs is just ahead. Now is inspection time. Worn-out roofs must be replaced with new. Weak roofs must be reinforced. Weather-worn roofs must be resurfaced. Or else, long before spring, winter's bombardment of cutting hail and wind-driven sleet will find the weak spots—dripping reminders that winter is no friend of poor roofs.

No matter what condition your roofs, you can get a *Genuine* Ruberoid product that will take care of your needs. Fire-resisting, mineral-surfaced *Genuine* Ruberoid Shingles and Roll-roofings come in a wide range of styles, weights and colors—a roof for every building and for every purse. *Genuine* Ruberoid Plastic-cement is made *specially* for patching, reinforcing and for flashing work. *Genuine* Ruberoid Roof-coatings, in colors, are ideal for resurfacing.

All are made by The Ruberoid Co., the Nation's oldest maker of ready-to-lay roofing, a company with a reputation for quality products, earned over a period of 35 years.

This reputation The Ruberoid Co. jealously guards by careful laboratory control. And also by the appointment of dealers who recommend the *Genuine* Ruberoid product, or products, that will best serve your specific needs.

If you do not know the dealer in your vicinity who handles *Genuine* Ruberoid, you should. He is a friend worth having. The coupon will bring you his name, also a free copy of our repair manual which contains a wealth of information about roof repairs.

Genuine
RU-BER-OID
SHINGLES — ROOFINGS
Colorful Varieties · Durable · Fire-Resisting

The RUBEROID Co.
New York and Chicago
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

The RUBEROID Co., (Dept. 55)
95 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y.

Please send me a copy of your *Roof Repair Manual*. Also tell me where I can secure *Genuine* Ruberoid Shingles and Roofings for the following type of buildings

- ☐ House
- ☐ Garage
- ☐ Church
- ☐ Library
- ☐ Theatre
- ☐ Factory
- ☐ Store
- ☐ Warehouse
- ☐ Shed

Name .....

Address .....

Whitman's Fruits and Nuts . . . a hospitable Hallowe'en greeting

Fruits and nuts—of course. Tradition decrees it. And what more delightful than the famous package of Whitman's Fruits and Nuts?

Delicious chocolate surrounding luscious fruits and selected nuts! What a wonderful greeting for those Hallowe'en guests who are sure to drop in.

How these crisp days awaken the candy hunger. Have candy . . . Whitman's . . . the Fruits and Nuts package ready.

It proves both your thoughtfulness and your good taste to take "her" Whitman's.

Whitman's Fruits and Nuts package is doubly welcomed for the thought it carries — and for itself.

There is a selected Whitman agency near you. And every Whitman agency gets each Whitman package directly—quickly—*fresh* from us.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

Philadelphia New York
Chicago San Francisco

Whitman's

Chocolates

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

(Continued from Page 138)

"Go!" said Mr. Du Val. "Never enter my house again!"

With a final adoring glance at Yvonne, he turned on his heel, and at that moment Old Man Wehman, whom he had not noticed before, stepped up to him.

"Boy," he whispered, "up to a certain point you were admirable. You have always been a good friend to me and now I have the opportunity to befriend you." Then he whispered into Herbert's ear.

The young American straightened up, a look of grimness on his face, though the worry had disappeared. "Mr. Wehman," he said, grasping his hand in a firm shake, "I shall never forget this. No matter how high I go, nor matter riches or fame or power, I shall always hold you as my faithful friend. I can never repay you for what you have done."

Mr. Wehman wiped a tear from his eye, and then, with an ominous smile, Herbert turned again to the company.

"Before I go," he said calmly, "I wish to recompense you in some way for the welcome I have received in this home this evening. Poor boy though I am, and without fine clothes, you received me warmly, up to a certain point; and though there has been a dastardly trick played and complete misunderstanding all around, I still feel under obligations to you."

A young gentleman whispered to a friend behind his hand: "I have a feeling that this young man is innocent. His gaze is too level and sincere for him to have stolen the famous Purdue diamond necklace. See how upright and honest he looks, though appearances are against him!"

"Perhaps you would be entertained with a wrestling match," Herbert continued, smiling easily. "It might be a novelty in your jaded lives, something different from the ordinary round of teas and parties, and in this way I could repay some of my debt to you."

The earl, twirling his waxed mustache furiously, began to look worried.

"I would suggest," Herbert resumed, "that His Grace, Maxwell, Earl of Cuttingham, be my opponent. Though slightly heavier, I feel that we are nearly of a match, and what he has of advantage in weight I could make up in the knowledge that I was on the side of right."

All eyes turned to the earl, who scowled, but worriedly, as Herbert's amused smile rested on him.

"What bourgeois nonsense is this?" he demanded. "Does this thief and cad think to blind us with a childish device like this?"

Herbert recoiled under the words as though before a slap in the face, and a murmur of indignation rose from the crowd. Mr. Du Val leaped to his feet.

"Maxwell," he said, "control yourself!"

"Words like that," Herbert said calmly, "must be wiped out in blood. On guard, Your Grace!"

He dropped in the position of pugilistic defense which every red-blooded American boy knows, and the men formed a ring to see fair play. The earl looked around venomously, the women shrinking under his glare, and at that moment suddenly from Yvonne came a scream that rent the air.

"He has a knife!"

He had, indeed, this so-called earl—a long slender stiletto that glinted wickedly under the bright lights; and immediately a low growl rose from the men.

"Drop that knife, Maxwell! This youth is unarmed, and we are here to see fair play!"

"If this whippersnapper is looking for trouble," Maxwell retorted grimly, "he shall have it."

The whippersnapper stood erect and smiling, unperturbed by the sight of the evil weapon. Yvonne turned her eyes from the sight. Old Man Wehman touched her respectfully on the shoulder.

"I should not worry, ma'am," he said. "Herbert has a complete knowledge of jiujitsu which he picked up while hunting in Tibet some years ago. He has been in many tight spots, has Herbert, and he has always rendered an honorable account of himself. Myself, I am confident that he will prevail over this so-called earl."

Then the earl lunged. The knife whipped through the air, on and on and on, straight toward the young American's heart. Women screamed and men turned pale. The knife came on, apparently bound for its mark deep in the heart, when suddenly, with a graceful gesture that brought exclamations of admiration from all, Herbert turned the knife to one side and with a quick turn of the wrist sent the earl crashing to the floor.

"One miss!" the young man said merrily. "Will you try another, Your Grace?"

Cursing and bewildered, the earl was scrambling to his feet, and again the knife came, straight at the heart, and once again, with a lithe twist of the body, a little trick picked up in the Sudan, the blow was parried and the earl thrown to the floor.

Once more, and still once more, he came on, and again and again the smiling young man evaded him; and then the crowd began to realize that this slender unarmed young man was simply toying with his opponent. He laughed as he missed death by fractions of an inch. Involuntarily they began to applaud an exhibition of self-defense unknown in their experiences.

Presently the smile disappeared from Herbert's face and his lips tightened grimly.

"Enough of this child's play!" he exclaimed.

Then he closed with the earl. They struggled in a hand-to-hand fight for life for a full moment, and then the earl went to the floor for good. The breath knocked out of him, he lay like dead, and Herbie, bending quickly over him, thrust a deft hand in one pocket and from it brought forth a tiny bit of metal which he raised over his head.

"As I suspected," he said—"the clasp of the famous Purdue diamond necklace!"

"But how—why—how on earth could he have done it!" burst from lips all over the room. They gazed in awe on the young man who not only had had the courage to face the earl, known everywhere as one of the most deadly stiletto fencers in Europe, but also had had the acumen to work out the solution to this mystery.

"How did you know?"

Herbert laughed modestly. "Part luck, part quick brain work," he confessed. "This old gentleman"—and he threw an affectionate arm across Mr. Wehman's shoulders—"who has ever been my faithful counselor, chanced to see the earl edging close to me while we were talking on the terrace and decided to keep his eyes peeled for trouble. He told me what he suspected and"—he laughed—"you have seen the rest."

"Incredible!"

"Furthermore," Herbert continued, turning to Maxwell, who was getting to his feet, "this man is no more the Earl of Cuttingham, who is one of my best friends, than I am."

"Then who ——"

"He is Liverpool Jake, the greatest jewel thief and society bandit in the world."

The unmasked earl looked rapidly around, but there was no way of escape. Angry eyes met him from every direction. Mr. Du Val was gazing at him in horror. Then he spoke.

"And you," he asked—"who are you?"

"Inspector Herbert Gilbert, of Scotland Yard, at your service, sir." And he bowed courteously. "Constable"—Old Man Wehman, suddenly transformed from a radio-repair man, leaped forward quickly "Constable Wehman, of Scotland Yard," Herbert ordered, "put the bracelets on him."

A moment later, while the room buzzed with confusion, Liverpool Jake was being led out by Constable Wehman, while scores of excited questions were being leveled at the laughing young man who had so completely outwitted everyone, the bogus earl most of all.

Suddenly Mr. Du Val stood before him, his eyes wet with emotion, and his trembling hands rested on Herbert's shoulders.

"Tell me, young man," he quavered, "who was your father?"

"T. Effingham Gilbert, late colonel of the King's Own Royal Hussars, sir."

"Not T. Effingham Gilbert, late colonel of the King's Own Royal Hussars!" the old gentleman exclaimed.

"The same, sir."

"Then," cried Mr. Du Val, "you are the son of the oldest and dearest friend I ever had. You are ——"

"—— an American, sir, though educated abroad, and now serving in the secret service for a taste of adventure."

"What a blessing!" Mr. Du Val cried. "What a blessing!"

Laughter again filled the room. Sadness had disappeared. Everyone felt a little less constrained since the departure of the real thief, and someone started the phonograph. Suddenly a gentleman held up his hand with mock seriousness.

"Friends," he said, "I wish to make a little suggestion. It is that we all withdraw to the terrace and leave this happy young couple alone." He winked mischievously. "Perhaps they have something to say to each other."

Everyone laughed, none more loudly than Mr. Du Val, and presently Herbert and Yvonne Du Val were alone in the room. She crept into his arms, murmuring, "My own real man!" And then their lips met in a long, long kiss, and he shut his eyes.

"From Sunnyland. Come to fix the set."

He heard the words dimly, his blinking eyes trying to hold all the loveliness of Yvonne Du Val as she leaned against the wall. Her head swayed a bit and her eyes were a little uncertain. She tried to speak once or twice, and then suddenly shouted at them:

"Well, what's the idea of coming to the front door? Haven't you ever heard of a servants' entrance? Get out and come in the back door!"

Silently Mr. Wehman turned, Herbie still at his heels, and they went back into the yard and felt their way down the path that led to the rear of the house. A man let them in and they went first to the batteries in the cellar.

The Old Man unslung his kit and began to test the poles.

They worked there for five or ten minutes in silence, and presently Herbie spoke. "What's the name of that niece you was talking about?" he asked.

"What niece?"

"That niece you was talking about."

"Oh, her! Her name's Maude—Maude Atkins. She ain't bad at all, that girl. You orta come see her."

"I been thinkin' maybe I will," Herbie said, handing him a screw driver. "She go to business?"

"She's a extra at the Purdue Studio. She makes quite a smart bit of money."

"Oh, yes."

They were finished then, and the tools were replaced in the kits. A man let them out of the house, through the rear door, and they stumbled back to the flivver. Music and laughter came from the windows of the brilliantly lighted room.

"You can't ever tell about an extra," Herbie said as they drove back toward Hollywood Boulevard. "She might get to be a star herself, once she got the breaks. If you want to be a star, that's the best way of starting."

"You can't tell," agreed Mr. Wehman.

Herbie looked up at the sky. The clouds were beginning to form pictures before the moon. He gazed at these pictures dreamily.

The hands that put these parts together

Assembling a Conklin Pencil

THE Conklin pencil, the pal of the Conklin pen, is the product of skilled hand labor. And this is the reason why Conklin gives without fear an unconditional guarantee of free service with every Conklin Endura pencil. Finished in Conklin Blue, Mottled Green, Red, Black, Mahogany, and Black and Gold. Long and short models. $3.50 and $4.00. Pens to match, $5.00 and $7.00. Other Conklin pencils, $1.00, $2.50 and more. Other Conklin pens, all prices, all colors, all sizes. In stores everywhere that make a home for pen and pencil quality.

PENS • PENCILS • SETS
DESK SETS • LEADS

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Service Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

Compare the work...
the difference is *important*

There is a recognizable difference in typewriters. There is very little similarity. This is evidenced when you *compare the work.*

The superiority of the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter is apparent in its operation and in its output—and unmistakably so.

There is an important difference in the appearance of the work it does. Advanced principles of design insure permanent accuracy and perfect alignment.

There is an important difference in the human effort required. Drop-forged steel rails and roller trip escapement — exclusive Royal features—reduce friction to a minimum.

There is an important difference in the quantity of its output. Because less human effort is required, more is accomplished.

There is an important difference in its upkeep. The *Easy-Writing* Royal is built of exceptional materials and with great exactness in every detail. It therefore lasts longer and gives finer service.

The Easy-Writing *Royal Typewriter is priced at $102.50 delivered to your office, anywhere in the United States.*

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
316 Broadway, New York City
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ROYAL
TRADE MARK

EASY-WRITING TYPEWRITERS

THE AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 25)

He cleared his throat comfortably. "You recall Ingo? I'm here on that." He frowned and brushed his lips gently right and left with the side of his index finger; meanwhile he looked at the toes of his boots. "Fact is, Harmsworth, you didn't know the whole story. No need for you to. Ingo and his father were my personal clients in some ways and that relationship held to the last. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then. All I need say now is this: There is an heir and there always has been. I'll give you the will to read later."

"An heir?" said Mr. Harmsworth.

"Yes; a Mr. John Gowan, of Sydney, Australia."

"You know him?"

"I have corresponded with him several times."

"Who is he?"

Old Mr. Merkel cleared his throat again. "The fourth Ingo's son, by a Miss Vincent of Reading. I mean to say, I trust you implicitly in this matter. Old Lord John gave this up on his deathbed and told it to Lord Ingo alone. Lord Ingo gave it to us in his last letter of instructions. Following those instructions a substantial grant was made to Mr. Gowan shortly after Lord Ingo's disappearance—at the same time, in fact, that the servants were taken care of. Twenty thousand pounds to be exact. Those, it appears, were old Ingo's deathbed instructions, given verbally to our Lord Ingo. Our Lord Ingo, not having heard from Mr. Gowan after old Ingo's death, hesitated in the matter until this obsession of evil took hold of him prior to his tragic disappearance. The information remains between us, for I feel bound by my word to qualify Gowan to take under the will, in spite of the—er—slight irregularity of birth—and after all, there are no other close heirs and what the world doesn't know can't hurt it."

"No," said Mr. Harmsworth thoughtfully. "I suppose not. It's irregular, to say the least, but it's your kettle of fish, if you want to risk it."

"I do," said Mr. Merkel. "It is a solicitor's duty to protect and carry out a client's wishes even after that client is dead."

"True."

So it was that in the course of time Digiton Abbey went to the block and Merkel, Harmsworth, Merkel and Blount purchased the yacht Nineveh from Armstrong-Colline, Ltd., manned it, coaled it and provisioned it and ordered its anchor dropped off Kedlestone Light, according to instructions. According to instructions also, they left Ingo House still closed, barred and double locked.

One evening a fishing dory rowed out from Kedlestone with a telegram for Captain Dunnon. It said simply: "Meet the 11:30 from London. Gowan."

Captain Dunnon met it himself. A tall gentleman in a dark traveling ulster alighted from the train. His hair was gray at the temples and there was a peculiar drawn rigidity to the lower part of his face that was quite ghastly in the dim light.

"Captain Dunnon?" he asked. "I'm Mr. Gowan, the Nineveh's owner." He reached into an inner pocket and produced a letter from Mr. Merkel. Captain Dunnon glanced at it and touched his cap.

"Yes, sir. I hope everything is to your satisfaction. The tender is waiting to take you off. I'll send a man up for your luggage."

An hour later, in his cabin, Captain Dunnon shrugged. "You know as much as I do," he said to his mate. "Says he ain't going anywhere at present—just to stand by. Been badly smashed up in the war by the look of his face. The Australians took it pretty bad on Gallipoli, you mind?"

Nor did the Nineveh ever go anywhere. For ten years she lay at anchor, swinging to the Kedlestone tides. The crew was well paid and well found, and seldom a man left her. Her bright work was always spotless and her paint was always fresh. A thin wisp of smoke plumed her funnel top, day in and day out, but she never left Kedlestone.

Three or four times old Mr. Merkel came down to see his new client in the first months of his sojourn on board but after that he left him severely alone. Mr. Gowan did not want company, nor did he want friends. Curious people found out very little from the Nineveh's crew. Why didn't they go somewhere? No orders. What was it all about? They didn't know. A feature writer who tried to find out more was thrown off the Nineveh for trespass. She became a tradition presently, and as such was respected with an almost religious fervor. Small boats gave her a wide berth. Other yachts went farther up the river to anchor. For nine years Mr. Merkel heard nothing from his client save for the curt acknowledgment, once a quarter, of accounts rendered.

The fire that destroyed the Mellish House on the twenty-second of March was a simple matter of a choked chimney at the start, but it gained ground so rapidly before it was discovered that the whole side of the square was threatened before it was finally brought under control. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after the gates to Ingo House had been forced and firemen had mounted to the roof by means of scaling ladders, the constable on the beat put through a call to Merkel, Harmsworth, Merkel and Blount to notify them of the necessary trespass. Young Mr. Merkel called his father immediately and, twenty minutes later, the old gentleman came puffing into the offices.

"Somebody," he said, "has got to go up at once to protect our interests. The keys'll have to be taken. They may want to open the place. It's not to be opened unless the authorities think it absolutely necessary; in which event a member of the firm should be there. I suggest my son and yours, Harmsworth, or you yourself."

"Not for me, thanks," said Harmsworth. He rang for a clerk. "Ask Mr. Merkel and Mr. Philip Harmsworth to step in and bring the Ingo files from the vault."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Merkel, Junior, and young Philip Harmsworth put on their ulsters and left in a cab.

Mellish House was a raging inferno when they arrived and the houses on both sides were seriously threatened in spite of drenched blankets on the roofs. They pushed through the police lines into the courtyard of Ingo House and found the constable who had called the office. Firemen were crowded on the doorstep and around the scaling ladders.

"If they could get their lines through the side windows ——" said the constable, and as he spoke a fireman raised his ax against the wooden guard of the front door. Mr. Merkel pushed through beside him and brought out the keys.

"Half a moment," he said.

He fumbled through the packet and found one presently that forced the rusted lock of the guard. The fireman threw it open and together they attacked the front door, which was stuck with silt and weather. The lock was stubborn, but it gave presently, with a groan from the tumblers, and the three men thrust their shoulders against the heavy panels. The door screamed briefly above the uproar in the courtyard and came open with a flurry of dust and dry flakes of varnish from the lintel.

A squad of firemen pushed through, dragging a hose line after them. A beam from a strong pocket flash swept the dark foyer. The men went to the left, and presently a window smashed and the hose leaped with the force of water that swept through it. Three more men, dragging another line, came in and passed through. Another window crashed. Someone gave Mr. Harmsworth the flash light and went out.

He turned to Mr. Merkel. "Nothing we can do, I suppose, but wait."

Mr. Merkel shrugged and leaned against the doorpost. Mr. Harmsworth flashed the light beam across the cold, shadowy reaches of the circular entrance hall, around which a serpentine staircase in ebony and Parian marble crawled upward through the shadows in the perpetual movement of perfect symmetry. Then idly he stooped and ran his gloved fingers across the footman's stool, tracing a deep furrow in its thick coating of dust. He looked up at the heavy Venetian lantern hanging from its rusted iron chain in the stair well. Cobwebs, like a gray lateen sail, rippled on the chain in the slight draft from the open door. There was a smell of damp rot and mold in the stale, cold atmosphere, and the thousand little noises of empty houses commenced to creak and rattle and scratch in the distant rooms, above the muffled tumult outside.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Hate to have to spend a night here alone."

He lit a cigarette and walked across the huge foyer. Mr. Merkel shut the door as far as it would go and followed Harmsworth.

The latter pushed aside the rotted portières and flashed his light into the first room to the right. It was a small reception room. He crossed to the nearest shrouded chair and lifted the tattered covering.

"Fairly good condition, the upholstery," he muttered, "although I expect it's gone at the seams with moths. Carpets are hopeless." He went up to the mantelshelf and blew a thick cloud of dust from its surface. "Humph, the clock's stopped at twenty minutes to three. Hands almost rusted off." He reached behind for the key, found it, and inserting it in the hole, turned it gingerly a half turn. There was a snap and a whir as the spring gave way. "'Ullo," he said. "Put that down to us."

Mr. Merkel had gone through to the room next behind and scratched a match. "I say," he called, "this is a shame! Look here!" Harmsworth came through. Merkel was looking at three portraits upon the wall—portraits that were mere blotched expanses of mildewed canvas, leprous with flaked paint. "Don't know what these are, but I'll wager they're done for. Ingo had Landseers and Lelys and a Gainsborough or two."

They went on through to the library. Jagged yellow scars were seared across the book backs like saber cuts, where the famishing mice had gnawed through the leather bindings to get at the glue.

Harmsworth snorted in disgust. "Criminal."

Unconsciously his glance sought the refectory table for a receiver in which to put his cigarette ash. There were some lumpy objects at the far end, on a tray. He walked up and turned the flash on them.

"Well, I'm damned," he said. "Three cups and a plate. And look here ——" He poked his stick into a chair and brought up a mold-coated top hat. Gingerly he touched it with his finger, and the silk nap fell from it in a great patch like hair from the stiffened flesh of a long-dead cat.

"Ha!" he said. "The plot thickens. An antique topper, *circa* 1268—what am I offered?"

Mr. Merkel stared at it. From outside came the crash of more breaking glass and a shout. "Better go out and see what they're doing," he said. "This isn't as amusing as it might be."

"No," said Mr. Harmsworth. "It could be improved by a Gershwin symphony." He punched out his cigarette. "One excellent library completely ruined. Monument to the waste and ignorance of our upper classes." Pulling the skirts of his coat about him, he stepped out through a doorway into the circular hall again. Then he stopped and turned around. "I say," he said, "they dined alone and left for the Rutland about ten. They'd've had coffee, wouldn't they?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

(Continued on Page 145)

RADIO ACCESSORIES

that improve your set

HAVE you ever tried to move your loudspeaker farther from your set or into another room? If not, try a Belden 20-foot Speaker Extension Cord with the handy Bakelite connector, and note the difference. Such a cord is always handy for moving your speaker to the porch, bedroom, or dining room.

There are many other Belden Radio Products worth investigating, such as the Belden Indoor Aerial Kit, Colorubber Hook-up Wire, Beldenamel Outdoor Aerial Kits, Lightning Arresters, and Belden Battery Cables. Ask your dealer about the Belden line in the distinctive striped cartons.

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2334 South Western Avenue, Chicago

Get Busy With the Shears Now

The Saturday Evening Post
857 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

I'd like to make some extra money as your subscription representative. What have you to offer?

Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City .....

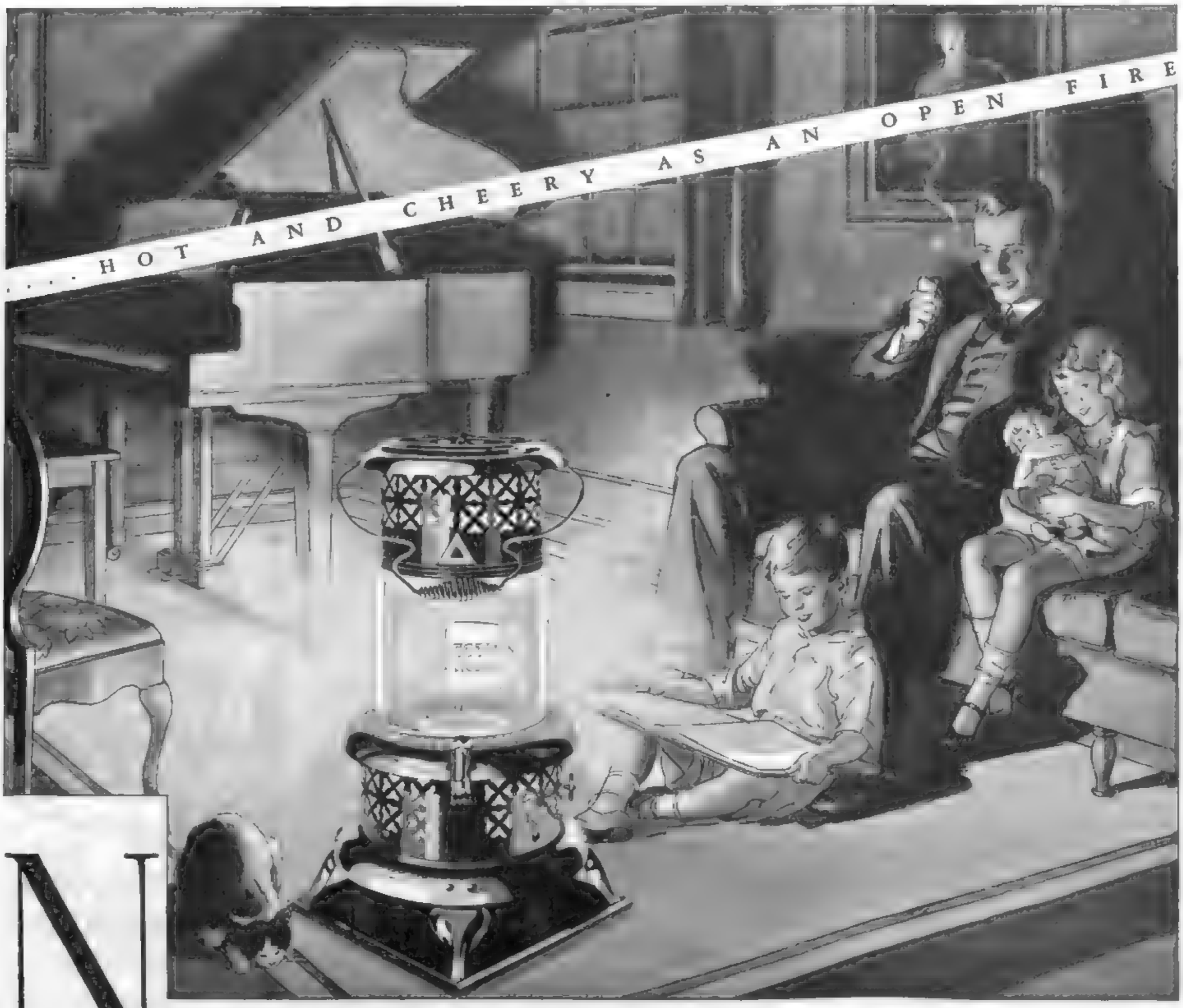
State ..... Age .....

World famous recipes

by George Rector

Specialties from noted restaurants, including those mentioned in "A Cook's Tour" and "The Gift from Rector's." Simplified for the home in "The Rector Cook Book." (192 pp.) Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.10. George Rector, P. O. Box 1071, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.



New firelight heater
. . . . . how they love to gather around it!

There is something so cheerful and friendly about this new Firelight heater! Something that brings all the cosiness of an open fire—all of the heat, and none of the trouble.

Try it, the first cool evening this fall. Instead of starting your furnace or other fires, light the heater and set it down in your living room. Notice the cheering effect of the ruddy glow shining through its transparent fire-bowl. Notice how shivering muscles relax in its generous warmth. Turn out the other lights and enjoy it.

The Firelight is Perfection's new oil-burning heater . . a powerful heating device that brings a soft, cheery light with its warmth. It has a fire-bowl of durable Pyrex and a finish of apple-green enamel or satin black. Like all other Perfections, it has new features that make it easier to fill, easier to keep clean, easier to re-wick.

And like all other Perfections, it is safe and economical to use. As a matter of fact, the low cost of Perfection heat makes it cheaper to keep warm than to stay cold . . You can get up in a cosy, Perfection-heated room six weeks in succession for the price of a box of cold tablets! And the warm room is so much pleasanter than the pills!

If you have a lazy furnace . . or an expensive furnace . . or none at all . . get a Perfection and keep warm. Get either the Firelight or one of the beautiful all-metal models in snow-white, sea-blue or brown enamel, or satin black. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. See them at any dealer's.

Perfection Stove Co. • *Cleveland, Ohio*
Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

PERFECTION
Oil Room Heaters

(Continued from Page 143)

"Maybe it was the fashion in those antediluvian days."

Halfway across the circular hall Harmsworth stopped, wheeled about and pointed his stick at Mr. Merkel. "And what about the third cup, what? I'll bet they didn't make it a practice to drink coffee with the butler?"

Mr. Merkel pulled aside a moth-filigreed portière and stared absently into a room behind the library. "I don't know, I'm sure."

Through the far rooms to the left they could hear the swish of water under pressure eating into the flames that swept Mellish House. A fireman came through and went out the front door. Mr. Harmsworth glanced up the circular stairway, then slowly he started up.

"Whither away?" Mr. Merkel called.

"Come along," he said; "chance of a lifetime."

From above there came the sound of a slow dripping of water leaking from a gutted pipe, and far down the upper hallway a great sagging bubble of plaster drooped from the high ceiling like a soggy wen. The wall paper hung in strips below it and the floor was littered with shreds of plaster and paper that had already fallen. Mr. Merkel followed him up.

"Fifteen years' water rent," said Mr. Harmsworth cheerfully. He went down the hall and pushed mightily at a closed door. It creaked and buckled, and finally burst open and slammed against the wall, throwing him headlong across the threshold. There was a dull, damp thud as the plaster bubble collapsed with the jar and filled the back hallway with a sour, bitter dust.

It was a great room that ran almost the width of the house. Unlike the lower reception rooms, the furniture was not in covers but stood instead just as it had been left, but with the dust of the years blotting the upholstery to a uniform drab gray. There were books on the table, gnawed at the bindings, and a lamp, the fringe of which lay in a pile of loose threads on the table top below the shade. Two excellent cabinets in marquetry stood with their doors bulged open from the dampness like great bloated cheeks. Everywhere the woodwork was sprung and swollen and squeaked wretchedly to the touch. The cold, damp air sent jagged points up Mr. Harmsworth's spine.

"Makes a chap feel as if someone were filing his finger nails. Ugh! I'm glad there's a fire next door!"

They crossed the room and passed into a small study beyond; then going down the side corridor, they opened the door to the first of the bedrooms. It was evidently Lord Ingo's. The great canopied bed was turned down for the night, just as Sigismund had arranged it that long-gone February evening. Feathers from the sunken-in pillows lay in a trail across the coverlet, the raised step and the carpet. Two slippers reposed side by side on the step and a pair of silk pajamas lay under a pall of dust on the moth-frayed comforter. There was a warped book ready to hand on the night table, and a box of cigarettes from which the paper had blistered with moisture. Pens, with their nibs a fragile breath of red dust, lay on the writing table beside an open silver inkwell, the bottom of which was caked with a thin powdery heel of evaporated ink. There was a silver-backed hairbrush on top of the dressing table. The electric torch in Mr. Harmsworth's hand flickered abruptly and went out. He snapped the switch to no effect. Mr. Merkel lit a match. They stood for a moment in indecision; then Mr. Harmsworth grunted, stuffed the defunct flash into his pocket and pushed open a door.

"That's not the way out," said Mr. Merkel.

"Give it a look-see, anyway, now we're here."

Both men paused on the threshold and peered into the gloom of the room beyond. It was much darker than the other room. Harmsworth lit a match himself and held it high above his head. The bed bulked before them in heavy carved oak. He lit another match and stepped farther inside.

"Smells like a stale morgue," he muttered. "Never smelled one, but if I had it'd smell like this. Damn!" He dropped the match and sucked at his burnt finger. Mr. Merkel, behind him, snapped the wheel of his cigarette lighter and held the petrol flame up. In its dim light the room spread suddenly out before them, dancing in a hundred writhing veils of shadow that interlaced and squirmed on walls and ceiling.

They both saw it at the same time, and their hands, groping blindly for each other, touched in mid-air and clamped coldly together. For perhaps ten seconds neither spoke or drew breath. Then suddenly each saw the horror-lashed face of the other, and their muscles relaxed slowly as the breath rasped in their dried throats. Harmsworth pulled at his collar; then he crossed to the window and tugged at it. It refused to open, so he smashed the lower pane with the corner of his cigarette case, reached through and unhooked a leaf of the clamped shutter. Cold gray twilight, laced with the rose glow of the flames from Mellish House, flooded the room. When he turned around, Merkel was standing above a bundle of old clothing on the chaise longue.

"Gad!" he said in his throat. Then turning: "You've cut your hand, Harmsworth. You're bleeding like a pig. For heaven's sake, wrap it up!" Mechanically Harmsworth reached for his handkerchief and twisted it about the gash in his wrist, meanwhile staring at the chaise longue. A body lay on it with the rumpled folds of expensive evening clothes still draping its shrunken outline. The shirt was mottled and gray with dust, but still studded with a black pearl that smirked sullenly in the light from the window. One arm, ending in something quite yellowish and frightful, trailed negligently upon the carpet. The head was turned toward the fireplace, as if its attention had been called to the gnawed patent-leather shoes that gaped at a grotesque angle on the ends of its withered legs.

In a moment Merkel reached into his breast pocket and pulled out his own handkerchief. Slowly he wiped his lips, which were quite dry, and replaced it. Then he snapped out his cigarette lighter and put it in his waistcoat pocket.

"Good Lord," he whispered. The house had suddenly become colder and damper, and the noises outside seemed to rise gleefully in a fiendish chorus.

"We'll not touch a thing," said Harmsworth; "but do let's get out into the open air!"

They went hurriedly back into Lord Ingo's chamber, out into the hall and down the stairs to the circular entrance hall.

"I say," said Harmsworth nervously, "I have cut my hand! Silly idea that—smashin' the window. Funny what people do. I remember once on the Somme. Chap's batman was bringing him a cup of shaving water ——"

"Oh, shut up, can't you?" Mr. Merkel wiped his brow with a trembling hand. "Lying in this place alone for fifteen years! It'll hit the governor terribly. Police case, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. Undoubtedly. I say, hair does grow, what? Suicide, I expect."

"What about his wife?"

"'Ullo? Never thought of that. Bad, eh?"

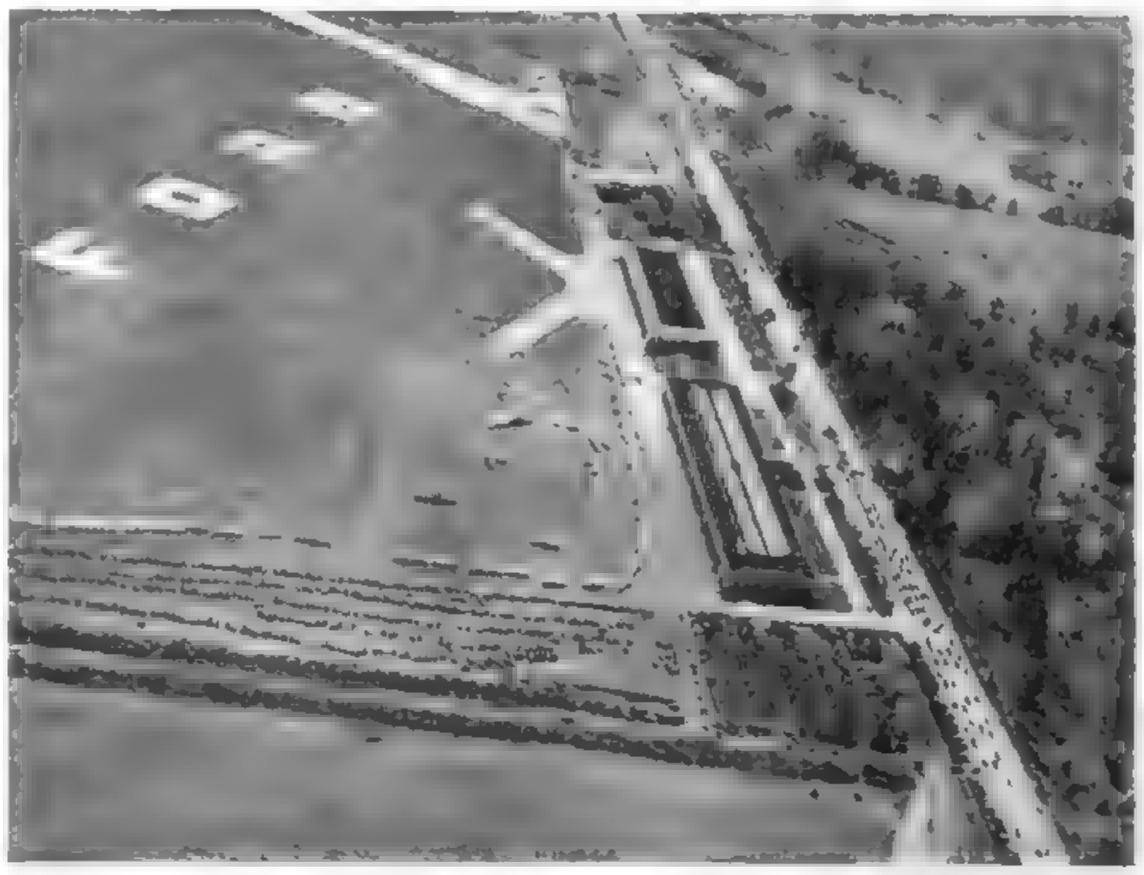
Mr. Harmsworth wiped his own forehead. "Look here; I suppose my pater and yours ought to be notified."

Mr. Merkel bit his lip and nodded. "We'll stay until this is over. Won't do to telephone. I don't suppose these people'll want to go up there. It's the other side of the house."

Two hours later, after the walls of Mellish House had fallen, they closed the shutters of the windows the firemen had smashed for their hose lines, locked the front door and its guard, and took a cab back to the offices.

Old Mr. Merkel was still closeted with Harmsworth, Senior, when they returned. They came in quietly and young Mr. Merkel closed the door carefully behind them.

Wide streets bring airports nearer



Ecorse Oakwood Boulevard, 50 feet of even-surfaced concrete connecting Dearborn and Detroit with the great Ford Airport, is often taxed to capacity with eager traffic.

MINUTES, not miles, should measure the distance from flying fields to factories or offices which air travelers, mail and express must reach. Time saved between cities by aircraft, fast trains, trucks and busses is often wasted in narrow, congested, entirely inadequate roads and streets.

Time in transit can be greatly reduced by streets of adequate width, separated from cross traffic at important intersections.

Traffic grows faster than population. The streets to your airport, your stations, docks and other public gathering places should be well paved and *even wider* than today's demands require.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 WEST GRAND AVENUE - - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 32 Cities

Portland cement concrete pavements form the modern connecting links between great airports and the cities on whose outskirts they lie. Permanent, even-surfaced, clean and safe, these concrete pavements permit express service 365 days a year. Concrete has been found ideal for modern city pavements, both in business and residential sections. Write for illustrated booklet about concrete streets.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

These leading Clubs and Hotels find this the best way . . to dispose of smoking refuse

ALL over the country, the leading clubs and hotels are installing Smokadors as the most efficient as well as the easiest, safest and best looking way to take care of smokers.

Smokadors swallow up *every bit* of the refuse of smoking as fast as it is created. Down the hollow stem it drops into an air-tight receptacle, where, for want of oxygen, it is instantly smothered and all odor killed.

No fire danger from unextinguished stubs and matches! No smell of stale tobacco in the hangings! No unsightly ashes, stubs or matches in sight!

No litter on floors or rugs! For Smokadors can't spill. And so *easy to clean!* Just unscrew stem and empty receptacle.

Six models in various colors. Look for the name on the bottom and for the patented snuffer-grip on the tray, to be sure you are getting a genuine Smokador. You can get Smokadors in Department, Furniture, Housefurnishing, Sporting Goods, and Office Supply stores. Send coupon for free descriptive leaflet. Address Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

• • •

MODEL 1—"Rock-a-by." Eight colors Price $10.50—West of Mississippi $11.00.

MODEL 2—Semi-rocking. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $13.00—West, $13.50.

MODEL 3—Flat non-rocking base. Glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $12.00—West, $12.50.

MODEL 4—New semi-rocking. Glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $7.95—West, $8.45.

MODEL 5—New de Luxe "Rock-a-by." Glass jar concealed in base. Eight colors. Price $12.00—West, $12.50.

MODEL 6—Flat, non-rocking base. Open bottom. Glass jar. Six colors. Price $6.50—West of Mississippi $7.00.

A few of the leading clubs and hotels using Smokadors

City Club, *Los Angeles*
City Club, *St. Louis*
Boston Athletic Association, *Boston*
Atlanta Athletic Club, *Atlanta*
Cleveland Athletic Club, *Cleveland*
Elks Club, *New York*
Hotel Astor, *New York*
Copley-Plaza, *Boston*
Ambassador, *Atlantic City*
La Salle, *Chicago*
Brown Palace, *Denver*
Alamac Hotel, *New York*
Bossert Hotel, *Brooklyn*
Brevoort Hotel, *New York*

Many clubs are using the original rocking Smokador (Model 1)

The new semi-rocking Smokador (Model 4)

TRADE MARK
Smokador
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Ashless Ashstand

SMOKADOR MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me your free folder. I enclose check for ( ) for model ( ) color ( )
Name
No. and St.
City

© S. M. Co., Inc., 1928

"Well, sir, we had to open the house and—we've found something."

"The old boy himself." Philip sat down and pulled out his cigarette case.

Mr. Merkel started up. "What?"

"Lyin' there all dressed for dinner."

"Steady," said Mr. Merkel, Junior. "There's a time ——"

"Sorry. What I mean to convey is that we found Lord Ingo's body in evening clothes on a couch in one of the sleeping rooms."

Old Merkel stared at them with his mouth half open.

"We didn't touch it," said his son. "We left everything as it was. It's rather ghastly. I suppose it means the police?"

Harmsworth, Senior, stood up and sank his hands in his pockets. "There'll have to be an examination, of course. It'll mean the coroner and the Yard, I'm afraid."

Old Mr. Merkel seemed quite dazed. He sat and stared at the backs of his hands as if he had just noticed them.

"It was no secret," he said finally, "that Ingo and his wife were at the breaking point, but I never thought ——" He got up as if he had grown suddenly cold, and stood close to the fire. "I never thought ——" he faltered. "What was it—suicide?"

"Impossible to tell," said Philip. "The light was poor."

Mr. Harmsworth, Senior, moved toward his desk. "Shall I call? I know Egbert personally."

"Yes," said old Merkel. "It will mean whole hog, however. They'll come down in force and go over the place. It'll take days. You might simplify matters by asking Egbert to keep the press on the outside as long as he can. What, then, happened to Lady Ingo?"

Mr. Harmsworth shrugged and picked up the telephone. "Gowan should be notified too. I'll send a wire.'

At ten o'clock one evening, a fortnight after Ingo House had been opened, four gentlemen in traveling coats and mufflers got off the train at Kedlestone and asked the station master for a launch. He directed them to McGovern's cottage in the High Street, and fifteen minutes later, for a rather stiff consideration, they were chugging out toward the Nineveh.

As they crossed under her counter and came in, McGovern hailed: "Ahoy, Nineveh! A party for you!" and cut his throttle. The launch wallowed in the slight swell for a moment.

"Who's aboard you?"

"Mr. Merkel and Mr. Harmsworth."

There was another wait. Presently a gangway light was snapped on and ropes creaked in their blocks as the ladder came down to the water's edge.

"Come in!" the voice called.

Captain Dunnon met the four men as they came up on to the deck and led them forward to the saloon. They sat down silently and waited for perhaps ten minutes, at the end of which time Mr. Gowan, in trousers and dressing gown, came in.

"Hello, what's all this? Who are you?" His eyes took in the two other men.

Mr. Merkel folded his hands nervously and cleared his throat.

"This visit," he said, "is much against my will." He glanced at the two men. "I have been forced into it, however, and had no choice in the matter."

The taller of the two strangers leaned slightly forward. "We'll make no bones about it," he said. "I'm Inspector Yorke. I apologize for the intrusion, but let it be understood that this is a police call—and necessary. You have already been notified of the finding of Lord Ingo's body when Ingo House was opened. The inquest was terminated late this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Mr. Gowan. "What was the verdict?"

"Murder," said Yorke. "Four shots were fired into the head by a person or persons unknown."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gowan. "Mightn't I have read it in tomorrow's papers, or been notified by mail?"

"Yes," said Yorke, "but it was thought advisable to notify you personally ——"

"I'm sure I'm delighted."

"—— for there are certain points that must be cleared up before we can go ahead on the case. The trail is fifteen years old and we'll need all the help we can get."

Mr. Merkel interrupted. "These gentlemen know," he said softly; "it seemed necessary that they should "

"You knew Lord Ingo?" asked Yorke.

"No," said Mr. Gowan. "Under the circumstances I couldn't very well."

"Of course." Yorke took a black cloth bag from his pocket, and undoing the string that held its neck, dumped the contents upon the saloon table—a watch and chain in old gold, a cigarette case chased with the Ingo griffin, and a heavy ring crested in intaglio, sleeve links, a card case and a black-pearl stud. "These," he said, "made identification possible. There was very little else, besides the clothing," he glanced at Mr. Merkel and back at Mr. Gowan. "I suppose they will come to you when we are finished with them?" Mr. Merkel and Mr Harmsworth nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose they will," said Mr. Gowan. "He was my brother and I ought to be very grateful to him and to my—er—father for attempting by gold the wrong done me." He looked at the jewelry on the table top. "But somehow—you'll pardon me—I can't seem to get sentimental over it. So, if you'll come to the point of your visit ——"

"It will be delicate," said Yorke, "so bear with me, please. You were born?"

"In Reading—in August, I believe, of '77."

"And you went to Australia?"

"Several times from 1906 on—under several different names."

"Why?"

"I have no idea why."

"I see. Were you domiciled permanently anywhere before you arrived in Sydney in 1912?"

"No; I traveled continuously."

"On what funds?"

"See here," said Mr. Gowan. "To me this is nothing short of an impertinence. I had allowances."

"I'm sorry," said Yorke. He looked at his companion thoughtfully; then he picked up Lord Ingo's cigarette case and turned it between his fingers.

"And you were with the Australian Expeditionary Force during the late lamented and were wounded on Gallipoli?" His eyes traveled to Mr. Gowan's face and rested for a brief second upon the lower part, which was drawn into a myriad angry red scars that writhed almost to his hair on the right side and ended in gas welts above the collar of his dressing gown.

"I served twenty-eight months with the colors," said Mr. Gowan evenly, "and spent eighteen months at Randwick Hospital in Sydney. If there is any doubt about it in your minds, gentlemen, I suggest you go to Reading and look up my birth certificate and cable Sydney for the rest."

"We have," said Inspector Yorke, "and we find that what you say is correct. One thing, however, puzzles us. A Mr. John Gowan of Reading, whose birth date corresponds with yours, died six months ago of influenza at Baden-Baden."

Mr. Gowan shrugged. "It is a common enough name. I'm sorry I can't help you and I trust you are not implying more than you say. If there is nothing more I'm afraid this interview is fruitless."

"Perhaps," Yorke spread his hands. "But there is one thing more. It may interest you. I've heard of it, but I'd never seen it before. Hair had grown—posthumous hair. It was all of a foot long, but curiously enough, as far as the coroner could tell, there was no beard growth. The air in the room must have been perfectly still all that time and it seemed to him that there should have been strands of the beard on the shirt and collar."

Mr. Gowan's brow wrinkled in distaste. "Do we," he asked, "have to go into the

Continued on Page 149

Play . . . THIS WINTER

Refresh your body and mind under Southern California's healing semi-tropic sunshine!

EVERY good reason your physician, business associates and friends can find to draft you for a Southern California vacation this winter will be answered one hundred per cent by better health and a fresher mind when you return home next spring!

Persuade yourself to come to this land where winter is only a name, where flowers bloom gorgeously, birds sing and oranges ripen a mile beneath snow-capped peaks. Under the gentle warmth of Southern California sunshine you will gain new living ideals. This land is a haven for young and old thousands who seek the natural comforts and joys of spring-like winter days

All will prove new out here in picturesque loveliness—palms everywhere, radiant gardens, poinsettias growing as freely as hollyhocks, red-berried pepper trees. Wide boulevards lead along the placid blue Pacific to Old Spanish Missions and every other interest spot in the Southland.

Sixty-five ever-green golf courses are within easy distance. A few hours south and you'll be at San Diego; then, it's but a brief trip to Tia Juana! Southern California, because of its mild climate, is flying headquarters!

And, the winter desert! Here may prove your greatest thrill. Drive up the Mojave and through Owens Valley in summer-like sunshine and see a blizzard batter itself against bleak Mt. Whitney (14,501 ft.), king among the astounding Sierra peaks! Over a safe road lies Death Valley with oases of rare comfort at Stovepipe Wells and Furnace Creek Ranch. Palm Springs and its wonderful hotels—a spot of joy in the midst of a silent, mysterious desert waste—is an easy motor trip.

Metropolis of the Pacific Coast, Los Angeles offers all the thrills of a great modern city —the finest hotels, theaters, cafés. Los Angeles County is among the very richest in natural resources, with agricultural products approximating $95,000,000 and oil fields valued at a billion dollars!

Be ready to come this winter—before Christmas if you can. Every added day means so much in health and enjoyment Have the greatest vacation of your life!

As you finish reading this invitation, mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," a new and *authentic photographic book* that pictures the Southern California you will see winter and summer It should be in every home library. Here's the coupon. Mark it and mail it

From nearby Palos Verdes Hills stretches a magnificent panorama of mountains, ocean, cities!

Southern California

"A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 10-B,
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked

- ☐ Los Angeles
- ☐ Los Angeles Sports
- ☐ San Bernardino
- ☐ Orange
- ☐ Santa Barbara
- ☐ San Diego
- ☐ Riverside
- ☐ Ventura

Name

Address

City State

HEAR THE CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA BY RADIO THIS WINTER. IT IS BROADCAST BY BALKITE

Radio enters a new phase *with the Balkite AC receiver*

Balkite A-5—The Table Model. Walnut cabinet, by Berkey & Gay.

Balkite A-3—*The same, in a simple but sightly all-metal case.*

Balkite A-7—*Housed in a beautifully hand-carved walnut cabinet by Berkey & Gay. Completely equipped, including dynamic speaker.*

$175.00 *to* $450.00
Less tubes

Prices slightly higher
West of Rockies

For some time the problem of faultless reception has been solved—in the laboratory. Complicated mechanisms under laboratory conditions leave little if anything to be desired. To make this quality of reception available in a simple, practical, permanent set—that is the radio problem for 1928; solved by the Balkite AC set.

Balkite has in fact taken all that is known in radio, including its own important contributions; then, through engineering refinement, has produced a set that has the finality of a fine car.

Radio fans who have heard the marvelous reception now achieved in the laboratory, and who are familiar with the complicated mechanism required to produce it, are amazed at the Balkite chassis. For here is that same faultless reception, but accomplished by means that engineering refinement has reduced to utter simplicity.

Here, too, is AC without hum; a complete unit ready to operate from your light socket. It has push-pull audio, complete shielding, dynamic speaker power, a jack for reproducing records electrically. The circuit allows wide variation in voltage with safety to tubes.

The cabinets are by Berkey & Gay; an exterior elegance to match interior refinement. The dealer will gladly demonstrate . . . Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.

FANSTEEL
Balkite Radio
CABINETS BY Berkey & Gay

(Continued from Page 146)

gruesome details? My nerves aren't what they were before ——"

"No," said Yorke, "we don't have to go further. The point I make is that through the clothing and effects and the condition of the remains any examiner might have been led into such a cursory examination as to have certified the skeleton as that of a man, but the hair gave them to think. Lord Ingo's hair was coal black—as black as your own, Mr. Gowan, from pictures—whereas the hair in question was blond—a beautiful golden blond—and the body, under pelvic measurements, proved to be the body of a woman. Taking a long shot from there, we have come to the conclusion that the woman was Lady Ingo—that she was murdered and then dressed in Lord Ingo's clothing. That his effects were placed on her person. That her hair was shaven and burned. If it had been burned on her head and the roots destroyed, we might never have got this far with the case."

"True," said Mr. Gowan. "And interesting. But what then?"

Inspector Yorke fidgeted. "Well, sir, who would you say had committed this murder?"

Mr. Gowan smiled. "Any ass could answer that. I should say Lord Ingo. Who would you say?"

"I agree with you. And why was it committed?"

"There you have me." Mr. Gowan leaned back in his chair and put the tips of his fingers carefully against each other. "I don't suppose anyone knows exactly what strikes the spark of murder. Jealousy might have been a motive—or outraged honor. From reading the newspaper accounts—which you may be very sure I have done most carefully—I might attempt to reconstruct the crime for you if that is what you wish?"

"I should be very glad if you would, sir."

"I dare say you would." Mr. Gowan smiled again. "Very well then. Lady Ingo, before her marriage, was a public figure whose rise to fame was nothing short of meteoric in one so young. It was whispered by some that it was due to the influence of certain powerful gentlemen, one of whom proposed marriage, another of whom attempted to murder her, and the third of whom destroyed himself. Let us say hypothetically that the gentleman who proposed marriage was granted favor; hence the jealousy which actuated the attempted murder on the part of one of the others and the successful suicide of the third."

"Yes?" said Yorke.

"Enter," said Mr. Gowan, "Lord Ingo, who is of excellent family, well supplied with the world's goods and physically presentable. The gentleman who enjoyed the favor of Flossie wishes to marry her, but cannot stoop to her level because she is a commoner and he must maintain his hereditary public position, which he dare not jeopardize even morganatically. But marriage is an excellent safeguard and background, so our lady in question turns to the ardent young Ingo and marries him. Unfortunately, let us say, this marriage does not appear to her as any reason why she should relinquish the favor already granted to the other gentleman. Let us say that Ingo, discovering this fact, becomes highly outraged. Let us say that his rage is intensified to the point of madness by the fact that he is ardently in love with his wife. Let us say, further, that his rage does become actual insanity for a time, when he is faced by the realization that he cannot wreak vengeance upon the gentleman for the very reason of the man's place in the structure of the nation. What then happens?"

"I should say," said Yorke, "that his rage would turn upon his wife."

"Precisely," answered Mr. Gowan. "Let us say it does. Let us say that he makes his plans very carefully for several weeks. He has an obsession of evil which he confides to his solicitor. He closes his house before witnesses and sends the keys to his solicitors. He spends his last evening at a hotel and is seen in public. The man who has wrecked his life and happiness telephones to Lady Ingo, as Lord Ingo knew he would. They both go to this man's chambers and thresh the matter out. Still at no decision, they return very late to Ingo House, to which Lord Ingo has supplied himself with duplicate keys beforehand. They sit down. Lady Ingo may even have made coffee for them."

"We found the cups—three—in the library."

Mr. Gowan nodded. "In my zeal to help you I surpass myself as a criminologist." He paused for a moment. "Finally the hour waxes late. Lord Ingo demands for the last time that the liaison be terminated. His request is refused; so, being a young man of rather hot blood, he draws a revolver and kills Lady Ingo. The other man, of course, cannot speak, for he is bound by his high place not to jeopardize his exalted position in the eyes of the people of the country. For the same reason Lord Ingo is restrained from shooting him. He determines, however, that being unable to drag his true motives into court, he will take no chance of going to jail for his deed. It is not pleasant to be hanged by the neck because one's wife is unfaithful. The unfaithfulness is punishment enough." Mr. Gowan smiled. "An interesting theory, at all events. Pity the only witness has since died."

Inspector Yorke swallowed hard. "And where," he asked, "is Lord Ingo now?"

The two men stared into each other's eyes for a second without speaking. Then Mr. Gowan leaned forward and carefully lit a cigarette.

"That, my dear Yorke, is up to you. I'm not a policeman. He might have shot himself or he might not. He might have disappeared. He might have been killed in the war. He might be living still. You can't tell."

"I shall stay on this until I can tell."

Mr. Gowan waved his hand. "You have my sympathy, my dear chap. First of all you must prove that the body you have is really Lady Ingo's. Secondly, you must prove that Lord Ingo did the murder—and your only witness, were he alive, could not, with decorum, be asked to testify. Thirdly, you must find Lord Ingo. Is there anything more I can do for you tonight?"

Inspector Yorke scowled. "No," he said. "I think not."

"It occurs to me that it is quite possible, in the course of your investigations, that you may reach a point where you are led to believe that I am Lord Ingo."

"Yes, that is quite possible."

"In that case, you reach your fourth problem. Lord Ingo had no criminal record and his Bertillon measurements were never taken. As for me, one look at my face will show you that outside of possible stature and build, there could be no slightest resemblance. Furthermore, your Mr. John Gowan of Baden-Baden may have changed his name as I changed mine. So you see, your job is difficult. And now, if there is nothing more ——"

Inspector Yorke and his assistant shuffled the personal effects of Lord Ingo back into the little cloth bag and took up their hats.

"Good night, gentlemen." Mr. Gowan opened the door and showed them out on deck. He turned and shook Mr. Harmsworth's hand. "Good night, sir."

Old Mr. Merkel lingered behind for a moment, looking at the toes of his boots, then he held out his hand and moved toward the door. Mr. Gowan took it. They stared for a second into each other's faces, then:

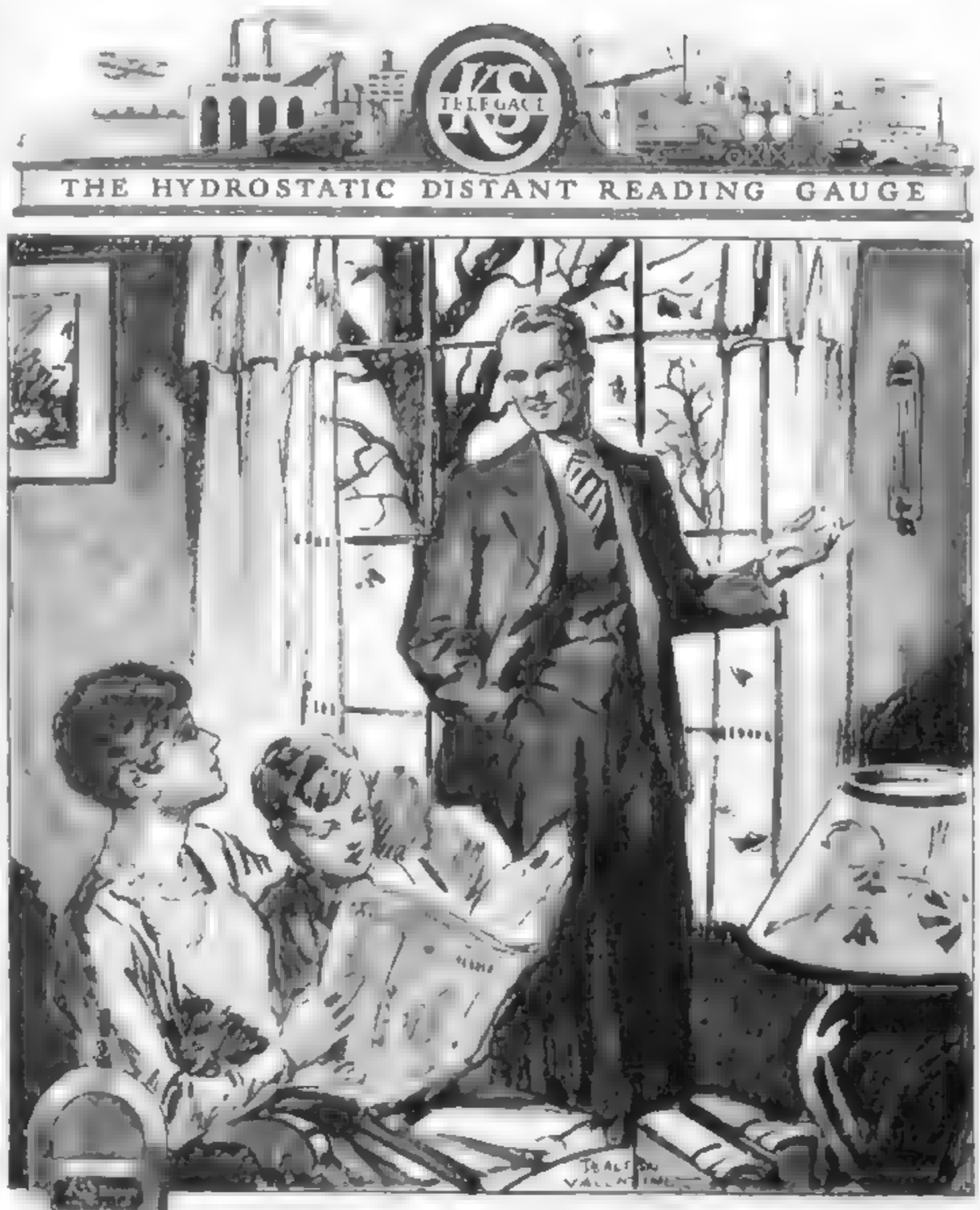
"Good night, Your Lordship," the old man whispered.

"Mr. Gowan," Gowan smiled wanly. "Lord Ingo died fifteen years ago."

The door closed.

There was a sharp cough from the launch as McGovern turned the flywheel—a cough that settled presently into a steady chugging as the gangway creaked up on its ropes and the light at the top was snapped off.

Slowly the Nineveh swung in her arc as the bosom of the flood tide caught her and brought her gently around once more.



Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

Cold Weather Ahead

"We Won't Be Caught Without Oil This Winter!"

FORESIGHT is better than hindsight! Many who now rely on the K-S Telegage to keep constant check on their furnace fuel oil supply learned their lesson from the sad experience of trying to use the old-fashioned measuring stick. You may never run short of fuel—but why take the risk?

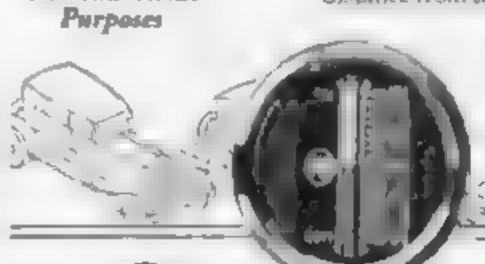
Be prepared—an empty fuel tank in zero weather means bitter discomfort—perhaps serious illness. Your fuel supply is important. Always be on the safe side. With the Telegage on guard, at any distance from the tank, upstairs or down, you can always see at a glance the amount of fuel on hand. The Red Line of Safety tells you when you need more fuel and how much to order

Many Fields Served by the Telegage

Just as the K-S Telegage guards the gasoline supply of millions of motorists—and the comfort of thousands of homes where furnace oil is used—it likewise serves industry in many fields, for the measurement of various fluids such as water, oils, chemicals, milk, etc., always with the same dependable accuracy

Write us for full information Be sure to give the Baumé or Specific Gravity of the oil or other liquid you wish to measure depth of tank, and distance from tank to location of gauge Descriptive circular sent on request.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
New York Branch ..... 44 Murray Street
Chicago Branch ..... 467 Wrigley Building
British Representatives ... H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London
French Representatives
Société Des Accessoires Veritas,
Asnières, Seine, France



The K-S Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE *K-S TELEGAGE*

Adopted as standard factory equipment on three-fourths of all cars selling for $700 or more.

Genuine Engraved Christmas Cards are socially Correct

Now is the time to order your Christmas Cards. And remember to use *genuine* engraved cards to carry your Yuletide Greetings. They are socially correct and you may be sure they will be remembered and appreciated when others receive only a passing glance. Buy your *genuine* engraved Christmas Cards wherever you find displayed the Mark of Engraving shown below.

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 27)

Martinsburg. Jackson was endeavoring to join the main body of Gen. J. E. Johnston's command, and his rear was protected by a few horsemen under Colonel Ashby. The Confederates vanished and immediately the shrilling of Federal fifes, the roll of Federal drums, filled the town. Twenty-five thousand Union soldiers made for Belle Boyd a sad but imposing sight. Their colors passed her bright on the air; the bayonets glittered in the sunlight; she saw the dancing plumes of the cavalry and heard the rumbling of the gun carriages; she is certain—far worse—that her ears were filled with hellish shouts.

The Fourth of July in Martinsburg was, inappropriately, brilliantly clear; Union flags hung in numbers of windows; Belle Boyd was forced to listen to the harassing strains of Yankee Doodle. Whisky flowed liberally amid, she noted, a motley crowd of Americans and other nations. The doors of houses were broken in, rooms were forcibly entered by inebriated soldiers, glass and other fragile objects largely destroyed. Shots were fired through windows; chairs and tables were hurled out into the streets. A squad of soldiers, Belle asserts, even more violent than their companions, forced their way into the Boyd house, hunting for the rebel flags that, they had been informed, decorated Belle's room. Her negro maid, however, had already destroyed the Confederate emblems on her walls; the soldiers contented themselves with petty acts of destruction. They prepared to raise a large Federal flag over the house. Belle Boyd's mother could not support so much. She stepped resolutely forward and said, "Men, every member of my household will die before that flag shall be raised over us." Belle's further account is circumstantial:

"Upon this, one of the soldiers, thrusting himself forward, addressed my mother in language as offensive as it is possible to conceive. I could stand it no longer; my indignation was roused beyond control; my blood was literally boiling in my veins; I drew out my pistol and shot him. He was carried away mortally wounded and soon after expired." In a note she adds that, since all male relatives were away with the army, ladies were obliged to go armed in order to protect themselves from insult and outrage. Perhaps. It all has the sound of a too harrowing and conventional drama. And yet, where Belle's record of events can be corroborated, she is usually proved to be truthful. There can be no doubt of her passionate willingness, her entire ability, to kill any man in such circumstances.

The soldiers streamed out, but they were hardly gone when the servants rushed in, crying that the house had been set to burning. Belle, together with the others, was naturally terrified, but she managed to send a message to the Federal officer in command. It had been reported at headquarters that she had shot a Union soldier, and at first, she says, great indignation was felt and expressed about her. The Federal commander, with several members of his staff, conducted an investigation at the Boyd dwelling; he examined witnesses, inquired into all the circumstances with a strict impartiality, and finally declared that Belle had done exactly right. He placed sentries before the house, and every day Federal officers called to see if Belle had any further reason for complaint. She hadn't, but she came to know some of the officers very well—a knowledge which, when she had become a rebel spy, was immensely useful.

That occupation she began at once. Her residence within the Federal lines, her increasing acquaintance with Northern officers, brought her invaluable information about the position and designs of the enemy. Everything she learned Belle wrote down and, with opportunity, sent by secret dispatch to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. She was successful for a while, and then, either through accident or treachery, one of her messages fell into Yankee hands. She was not yet writing in cipher; her handwriting was identified and she was summoned to appear before a colonel whose name she forgot. She remembered, though, a Captain Gwyne who escorted her to headquarters. There she was reprimanded and threatened, the Article of War concerning secret activities was read to her with a severe emphasis and the caution that it would be carried out to the letter:

> Whoever shall give food, ammunition, information, to, or aid and abet the enemies of the U. S. Government in any manner whatever, shall suffer death, or whatever penalty the honorable members of the court-martial shall see fit to inflict.

Belle listened coldly; she was not frightened; she felt within her, her memoir explains, the spirit of Douglas, from whom she was descended. At the end of her examination she made a low bow and—satirical in intent—she said "Thank you, gentlemen of the jury." From that moment she was a suspect; all the circuitous damage done to the Federal cause was charged to her; a great deal of it, she asserts, with entire justice. Whenever it was possible she confiscated and hid the swords and pistols of Union officers; they searched for them in vain, never dreaming they had been robbed by Belle Boyd and that she was smuggling their weapons into the Confederacy.

At the approach of the first battle of Manassas she was visiting her uncle and aunt at Front Royal. To this romantic retreat, she proceeds, they had fled from Washington. Their Southern sympathies were too strong and too openly expressed to allow of their remaining in the Northern capital. They left a magnificent house, replete with handsome furniture, a prey to the Yankees. Orders soon arrived from the battlefield that a military hospital was to be established at Front Royal; Belle had a part in the preparations for the reception of the wounded soldiers; she was appointed a matron at the hospital. But after eight weeks of nursing she was obliged, in the interest of her own well-being, to return to Martinsburg and rest. Later, with her mother, Belle visited her father at Manassas. They stayed in a large house at the center of the camp, a tenement that was the temporary home of many officers' wives and daughters, and there Belle acted as courier between General Beauregard and General Jackson and their subordinates.

That was a happy experience, but she was soon obliged to return to Martinsburg, and the winter advanced slowly and with but a single adventure. She was riding in the evening with two young Confederate officers, a cousin and a friend, when her horse became unmanageable and carried her within the Federal lines. Her companions had not dared to follow her and she rode up to the officer in charge of the picket, asking permission to return to Martinsburg.

"We are exceedingly proud of our beautiful captive," he replied, "but of course we cannot think of detaining you. May we have the honor of escorting you beyond our lines and restoring you to the custody of your friends? I suppose there is no fear of those cowardly rebels taking us prisoners?"

"I scarcely hoped," Belle assured them, "for such an honor. I thought you would probably give me a pass; but since you are so kind as to offer your services in person, I cannot do otherwise than accept them. Have no fear, gentlemen, of the cowardly rebels." Two officers started back with her, and Belle's companions suddenly rode out of ambush. There was a moment, she admits, of embarrassed silence, and then she spoke to her friends, "Here are two prisoners I have brought you." She turned to the Union officer. "These are some of the cowardly rebels whom you hoped there was no danger of meeting." The Federals looked inquiringly at Belle. They demanded: "And who, pray, is this lady?"

(Continued on Page 153)

Owners of These Fine Cars *Need Never Worry About* COLD

HUPMOBILE 8
CHRYSLER 75 *and* 80
DODGE SENIOR SIX
CADILLAC
LA SALLE
LINCOLN
PIERCE-ARROW

WHAT a world of evidence! Look again at the names of these cars. Leaders—every one. And not one among them but would have found a better way to accomplish this vital protection—if a better way were available

They have studied and tested motor protection for years. They know what costly damage comes to motors during the dangerous months of cold. *Every engineer knows it.* And the makers of these fine cars have *stopped it.* Not half way. Not in a way that depends on memory. But in a way that leaves no chance for dangerous neglect. They have adopted *automatic dependable* motor protection—over the radiator—where motor protection belongs.

But why automatic?

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

See that the shutter you buy works automatically

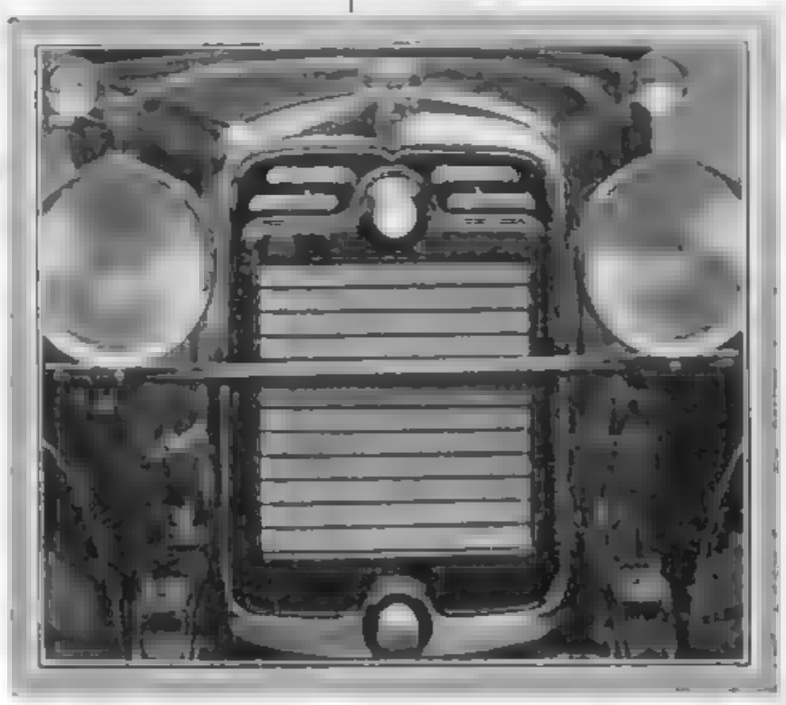
These cars *need automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot ensure protection against cold at all times. Thus, when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year, be sure it is *automatic.* These great makers tell you that

Motor Protection Must Be Automatic

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold — greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke" — and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*



Illustrating the Nash equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Your radiator is a heat waster. It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit, there is no heat to spare—yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator, where heat waste occurs

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline — your car is warm inside — your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced—it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you — write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

233

SATIN linings with a durability found in no other silk fabric—so uniform in quality that the world recognizes them as standard—so rich in appearance that fashion prescribes them in all well-tailored garments—*Skinner's Satins.*

Your next suit or topcoat should be distinguished by a Skinner lining. Ask your tailor or clothier for it.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills Holyoke Mass

Linings for men's clothing. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Crepes, Satin Crepes, Dress Satins, Shoe Satins and Millinery Satins.

Skinner's Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

(Continued from Page 150)

"Belle Boyd, at your service," she replied.

"The rebel spy!"

"So be it," she said, "since your journals have honored me with that title."

The Yankees, Belle confesses, reproached her bitterly for her treachery. "But when it is considered that their release followed their capture within an hour, that they had in the first place stigmatized the rebels, when none were near, as cowards, that they had immediately afterward yielded without a blow to an equal number of these self-same cowards, I think my readers will admit that their spirit of bravado merited a slight humiliation." Belle consoled herself with the reflection that all was fair in love and war.

It is necessary to realize, in the face of Belle's elegantly artificial phrases, that she lived surrounded by a very actual and brutal hazard. She was invaluable to the Confederacy because her situation, close to the Federal lines, brought her in contact with Union men and plans; she remained there—as Belle would have unquestionably described it—after she was a marked woman; at first she could have escaped, removed to the deep and safe South, but she chose to stay in the Valley of the Shenandoah at the constant peril of her life. Her father, in reality, who was home on sick leave, strongly advised her to go further South, and to please him she returned to Front Royal. While she was there, however, the Confederates lost the Battle of Kearnstown, close by, and the Northern troops moved into Front Royal. Her uncle and aunt, taking one daughter with them, fled to Richmond, and left their other daughter Alice, who was Belle's age and more beautiful still, her grandmother and Belle to take charge of the servants and house.

When Belle found that the Confederates had retreated far down the valley—her father was with them—she became anxious about her mother and determined to return to Martinsburg. She had managed to get a pass from General Shields, but at Winchester she was detained and charged with active spying. She had already taken her seat in a train—it was ready to depart when a Federal officer, Captain Bannon, stopped beside her. Was she, he inquired, Miss Belle Boyd? She was, she replied; and apologizing, Bannon explained that he was the assistant provost. He had orders for her arrest. Belle showed him her pass; he deliberated for a moment and then said that he would assume the responsibility of conveying her to Baltimore with other prisoners in his charge. In Baltimore she was lodged at the Eutaw House, a large and expensive hotel; she was treated with great courtesy and allowed to see her Maryland friends; and after a week General Dix, who declared he could discover nothing specific in the charges against Belle, released her.

In Martinsburg—it was in the hands of the Federals—she was placed under a strict surveillance and forbidden to leave the town: Union officers were prohibited the Boyd house; she was, Belle says, so watched and harassed that her mother sought relief from the provost marshal, Major Walker. Belle was granted permission to go on to Front Royal by way of Winchester, with the understanding that she would join her family in Richmond. It was, over the harried ground between the two armies, a difficult trip; she succeeded in reaching Winchester, but, facing the Shenandoah River at dusk, she found that all the bridges had been destroyed. She prevailed on a Federal officer—a Captain Everhart—to ferry her across and proceeded to a little cottage occupied by the part of her uncle's family that had remained in Front Royal. Their more appropriate residence had been taken by General Shields and his staff.

Belle sent her card to General Shields and he returned that practical courtesy by a call in person. He was, she says, charming to her; he immediately gave her a pass through his lines and introduced her to the officers attached to him. To one of them—an Irishman—she was indebted for some very remarkable effusions, some withered flowers, and last, not least, for a great deal of highly important information, which she carefully transmitted to her countrymen. "I must," Belle Boyd admits, "avow the flowers and the poetry were comparatively valueless in my eyes, but let Captain K. be consoled; these were days of war, not of love, and there are still other ladies in the world besides the rebel spy."

The night before Belle's departure General Shields held a council of war with his officers in what had been her aunt's drawing-room; immediately above there was a bedroom with a closet that concealed a hole in the floor, and Belle was able to overhear the entire conversation below. She remained there until one o'clock and then, careful in the darkness of the courtyard, returned to her room and put down in cipher all she had heard that was important. She saddled a horse and galloped in the direction of the mountains. Federal sentries stopped her twice, but with passes given to her on other occasions she managed to continue; at last clear of interference, she rode for fifteen miles to the house of a Mr. M. It was in darkness and she knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" she was challenged

"It is I."

"But who are you? What is your name?"

"Belle Boyd. I have important intelligence to communicate to Colonel Ashby. Is he here?"

She returned safely, and a few days later, Belle continues, General Shields marched south, laying what he supposed was a trap to catch "poor old Jackson and his demoralized army." Her mother returned home, but Belle stayed at Front Royal, waiting, it appeared, for an opportunity to go on toward Richmond. She was now annoyed by the persistent attentions of a newspaper correspondent. He was living at the Federal headquarters, and, in consequence, his pursuit of her was so official that once, sitting in a room with her cousin, she was obliged to bolt the door against him. His dispatches about her to New York, after that, were filled with a nonsense of detraction.

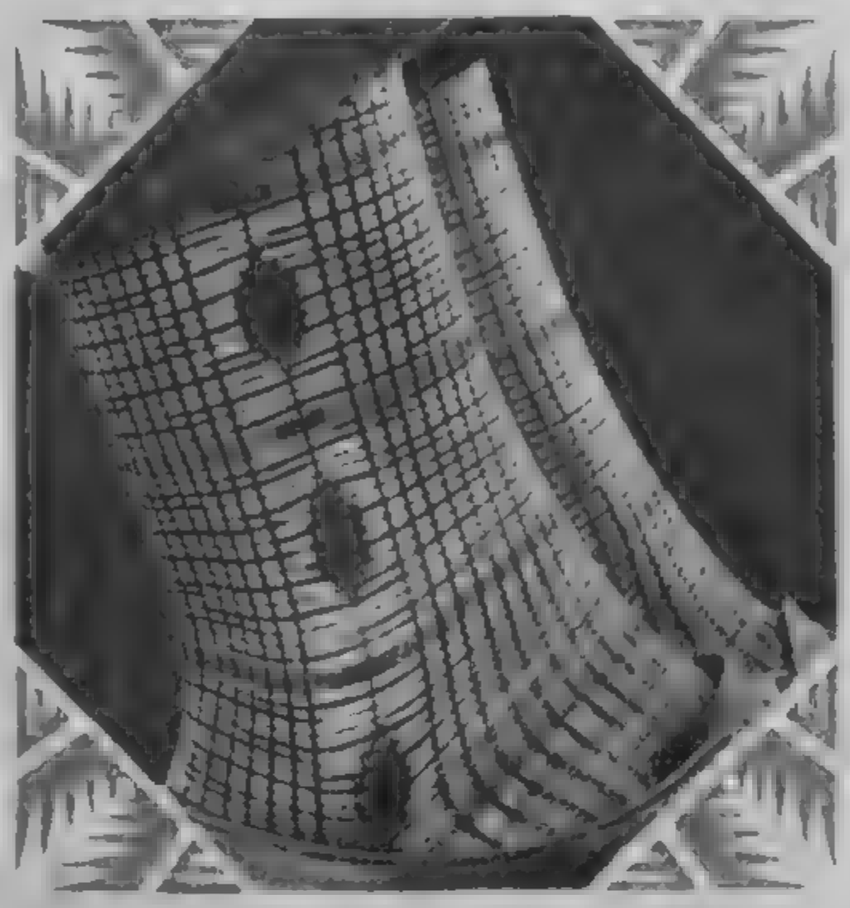
On the twenty-third of May, in 1862, Belle, sitting at a window in her aunt's house, saw a great confusion on the street. A Union officer told her that the Confederates were approaching in force under General Jackson and Ewell; he hurried away and the correspondent appeared in a panic, demanding what had happened. "Nothing to speak of," Belle assured him. "Only the rebels are coming and you had best prepare yourself for a visit to Libby Prison." He rushed into the room where his papers were kept and began feverishly to destroy them. The key to his door, Belle saw, was on the outside; she locked him in to benefit from the restraints of a Confederate prison. She then hurried to a balcony and, with opera glasses, saw an advance guard of Southern troops marching rapidly toward the town.

Belle had been waiting with important news for General Jackson; it was now imperative news, and she asked a group of men standing at the door, sympathetic with the South, if one of them would bear a message to Jackson. With complete accord they all replied, "No, no. You go." She put on a white sunbonnet and ran down the street, through throngs of Federal soldiers, and reached the open fields beyond. Belle wore a dark blue dress and a small frilled white apron; the contrast of color made her conspicuous, and a retreating Union picket opened fire upon her. Volleys were discharged at her from the long façade of the hospital. Bullets repeatedly pierced her dress. The Northern guns, commanding the Confederate approach, were in action; the Southern artillery dropped a hail of iron about her; a Federal shell exploded within twenty feet and covered her with débris and earth. Belle's escape was miraculous.

As she approached the Confederate line she waved her sunbonnet, and the First Maryland Infantry and Hay's Louisiana Brigade received her with a great cheer. She discovered a friend, Major Henry Douglas, and explained that the Union General Banks was at Strasburg with four thousand

Monito

MO-KNIT-TOE



Socks

STYLE

Smart and Seasonable

To say Monito is to say Style—not Style that imitates others, but Style that is new—smart—and vigorous.

Appropriate style for the season—snug, comfortable fit—and magnificent wearing qualities—what more can you ask of good socks?

Monito values will appeal to you. Price them at any good hosiery counter.

MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

© M K Co., Inc., 1928

Your Boy's Health Needs This Protection

FEW questions are harder for the mother to settle than the proper winter underwear for her boy. Shall it be the light athletic underwear so many boys like to wear? Or should it be the winter "heavies" that were once almost universal?

We interviewed many physicians and physical trainers in order to find the right answer to this vexing question. And now, with their opinion to guide us, we have produced a real health underwear—an underwear that gives the active, growing boy the protection he needs, yet which in cut, in feel, in texture, and appearance, he is glad to wear.

This new underwear is called Famous Trainers Underwear for Boys, because it is made after the advice of some of America's greatest athletic trainers. It has the authority that will dispel your own doubts—it is backed by health advice your boy will be glad to follow.

TAD JONES
famous Yale coach, says:

"see that the underwear you select has enough wool—about 10% in ordinary winter climates—to protect you against cold, grippe and pneumonia which weaken your constitution and defeat many a fellow in sports as well as in studies."

ROBERT C. ZUPPKE
University of Illinois football coach, says:

"I believe it is a good idea for boys to wear slightly heavier underwear in winter than they do the rest of the year—underwear with a wool content of not more than 10%—not enough to be irksome, but sufficient for warmth."

"DOC" WOODS
trainer of the New York "Yankee" baseball team, says:

"Wool absorbs perspiration and keeps the body from too quickly losing its natural heat. The majority of baseball players wear underclothing that contains about 10% wool in all seasons when the weather is changeable."

Why Ten Per Cent Wool?

Medical authorities and trainers experienced in guarding the health of athletes are both agreed that the proper wool content for boys is 10%. Less wool than this gives the boy insufficient protection from winter colds and drafts—far too little insurance against the effects of his own natural heedlessness. In Famous Trainers Underwear you find this proper wool content guaranteed on the label—an honest assurance of honest value, far more valuable than meaningless labels that simply say "part wool."

Read These Valuable Booklets

Ask your dealer to show you this finely-tailored, fine-feeling underwear. Ask him for copies of our interesting booklets, "How to Select Your Boy's Underwear"—and another for your boy to read, "How to Train for Athletic Sports," written by America's leading trainers. Both sent free on request, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE SCI-EN-TEX INDUSTRIES
SCRANTON, PENNA.

FT *Famous Trainers* TRADE MARK
UNDERWEAR *for* BOYS

men, that General White was marching from Harper's Ferry toward Winchester, Fremont was just beyond the valley, and that the massed weight of their troops was to be flung against General Jackson. Major Douglas galloped in search of his commander, and, acting rapidly upon Belle's information, the Confederates won a wide victory. General Jackson sent Belle a note:

Miss Belle Boyd: I thank you, for myself and for the Army, for the immense service that you have rendered your country today. Hastily, I am your friend, T. J. JACKSON, C. S. A.

The Northern journals were now filled with extravagant accounts of Belle's great beauty and ingenuity and daring; it was asserted that she directed the firing on the field of battle, she alone sustained the wavering counsels of Southern generals, and that with a sanguinary sword she led the attack of armies. The Confederate forces made a short thrust north in the valley; the South again occupied Front Royal; and a woman who was, she said, the wife of a soldier in the Michigan cavalry, was put in Belle's charge. When the Federals under General Geary returned, she accused Belle of dangerous secret activities. Geary placed Belle under arrest, there were sentries around her house, but when General Shields arrived—General Geary's superior—he released her immediately. Belle then decided she was no longer useful in the Valley of the Shenandoah; she was willing to go into the deep South. General Banks was again in her uncle's house, and she applied to him for permission to depart.

While Banks was deliberating Belle saw two soldiers in Confederate uniform standing near the provost marshal's tent; she asked them to have dinner with her; and, although a servant from the kitchen warned her that they were Union spies, she gave one a letter to carry to General Jackson. A Federal officer told her that the messenger was a Secret Service agent on his way to Harrisburg, and she immediately tried to correct her dangerous mistake. She wrote a careful description of her letter and the man bearing it to Capt. Henry Gilmore; it went by the underground railroad, within the case of a large silver watch, but the spy had already delivered Belle's message to General Sigel. He sent it to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. Another Federal officer then warned Belle that his Government had determined to meet any further misconduct of hers with the severest punishment.

She prepared to leave Front Royal at once for Richmond; it was Tuesday, a pass had been promised her for Thursday; but in the meanwhile she sent an additional note to Gilmore, informing him of a Union cavalry movement. On Wednesday she rose early; standing in the cottage door, she saw several Yankee soldiers open a coach house and drag out a carriage; they harnessed a pair of horses to it and then waited at headquarters. That was not extraordinary, but Belle was conscious of a persistent curiosity about the purpose of the carriage.

She was at once summoned to the drawing-room, where, in addition to a Major McEnnis, familiar to her, there was a Major Sherman and a detective from the Secret Service Department. Major McEnnis explained to Belle that she was under arrest. Major Sherman continued in a tone of apology—he was executing the command of Mr. Stanton. The detective produced the written order:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Sir: You will proceed immediately to Front Royal, Virginia, and arrest, if found there, Miss Belle Boyd, and bring her at once to Washington. I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
E. M. STANTON.

Her room was searched, her dresses were flung in a fantastic pile on the floor; her underclothing followed; her portfolio was minutely examined. Some incriminating papers had just been burned, but others—unhappily, far from innocent—were discovered. The detective took these, together with a handsome pistol, complete with its belt, given to her by a Federal officer in recognition of his admiration at the spirited manner in which she had defended her mother. The news of her arrest spread quickly, the streets were filled with people, and Belle was driven away with an escort of four hundred and fifty soldiers; fifty scouts were detached in skirmishing order to prevent all surprise on the right and fifty performed that same duty on the left. At Winchester, surrounded by the whole body of more than five hundred men, she was marched in solemn procession through a silent throng. At Martinsburg Belle's mother vainly begged Major Sherman to release her. She was lodged at Raemer's Hotel, guarded by twenty-seven sentries, but Belle at least succeeded in having the detective removed from her immediate vicinity—a Lieutenant Steel, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, was detailed to accompany her.

A large crowd had gathered at the depot in Washington to see her, but she was immediately dragged to a carriage and driven to the Old Capitol Prison. There, however, a Mr. Wood was polite; he promised to make her as comfortable as possible, and Belle was conducted through a narrow hall, up a flight of stairs, and lodged in Cell No. 6. It contained a washstand, a looking-glass, an iron bedstead, a table and two chairs. She could see, through its windows, over Pennsylvania Avenue and, farther, the house of General Floyd, who had been Secretary of War, where she had been part of many gay and fashionable parties. She was provided with a negro servant, an "intelligent contraband," and her dinner, at least, was generous: Soup, beefsteak, chicken, boiled corn, tomatoes, Irish stew, potatoes, bread and butter, cantaloupes, peaches, pears and grapes. At eight o'clock the Chief of Detectives and Mr. Wood appeared and tried—but without success—to force a confession from her.

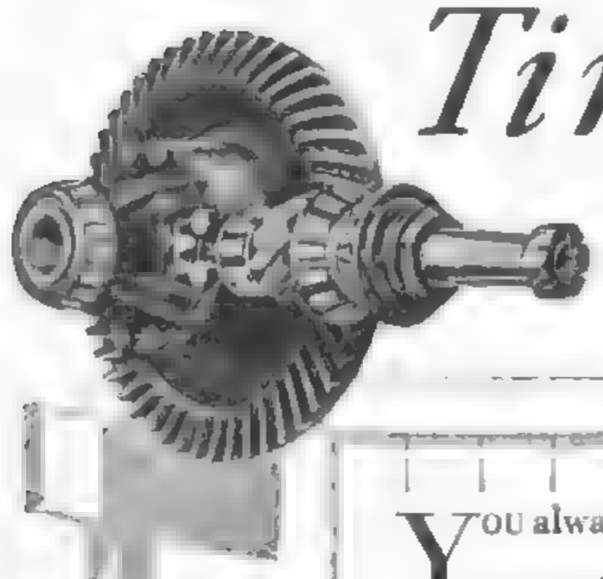
A narrow open space behind the prison was used as an exercise ground, and Belle saw, passing her door in the direction of that limited freedom, familiar figures from the Army of Virginia. She scooped a hole through the plaster of the wall separating her from the prisoners in the next cell and exchanged notes with them. Several gentlemen from Fredericksburg, confined in the room above her, managed to loosen a plank in the floor and talk to her. On the fourth morning of her confinement a little Frenchman gave her a half-length portrait of Jefferson Davis; Belle promptly hung it on her wall with an inscription, Three Cheers for Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy; and for that offense she was kept in close confinement.

It is impossible to discover how long she was detained in Washington; she was, eventually, one of two hundred prisoners to be exchanged; they formed in line on the street, but Belle was escorted to a carriage by a Major Fitzhugh, who accompanied her to Richmond. They proceeded directly to the steamer Juanita, and soon passed up the James River to her destination. Belle went to the Ballard House; she drove by the encampment of the Richmond Blues and the company presented arms; in the evening she was serenaded by the city band. She soon left the hotel for a boarding house on Grace Street; General and Mrs. Joseph Johnston, General Wigfall and his family, were staying there; they had a part in the presentation of a gold watch and chatelaine, elaborately enameled and set with diamonds, given to Belle in token of the affection and esteem of her fellow prisoners in the Old Capitol.

Her father arrived in Richmond to take her home, Martinsburg was again occupied by the Confederates, and General Jackson greeted Belle very warmly. She visited him at his headquarters and he rode in for tea with her. On the following day Jackson sent her word that he was preparing a retrograde movement upon Winchester, and that he could spare an ambulance in which she might precede his retreating

(Continued on Page 167)

Better Axles because they're Timken—



YOU always think of "Timken Axles" as another way of saying "the best axles it is possible to build." Most automotive authorities agree with you.

Besides pioneering the development of worm drive in this country, Timken also builds bevel-gear axles which carry some of the very finest motor cars and many of the better-known makes of light duty trucks and buses.

Built into Timken Axles are many "extras" that can be put there only by an organization trained for a quarter of a century as axle specialists.

To you who are more particular about low operating cost and reliability than about a price-tag, these "extras" represent greater sturdiness, longer life, permanent quietness.

We could build more cheaply by the elimination of several such "extras"—but Timken will not compromise on quality.

Timken Axles *are* better.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TIMKEN AXLES

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

WHEN THERE'S HARD WORK TO BE DONE...

"travelo" takes the wear and tear... and doesn't show it

It costs more to wear out your expensive clothes than it does to buy a "travelo"—and prevent it. Warm . . . snug . . . handsome . . . economical. At 11,000 of the very best men's wear stores.

THE MARK OF QUALITY

The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo".

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

Write for "Portfolio of Styles" showing people you know in "travelo" knit jackets. Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1909-1915 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. Makers of the well known "travelo" SwimSuits.

(Continued from Page 154)

army. Belle accepted his offer, and in Winchester she was commissioned captain and made honorary aide to General Jackson. She was present on his staff when the Southern troops were reviewed before Lord Harrington and Colonel Leslie, and again when General Wilcox's division was inspected by General Longstreet and by General Lee.

The anonymous author of a volume of Southern war memoirs, edited by Myrta Lockett Avary, A Virginia Girl in the Civil War, describes in detail a meeting with Belle Boyd. It was at Culpeper Courthouse, and the author was seated in a room lighted by two tallow candles on the bureau when there was a knock at the door. She was asked if a lady, who had arrived unexpectedly, could share her room. A heavy snow was falling; a high wind was blowing it into drifts; Mrs. Rixey's house was filled with Confederates who either wished to be near the army or were waiting an opportunity to slip through the lines. The evenings were gay:

"When I entered the parlor there was, as usual, a merry party, and I did not catch my roommate's name. She seemed to be nineteen, or perhaps twenty; rather young, I thought, to be traveling alone. What made her an object of interest to every woman present was that she was exceedingly well dressed. It had been a long, long time since we had seen a new dress. She was a brilliant talker, and soon everybody in the room was attracted to her, especially the men. She talked chiefly to the men—indeed I am afraid she did not care particularly for the women—and at first we were a little piqued; but when we found she was devoted to the Cause we were ready to forgive her everything.

"She soon let us know that she had come directly from Washington, where she had been a prisoner of the United States. She showed us her watch and told us how the prisoners in Washington had made up the money among themselves and presented it to her. I got sleepy, slipped quietly out of the room and went upstairs to bed. My roommate got undressed and got to bed so quickly that I did not wake. The next morning, when the maid came in to make the fire, we woke up face to face in the same bed, and then she told me that her name was Belle Boyd, and I knew for the first time that my bedfellow was the South's famous female spy. When she got up she took a large bottle of cologne and poured it into the basin in which she was going to bathe. It was the first cologne I had seen for more than a year, and it was the last I saw until I ran the blockade. Later in the day a ragged unkempt Confederate soldier appeared. As he stood in the hall ready to go back to camp, Belle Boyd came down the staircase, carrying a large new blanket shawl. 'You must let me wrap you up, lieutenant,' she said, putting the shawl around his shoulders and pinning it together. He blushed and objected. A shawl like that was too much—it was a princely gift, a fortune. 'I can't let you go back to camp in this thin jacket,' she insisted. 'It is serving our country, lieutenant, when it protects her soldier from the cold.' She did not spend another night with us. She seemed to feel that she had the weight of the Confederacy on her shoulders, and took the afternoon train for Richmond."

Early in January—Belle's memoir says it was 1862, but that is impossible, it must have been later—she was in Charlottesville; she was anxious about her mother, and she wrote General Jackson, asking if it would be wise for her to return to Martinsburg. It would not, he replied, addressing her as his dear child. It would be better for her to go to her relatives in Tennessee. He was truly her friend, T. J. Jackson. She followed his advice, and at Knoxville Belle was met with great attention; she was serenaded at night by a band and a large crowd; there were insistent calls for her appearance on the balcony. At last she came forward with the briefest of words: "Like General Joe Johnston, I can fight but I cannot make speeches, but, my good friends, I no less feel and appreciate the kind compliment you have paid me tonight."

In the spring she resolved to make the classic wartime tour of the whole South, and her progress Belle describes as an unbroken ovation. She was anticipated by telegrams at each town. Belle visited the cotton plantations of Alabama. There was a long delightful period at Montgomery, and she went on to Mobile. In Mobile she heard of General Jackson's death, and for thirty days—the time allotted to the mourning of a soldier—she wore crape on her arm. At Charleston she had dinner with Beauregard; one of his staff presented her with a great basket of fresh fruit newly arrived on a blockade runner from the West Indies; he also gave her an especially handsome parrot that she took back to Richmond.

Her father was now in Martinsburg, useless from the effects of his long hard campaigning; after Sharpsburg the town was turned into a vast hospital; and when the retreating Confederates moved south down the valley Belle remained caring for the wounded. The Union forces reappeared, an entire regiment stopped outside the Boyd house, and two officers entered in search of Belle. Four days later an order was issued for her arrest. Her mother was ill and she was allowed to remain at home, but guards were again stationed about the house; she was not permitted even to go out on a balcony. This was in July, 1863; her confinement became so wearisome that she succeeded in getting permission from the commanding officer to take a walk. It read:

Miss Belle Boyd is allowed to walk out for half an hour, at five o'clock this A.M., giving her word of honor that she will use nothing which she may see or hear to the disadvantage of the United States troops.

She had gone, however, only a few blocks when she was rearrested and sent back. A note from headquarters repeated the fact that she was not allowed to promenade freely in Martinsburg. She remained under guard for a month, and then Major Walker, the provost marshal, called with a detective and said she must prepare to go to Washington at once. Mr. Stanton had ordered it. She was this time lodged in Carroll Prison, together with blockade runners, smugglers, spies, criminals under sentence of death, hostages and a large number of Federal officers and contractors convicted of defrauding the Government. She spent the monotonous days of prison life gazing listlessly through her barred window and exchanging, through a hole in the wall, notes with four men who had been captured trying to get South to join the rebel army. She was standing at the window, singing, "Take me back to my own sunny South," when an arrow winged by her and fell on the floor. It was from a C. H.; he expressed a great admiration for Belle and begged her to sew an answer in a rubber ball and throw it out the window. A correspondence followed that was both romantic and practical—she learned from it a great deal about the movements of the Federal troops.

Her court-martial, meanwhile, was progressing under Judge-Advocate T. C. Turner; and on the first of December it was decided that Belle should be transferred to Fortress Monroe. There she was escorted into the presence of Butler.

He was seated at a table, and, looking up, he said, "Ah, so this is Miss Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy. Pray be seated."

"Thank you, General Butler," Belle replied, "but I prefer to stand." He noted that she was agitated and trembled, and he repeated, "Pray be seated. But why do you tremble so? Are you frightened?"

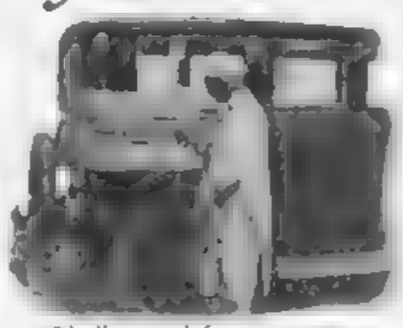
"No—ah, that is, yes, General Butler. I must acknowledge that I do feel frightened in the presence of a man with such a world-wide reputation as yourself."

This, she relates, seemed to please him immensely, and rubbing his hands together, he smiled benevolently. "Oh, do be seated, Miss Boyd. But what do you mean when you say that I am widely known?"

Constant fluid agitation. A stream of air is forced through the fluid and keeps it churning, thoroughly mixed and broken up, while the motor compressor unit is in operation. Also prevents clogging. This is an exclusive and highly important feature. (Patent Pending)

Paint Spraying Revolutionized

By this New *Development*



Ideally suited for automotive uses. From a complete professional paint job to the smallest touch-up work, for spraying top dressing and polish. Can be used for burning off old paint

The new *Agitator Type* Electric Sprayit is ideal for fine cabinet work where the highest quality finish is required

Excellent for all-around utility work in all shops and trades. Painters, plumbers, etc., say Electric Sprayit quicker, easier for resale. The constant automatic agitation of bronze and aluminum paints is absolutely necessary in this work

THE NEW *Agitator Type* ELECTRIC SPRAYIT shown is a distinct departure from all previous types of spray equipment. It has new outstanding features, with *performance unrivaled.* These combined features are not duplicated in any other spray equipment, regardless of type or price.

Powerful, unvarying pressure break-up.
Constant fluid agitation.
Instantaneous control of spray.
Fan type or regular spray.
Hand portable, weight complete 6 lbs.
Small and compact rotary compressor motor unit.
Light-weight gun. Weight, 1 lb.
Cool, clean air always.
No water or oil separator necessary.

Only the gun with fluid container is held in midair. Light, easily held in one hand by the pistol-grip, operated by trigger control. The small compressor unit is placed conveniently on floor or ladder. *As always, plug in and use.*

Enter your order immediately. Handled by leading jobbers and dealers. Price, ready to use, only $39.50. If you do not know where to buy, use the coupon below.

SPRAYIT *Electrically*

THE ELECTRIC SPRAYIT CO., INC.
110 E. Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana

☐ Send me immediately the *New Agitator Type* Electric Sprayit at $39.50, F O B South Bend, Indiana, for which I enclose ___ ☐ Send Information Only

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

How many colds will you AVOID this winter?

Winter Signals RED!

LOOK AHEAD!

Will you disregard winter's threat to your health? What a gamble! Far bigger stakes, at infinitely greater odds than in the case of fire's threat of damage to your property.

In winter, your body needs extra protection. Get that protection. Get it in Duofold Health Underwear. The *one* kind of underwear made on a scientific principle. Two very *thin* layers. Light weight winter fabric. *Better* protection than a bulkier single layer fabric. *And* comfortable, *always*, indoors and out!

Duofold is the *only* underwear by means of which you can wear *wool*—without knowing it. Cotton alone is in the inner layer—comfortable next the skin. Wool is in the *outer* layer. The wool *can't* itch, irritate or annoy you.

There's *nothing* like Duofold. *It's one* kind of wearing apparel that is *worth demanding*. Demand it—in recognition of winter's signal set against you.

Sold by leading department, men's furnishing, and dry goods stores... Send for folder containing sample of Duofold's unique two-layer fabric

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Duofold
***Health* Underwear**
for Men, Women, Children and Infants

TWO THIN LAYERS - AIR SPACE BETWEEN
WOOL in outer layer for warmth — COTTON inner layer for comfort

Made in all Models from "shirts and shorts" to full length

"I mean, General Butler," she explained, "that you are a man whose atrocious conduct and brutality, especially to Southern ladies, is so infamous that even the British Parliament commented on it. I naturally feel alarmed at being in your presence." He ordered her immediately from the room; she was conducted to a hotel and then sent again to Richmond.

Two Saratoga trunks and a hat box belonging to Belle were first searched; they were found to contain two suits of gentlemen's civilian clothes, a uniform for a Confederate major general, a great many useful bagatelles of military existence, and a pair of field glasses that had belonged to General Jackson. How she had accumulated so much, even by the mysterious processes of the underground railway, remains an enigma. It was all, of course, confiscated; she entreated the Federal authorities for the privilege of keeping Jackson's field glasses, but to her intense mortification, they were presented to General Butler. She managed, however, to avoid a search of her person, and in that Belle was fortunate—she had concealed about her body twenty thousand dollars in Confederate notes, five thousand in United States greenbacks and a thousand dollars gold.

At Richmond she proceeded to the Spottswood Hotel, a dinner party was given for her on a Saturday, and the following Monday she learned that her father was dead. Belle applied for permission to go to her mother; it was—not unnaturally—refused, and instead she again visited the deep South. Upon her return to Richmond she determined to go to England; she was now in a precarious state of health. Jefferson Davis approved of her design, the Confederate Secretary of State was instructed to make her a bearer of dispatches, and she sailed from Wilmington, North Carolina, on the Greyhound, commanded by a Captain Henry, in May, 1864.

The deck of the Greyhound was piled high with cotton; the blockade runner was almost free of the Federal ships when she was sighted by a fast Northern steamer. There was a broadside, shots followed in rapid accurate succession, and the cotton bales on the deck of the Greyhound were rolled overboard. Even relieved of this weight Captain Henry could not avoid capture; a hundred-pound iron bolt passed between Belle and himself, and he brought his ship to. Belle Boyd destroyed her dispatches and Henry dropped over the rail a keg containing thirty thousand dollars. The Federal steamer was the Connecticut; her men took what pleased them from the Greyhound; they consumed Captain Henry's private stock of wines and even forced their way into Belle's cabin, insulted her negro maid.

Belle noticed a young officer who had just come over the side. "I confess," she writes, "my attention was riveted by a gentleman—the first whom I had met in my hour of distress. His dark-brown hair hung down on his shoulders; his eyes were large and bright. Those who judge of beauty by regularity of feature only would not have pronounced him strictly handsome, but the fascination of his manner was such that my heart yielded." Later he asked permission to enter her cabin for a minute. It was Lieutenant Hardinge; Hardinge explained that he was now in command of the Greyhound, but he begged Belle to consider herself a passenger rather than prisoner.

The second evening after her capture, Belle proceeds, she was seated by the wheel with Captain Henry and Hardinge. "The moon shone beautifully clear, lighting up everything; a slight breeze swept the surface of the ocean until it was a vast bed of sparkling diamonds." Captain Henry withdrew. "Mr. Hardinge quoted some beautiful passages from Byron and Shakspere. Then, in a decidedly Claude Melnotte style, he endeavored to paint the home to which, if love could but fulfill its prayers, this heart would lead thee! And from poetry he passed on to plead an oft-told tale."

In that romantic situation, under the moon, Belle admits that she remained purely practical; Hardinge might, she realized, be very useful; when he asked her to marry him she replied that his question involved serious consequences; he must not, she explained, expect an answer until they arrived in Boston. The Greyhound called at New York, Belle was allowed to go on shore, and she was able to transfer to safety a great weight of gold—it was both hers and Captain Henry's—she had secretly carried. On the further passage to Boston she surrendered her wisdom to romance. She promised to marry the headlong Mr. Hardinge. Very soon, indeed, after that, in Boston harbor, Captain Henry escaped. Belle is careful to keep the whole credit for that. She was taken to the Tremont House and treated with great courtesy; crowds continually waited to see her; all her movements were followed in the newspapers. Mr. Hardinge, with letters to influential men, had gone to Washington to procure, if possible, her release.

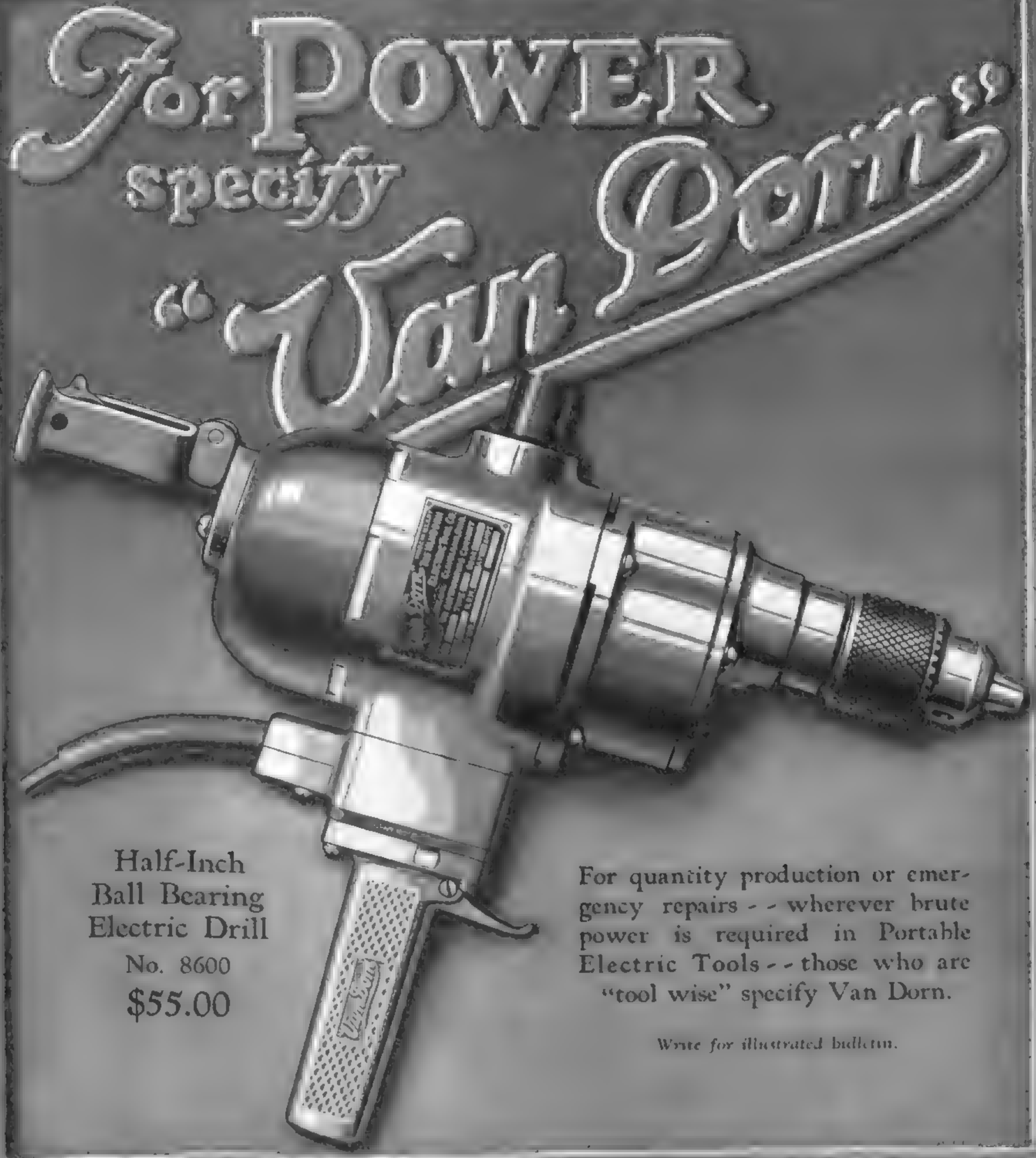
Instead he was arrested for complicity in the escape of Captain Henry. Belle had applied to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, for permission to go into Canada, and Welles sent her a telegram: Miss Belle Boyd and her servant were to be escorted beyond the lines, into Canada. If she was again caught in the United States, or by the United States authorities, she would be shot. She was anxious, however, first to see Mr. Hardinge; Hardinge was paroled until sundown for that privilege, and Belle left for Niagara Falls immediately. She continued on to Quebec, and sailed from there to Liverpool. She saw Mr. Hotze, the Confederate agent in London, reported to him the destruction of her dispatches at the capture of the Greyhound, and her connection with the Civil War came to an end.

The personal details of Belle's life are as engaging as her official and more extraordinary acts. Mr. Hotze gave her a letter from Hardinge; he was in Paris searching for her; she sent him word of her presence in London, and, August third, 1864, they were married at St. James' Church, Piccadilly. Their wedding had the full attention of the London newspapers. It was, the Morning Post asserted, a romantic episode in the fratricidal war now raging on the American continent:

> Miss Belle Boyd, whose name and fame are deservedly cherished in the Southern States, pledged her troth to Mr. Sam Wylde Hardinge, formerly an officer in the Federal naval service. The wedding attracted to the church a considerable number of English and American sympathizers in the cause of the South, anxious to see the lady whose heroism has made her name so famous, and to witness the result of her last captivity—the making captive of the Federal officer under whose guard she was being conveyed to prison.
>
> The bride, it was further related, was attended at the altar by Mrs. Edward Robinson Harvey. Mr. Hardinge was supported by Mr. Henry Howard Barber. The services were read by the Reverend Mr. Paull; the Reverend Frederic Kill Harford gave the bride away
>
> At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and bridegroom and their friends proceeded to the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street, where a choice and well-arranged breakfast was partaken of; and at a fitting moment, Mr. Barber, in a most eloquent speech, proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Hardinge, eulogizing the services the lady had performed and prognosticating that the bridegroom would soon win fame in the services—the services are unexplained—on which he is about to enter. The toast of "The Queen" was afterwards given. "President Davis and General Lee" and many other toasts followed in due order, till the growing hours warned the bride and bridegroom that it was time to depart for Liverpool. Mr. Hardinge proposes in a few days to leave for the South, whither, in spite of the blockade, he intends to convey a goodly portion of the wedding cake for distribution amongst his wife's friends.

Hardinge succeeded in landing at Wilmington, he distributed the wedding cake as he had promised, but in Baltimore he was arrested, now charged with being a deserter, and finally taken to the Old Capitol Prison. When the war ended he was released; he returned to the damaging seductiveness of Belle.

For POWER specify "Van Dorn"



Half-Inch
Ball Bearing
Electric Drill
No. 8600
$55.00

For quantity production or emergency repairs - - wherever brute power is required in Portable Electric Tools - - those who are "tool wise" specify Van Dorn.

Write for illustrated bulletin.

The "Van Dorn" Electric Tool Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.

DUNLOP

presents a super tire

THE JOHN BOYD DUNLOP

Honoring the Industry's Founder

IT challenges the imagination! It is unlike any other tire! It is a creation embodying the utmost in style and sturdiness!

Dunlop's new *super* tire withstands 70-80-90 mile speed . . . answers the emergency demands of high-pressure four-wheel brakes . . . insures trouble-free mileage under the most extreme conditions.

Even the grind, grind, grind of 24-hour-a-day test driving (three shifts of drivers per car)—on heavy, high-powered cars for 600-700 miles day after day, finds this Dunlop super tire delivering uninterrupted service! It is natural that this, the climax of all mankind's tire-making endeavors, should be attained by Dunlop. For Dunlop history has sparkled with many epoch-making achievements such as these:

FOUNDERS *of the pneumatic tire industry.*
FIRST *to develop the straight-side tire.*
FIRST *to own its own rubber plantations.*
FIRST *to spin its own entire requirements of cord fabric.*

Know it also by its silvered bead

Tire dealers everywhere will recognize the supremacy of this Dunlop creation. They will not be surprised. They know Dunlop has brought almost every great advancement to the tire industry.

The advantage of the world's greatest tire-building experience belongs to Dunlop. Out of this experience has come this super tire. It is named "The John Boyd Dunlop"—a tire so worthy that it bears this name for the purpose of honoring the man who founded the pneumatic tire industry, 40 years ago.

This name is the greatest mark of merit a tire could receive. But it justifies such distinction many times over. Its phenomenal service is so inbuilt . . . its qualities are so unbelievably outstanding, it deserves the highest honor that can be bestowed.

To comprehend "The John Boyd Dunlop," all former standards of tire performance must be set aside. On your car, this new super tire will prove to you the importance of this, the newest of Dunlop's many contributions to tire progress.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

THE POPULAR PROVERBS OF BARON O-NO

(Continued from Page 13)

it seemed suddenly that O-No had known her all her life, that he was an old and avuncular friend, that he was seasoned and very wise. One discounts that; it was only that Faith, being Faith, had never before in all her life let go. She had never betrayed to anyone more than they could read from the surface. Now, for reasons that would have been clear even to me, she let go. It merely happened that O-No was the one at hand.

Well, she let go. She said so suddenly that she wasn't even appalled by abandoning a lifelong composure: "I'm the sort of girl that men take for long walks in the country to consult about their fiancées; the sort of girl who is as good for a man as a capable and friendly great-aunt. I'm the sort of girl who wears Paris dresses as if they came from a crossroads store. I'm one of those good, wholesome, plain girls, O-No. I'm the one men recall, years later, as what they are pleased to designate a darned good pal. It's very nice to have walked with me in the wind and rain. It's great to have swum with me and sailed a yawl into the wind with me. It's particularly nice to have busted my ankle without feeling any need to be contrite about it. But you don't worship a darned good pal, O-No, and you begin to have trouble remembering what her name was. You don't turn white at the knuckles when she passes you. You break my ankle, but you don't ever by any chance want to marry me."

The crescendo had at last made her aware of herself, and cautious. She sought refuge in derision. "I'm the Woman That Men Forget, O-No," she said, in her accustomed gentle voice, and smiled at him.

"Yes?" O-No prolonged the sibilant. It again seemed to Faith that those black, impenetrable eyes were very wise. "I am psychologist," he smiled briefly, "or else Harvard classes have misled me." So far as that goes, he was mathematician and geologist; he was chemist and economist and Latinist. "So I do not believe all you say. But please, what kind of woman is it you wish to be, Miss Bannister?"

"You call me Faith, O-No, or I'll howl like a baby."

"You permit? It is a pleasant custom to name the girl children after virtues."

"They should have named me Wait Still or Frank Friendliness."

"Then please to tell me, Faith, what kind of woman it is you permit yourself to wish to be."

Faith moved her shoulders vehemently and decisively. "The kind that could sweep men out of their good sense. The kind that are so beautiful your heart aches when you see them."

O-No said nothing in reply but looked gravely at her, in that calm but friendly detachment in which she was sure there was a strong interest. I fail utterly to present O-No unless I make clear that he produced on all of us an impression of almost sibylline intuition. He was utterly alien to us, and yet he understood us far better than was always comfortable.

"Yes," he remarked after a while—just yes, briefly, as if that observation was complete and the data were checked. "Well, Faith, in my country we know what it is to admire beauty. Yes, there is beauty. Please, I do not know why you so covet it."

"You've heard Foster and Dick and Ames call me a Puritan often enough." Whatever Foster or Dick had called her, I swear I had never used the term. "I look like the girl that made samplers and carried conserve to invalids. Do you wonder I envy—do you wonder I wish I had a little more power to trouble the pulse?"

"Tut, Faith!" O-No had acquired that tut from a literature course and rather liked it. "Tut, I say nothing about beauty. It is good in geishas. It is good in the undressed but chaste ladies in the Follies. But in the women one admires it is—should I say?—it is subsidiary." O-No shook his head slowly. "To admire beauty too greatly—that is childish, that is adolescent. Tut, Faith, if you talk that way, you will qualify to be a Harvard man. They are such boys, such children!"

Color was running in her cheeks under the rouge that, with Faith, was never quite deftly enough applied. "Did I mention Harvard boys, O-No?" she asked moderately.

"Please, it is not necessary." She was sure now about his eyes. "She is very beautiful, is she not—this Miss Elinor Stephenson?"

"Very," Faith said.

"Beauty is a fine attribute in geishas and in Follies girls." Faith stared at him. This was quite incomprehensible. Seeing her intent gaze, O-No bowed again from the hips. "I go now. I thank you for talking with me, Faith. And I invite you to a party I will give next week. Please, you will come?"

"Of course, O-No."

He made her a quaint formal sign of farewell. Then, standing by the curtain, he let loose a string of rapid, crackling Japanese syllables. He smiled at her surprise and explained: "I spoke a saying, a popular proverb. We say sometimes, 'Any hill may be a mountain till one has seen Fuji'"

So he left her and returned to the floor, where he saw me, just emerging to take a breath, and came to stand beside me. Resting from indoor athletics, which is what dancing becomes after midnight if there are enough Harvard men about, I busied myself watching Foster dancing with his fiancée. I again decided, wryly and reluctantly, that marrying Elinor wasn't too steep a price for my best friend to pay for any moment that could bring that look to his eyes. He was—well, he was rapt. As I looked, Theodore Chalmers III—oh, quite steady on his feet—again breezed up and tapped Foster on the shoulder. Foster gave up Elinor to him, and I saw her hold out her arms and sink into Ted's with a patent gratification. Thinly, above the saxophones, I heard their voices catch up the chorus. Ted Chalmers, for all the Roman numerals, was a mucker, I decided. He performed some prodigy with his feet at the moment and laughed above the saxophones. But if Ted Chalmers was a mucker, what was the unutterably beautiful debutante who went to him, from Foster, with relief?

"Please, Ames," O-No said, giving my name the prolongation that made it, on his tongue, Amos—"please, why do you so dislike Miss Elinor Stephenson?"

"I don't dislike her," I said.

O-No sighed. "Your American chivalry is a game of boys," he remarked impersonally, "as you would never tell who took a crib into an examination. So sorry, Am-es! In Japan I am used to the chivalry of men who are grown up. It would not be to a man's dishonor if he spoke about the woman his friend is marrying. But here, among boys, you may not speak with words that you write all over your face—there is no chivalry of boys' countenances. It is to be hoped that some day you will grow up."

Having delivered himself of this judgment, familiar enough in his discourse, O-No moved on to seek out his hostess, if she were discoverable, and be ceremoniously adult before leaving. He recurred to our national adolescence late the next afternoon when he and I were alone in our rooms. O-No had been meditative before a log fire, in the thoroughly Occidental bath robe he had adopted when he presented us with silk coats from Japan. Foster was at the library, almost certainly working on the maritime trade of Massachusetts Bay. This was the research that was to develop into the mature Foster, the student of Salem, the historian of his clan.

Kennedy Kits

For every home

$1.60

The "Handy Man," finished in Kennedy Brown Enamel. Heavy brass plate fittings. Strong spring catchlock. Countersunk handle. Size 14" x [illegible] x [illegible]".

Now! The "Handy Man"... an All Steel odds-and-ends box ...

"HANDY MAN" is a compact, roomy Kennedy Kit, made to store safely and conveniently countless household "odds and ends." It will serve every day in the year, as a safety box, tool kit, radio kit, general storage box, tackle box, gun shell box, vacuum bottle holder, or in dozens of other essential uses that you yourself may devise. "Handy Man" is built by the same organization that for seventeen years has held leadership in the manufacture of Kits for tradesmen and fishermen!

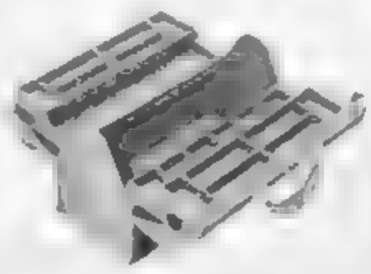
Kennedy Kits are made of a specially prepared steel . . . extra sturdy and durable; electrically welded and reinforced. Their Kennedy Brown rustproof Enamel is baked on—will not rub off nor scratch easily. Evenly balanced, all Kennedy Kits are light and comfortable to carry . . . and not easily tipped over when open. Strong, well made locks and catches are characteristic of the Kennedy quality standards which apply to every detail of construction, hidden or visible.

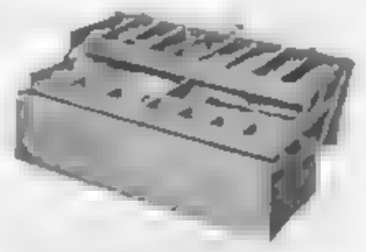
Kennedy prices are always low. You cannot buy better boxes. Sold in complete range of styles by leading hardware, sporting goods and department stores.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Van Wert, Ohio

STYLE 319—REPAIRMEN'S KIT
One of numerous styles. 19", 21" and 24" lengths. Short divided tray leaves room for blow-torch.

STYLE 1018—GENERAL MECHANIC'S KIT
18" x 10" x 12½" divided tray holds a complete assortment of small parts. Four linked trays swing out as lids are opened, exposing every compartment.





STYLE TC-21—KANTILEVER KIT *for fishing tackle*
Trays lift out automatically as the lid is opened. 12", 16", and 21" lengths. Guaranteed water tight.

© 1926 K. M. Co.

Trade Mark
Kennedy Kits
Made of Metal

Dick, who was a submanager of the baseball team, was at the cage where infielders practiced all winter long.

Out of O-No's meditations came finally an analysis: "Mr. Theodore Chalmers III is, you have told me, of the railroad dynasty, Am-es. I do not understand the idiom. Railroads do not have kings—only conductors."

"You can bet your sweet life that Theodore I was a railroad king," I told him, "even though it probably isn't true that he laid fifty feet of gold track in front of his house."

"I understand. Also, Ted Three is much respected among Harvard boys because his parent is generous. Also—but would it be unchivalrous to tell me whether Miss Elinor Stephenson is of no particular family?"

The cold careful enunciation somewhat stung me. "I do not understand the idiom, O-No," I said. "Perhaps we can put it this way: If she isn't, there is a school some distance up the Hudson that guarantees to make up for it. We professionalize amateur athletics in this country; why shouldn't we professionalize good breeding? They condition the really rich precisely the way Harvard conditions a fullback."

The chivalry may have been adolescent, but I felt a pang of disloyalty to Foster, having said so much. Unhappily, I felt also a considerable satisfaction in having, at last, expressed myself. Then folly came upon me and I delivered myself wholly into O-No's hands by remarking, with careful irrelevance, that Miss Elinor Stephenson was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

"Beauty!" O-No blinked deprecatingly. "Yes, boys fall in love with it. Oh, you are such boys! We wonder in my country when you will grow up."

"Stop talking like a Buddha, O-No," I urged him. "I know there are either forty or four hundred books of wisdom and you have probably memorized them all. But you've seen the look in Foster's eyes."

He fired off a string of Japanese syllables, the same ones, though I didn't know it yet, that Faith had heard. "A popular proverb, Am-es. It says, 'Any hill may be a mountain till one has seen Fuji.' I think it is time Foster went to see Fuji."

After a while Foster and Dick came in, read their mail and settled down to await dinnertime in their respective ways—Foster going over his notes and Dick stretching out on the davenport to sleep. Dick was a forthright soul and slept whenever there was a chance, but now O-No delayed his nap.

"It is again time I am giving a party," O-No said. Dick at once rolled to his feet and began to yell, but O-No quelled his excitement. "Not that kind of party, Dick. Some other time I will get you some liquors from the embassy. Really, I will give two parties, and they are both in honor of Foster's fiancée. We will have first a tea here in our rooms, and then the next night, if agreeable, we shall dance at the Toulouse."

Something rose up and prodded me with a sharp suspicion. The Toulouse was the rowdiest night club in Boston, and O-No had more than once been vocal about the kind of Harvard man who admired such lapses from civilization.

"Toulouse is a red-hot idea, O-No," Dick said. "But, I say, tea is filthy. You'll have to subsidize a chaperon and you'll have to speak to the proctor."

"One hardly knows which is the greater bore, eh, Dick? Please, I may give such a party as I wish? For chaperon I will ask Mrs. Sever. For my guest I will ask Miss Bannister."

Dick was puzzled. "I thought this was a party "

I observed that it was Foster who colored. It was O-No, however, who replied: "You will not suffer, Dick, to spend some hours with the most charming girl in Boston."

Foster said, somewhat owlishly, "That's a queer decision, O-No."

And saying it, Foster fetched O-No's detached, noncommittal voice intoning out of the shadows: "Such boys! You do not admire to be adult. You do not even know what it is to be adult. You have known Faith—oh, many years. You do not see her intoxicated—as you say, lit which means that she respects decorum. You know that she wins tennis cups and sails boats, which means that she respects the body. One sees that she is not enchanted by the games you play so very preposterously as social, which means that she respects the mind. But no, you do not understand. One must be mature before one can respect self-respect. Tut! I am adult—it is Faith I will ask to my party."

I saw, belatedly, that this rhetoric was purposeful. There was no hope that it would find Foster in a reminiscent mood, but if it had, every word would have had an overtone vibrating toward Miss Elinor Stephenson. Except, I conceded honestly, that Miss Stephenson was never really lit; she only took the edge off her nerves, as one had to who played so exhaustingly the game of the Boston season. And now I realized that O-No had remembered Faith. All their childhood, all their youth, she and Foster had fared adventurously together. Time had taken them and had woven a fabric of them, and the design had not allowed for interruption. But I could see no awareness of Faith in our solemn Foster's manner. Instead, shortly afterward, he put aside his notes on the maritime trade of Massachusetts Bay and took a box of stationery from his desk. That meant Miss Elinor Stephenson. If he had wanted to communicate with Faith, over the four miles between us and the Hill, he would have used the telephone.

Next day the wind made sure that there would be no more skating thereafter. Wherefore O-No and I resolved upon one final afternoon on the river and carried Foster's skating shoes to the library and bore him away. The ice was, indeed, rough and creaking with the premonition of a thaw. We were on the Boston side of the basin when, as early dusk began, we had had enough, and so it seemed natural enough to seek out Faith's house and demand food. That would also give O-No a chance to announce his party.

Often enough we had done that these past four years. And how often, in his life, Foster had stormed into Faith's house, certain of warmth and friendliness, I could not calculate. So now. Faith was home and met us in a rumpled smock that seemed queerly appropriate and becoming. We learned that Faith made etchings—had, indeed, been working at a press when we came. She took us to an upstairs library that overlooked the river and fed us tea there while blue dusk crept in and made the birch logs gradually brighter. And she sat relaxed and casual, inattentive to our chatter, and smiled drowsily. In all this there was nothing tangible, and yet I had never been so aware of Faith, had never so perceived her and been glad for her. O-No listened like an amber cat and Foster became suddenly eloquent about the maritime trade of Massachusetts Bay. Then, by no sequence, Faith and Foster were talking about Marblehead. There had been, I gathered, one particularly vicious squall that had upset them far out in the bay, and they had clung to the overturned yawl for what seemed a week of black sky and blacker water. This flared up out of reminiscence, the brief gleam of a light glimpsed in darkness, and other scenes followed after it desultorily—but, for me, poignantly, till one or another suggested an etching Faith had done and she went out to get us a proof.

Foster said slowly, "All that was a long time ago."

Then, having said that, he seemed to check himself, as if he had remembered something else. I was desperately trying to understand what there was about this visit that troubled me. It was what Foster Steele was designed for. Foster—quiet as Salem, serene as Salem, as little of the noisy world as Salem. Foster looked abstracted and uneasy. It struck me with sudden violence that he had spoken the literal truth—all that was a long time ago, like the Indiamen. Then Faith came back with her dry-point proof, and a little later O-No settled with her upon the date of his party and we went back to Cambridge. I was sure that Faith's voice was the quietest I had ever heard. And I was sure that Foster had remembered her.

So, a week later, Baron O-No served tea in our suite. The baron's parties were always sufficiently ambitious for Dick and me to utilize them as social currency. Dick's companion was absorbed in the doings of what is quaintly called the Sewing Circle, and Betty Berkely, whom I invited, duplicated her. But our guests, the truth is, hardly existed. They couldn't. Their only distinguishing characteristics were good looks, good humor and a conviction that the life they were a part of was stupendously important—and therefore Miss Elinor Stephenson, who apotheosized these qualities, quite extinguished them. I have not forgotten Elinor in our rooms. There were orchids on the coat she laid on my chair. Magnificent that coat was, as costly as a stage setting for a revue, and yet I couldn't find fault with it or with the dress it disclosed. Both coat and dress marched right up to the extreme boundary of good taste and stopped short there. Oh, the school for the conditioning of the really rich knew its stuff, and Elinor was no fool. She moved about our rooms like a figure from a tapestry, and it was as if a spotlight followed her.

Of our guests only Faith had ever visited our rooms, and that was two years before, when we lived on Mount Auburn Street. O-No seemed to be with everyone, severally and yet inclusively. Most of all, of course, he devoted himself to Mrs. Sever. O-No was most typically a Harvard man in that for four years he had called once a week upon this white-haired dowager and made her his confidante and his arbiter. Mrs. Sever was of the Hill—one may say she was the Hill—and O-No delighted her soul.

I noticed, once, Faith talking with her, and thought how appropriate that was. Time would wear away the mediocrity of Faith's New England features and in due time she would grow old beautifully. And while like spoke to like, O-No led up Miss Elinor Stephenson to pay her respects to the dowager.

I saw what I saw. It was the first time Miss Elinor Stephenson had been on the defensive. It seemed, in the light of my revelation, to be written in capitals all over her, though to the rest she seemed as always. But I knew the restless suspicion that kept her roaming about the room. She peered at O-No's jades and silks. She looked out of the windows at the vista of dirty roofs. And she grew increasingly willful. I was almost as relieved as she was when she discovered the phonograph.

She fell avidly on O-No's cabinet of records and thumbed through arias and string quartets and choruses till she found a dance piece. She called across the room, "Come and dance with me, Foster." Arrogance had returned to her voice. She was herself when saxophones were going.

I observed that monosyllabic smile on O-No's lips. But Mrs. Sever, when Foster rose from the chair beside her, said distinctly, "Before you dance, Foster, bring me your work on the maritime trade of Massachusetts Bay."

She made it sound like a sentence from the Book of Common Prayer. Dick and his partner were dancing already and the slippers that I had invited were tapping the floor. I saw that Foster produced his researches and that O-No and Faith sat beside the dowager to read them with her, and then I took Betty Berkely out on the rug because Betty was created merely to dance. We survived only one record. Even to Betty Berkely, this trotting up and down a small room and steering precariously among chairs appeared absurd. She said reluctantly that it was nice and that it would be nicer at the Toulouse. So we drifted by attraction to the fireplace and maritime trade.

Mrs. Sever exercised the privilege of a dowager. That is to say, she made a sort of growl in her throat and said, "One would imagine that a girl as skinny as you are, Betty, would sometimes sit still and pray for a little flesh to conceal her bones."

Dick and his girl survived another record and then they, too, gave up the amusement. Foster supposed that the dancing was over, but Elinor had not missed the dowager's mood. She slipped another disk on the phonograph, and though Foster's hands were nervous, set it going. I was not in love with the expression of her eyes.

"Come on, Foster," she said.

She held out her arms to him, across the room. I idiotically counted the eight steps it took to walk into them. Four minutes, isn't it, a record plays? This one seemed to take several times that long, while I heard O-No and Faith discussing the clipper ships, behind me, and while, on the rug, Foster and Miss Elinor Stephenson performed their fox trot. I was truly abashed. Elinor's defiance had been obvious, her power over Foster had been more obviously displayed to us, and more obvious than either was her loveliness. No one had ever been so beautiful—oh, young and contemptuous and so lovely that one felt desolate.

Just as the record ended and Mrs. Sever's voice was audibly informing O-No that though he was a prodigiously clever young man, still she clung to her opinion that a Yankee clipper had made the fastest sailing time to Japan—just at that moment O-No's caterer arrived. O-No was entertaining in the grand style; the man set out the most amazing assortment of hors d'œuvres, sandwiches, confections and cakes. O-No placed before Mrs. Sever a tray and a tea service that must have wrung the dowager's heart with acquisitive envy, and produced tea from a miniature chest in a desk drawer.

Aromatic steam blended with cigarette smoke and a fresh birch log splashed the room with shadows, and Miss Elinor Stephenson, the elation of the fox trot not yet faded from her voice, came up into the firelight and said, "You aren't giving us cocktails, O-No?"

At once the baron was as tragic as if he had offended the Mikado. "There! Of all things else I thought! But you must forgive me, Miss Stephenson, that I did not remember cocktails."

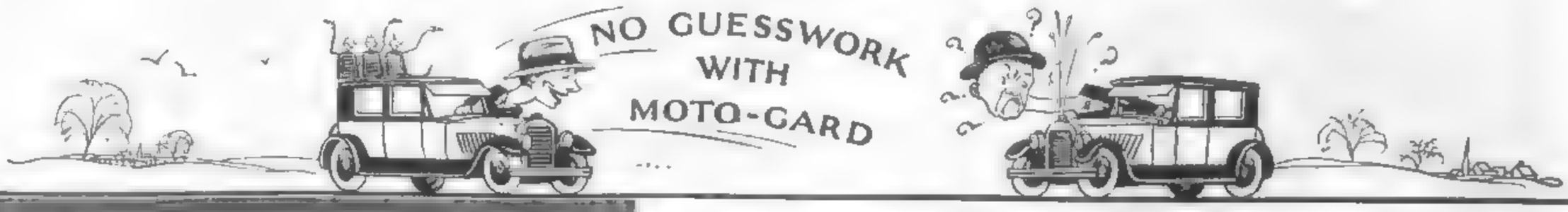
At the moment, I was taking a cup of tea from Mrs. Sever. I heard the dowager say "Well!" quite distinctly, and I guessed that she was desirous of saying more.

But Faith, from her corner of the davenport, said as naturally as possible, "I'm sure there are materials, O-No. I think I'd like a cocktail too."

O-No reproached himself aloud and sent the caterer's man for ice. The pragmatic Dick had already disappeared into his bedroom in search of gin—his only conception of a cocktail base. A moment more and O-No was shaking a mixture and explaining to Mrs. Sever that he had remembered everything but cocktails. Mrs. Sever went on decanting tea. I saw her glance with humorous comprehension at Faith. The dowager had been rebuked and enjoyed the sensation.

We chatted desultorily while the birch logs reminded us that winter lingered on. A mood of agreeable relaxation, the sense that tea and firelight give one, the sense that all necessities are removed away. But they hadn't been, I observed. Miss Elinor Stephenson sat back with her face in the shadows and her knees and stockings in the light—sat and looked from one to another of us and distrusted us. And O-No was alert. Once, twice, he gently impelled our conversation back to the maritime trade of Massachusetts Bay. I understood the maritime trade and so did Faith and the dowager, but it couldn't be set to music or marked on a guest list, and so might reasonably be held uninteresting to the rest. But O-No presently tried again and this time Mrs. Sever seized it and accepted it.

(Continued on Page 164)



You're sure of protection with Moto-Gard

The Triple Service Shutter

GUESSING may be good sport—sometimes! But never with winter engine protection! The life of your car is at stake.

Moto-Gard makes guessing unnecessary. Its indicating control, business-like and scientific, is on the dash—under your eye and hand—where you won't forget it, and where the exact position of the shutter leaves is accurately recorded. An easy turn of the thumb screw and your engine is secure against the worst kind of weather.

And study these other Moto-Gard advantages:

Extra Shutter Protection for your car!

Water cools first, and freezing starts at the bottom of your radiator. It's there you need the *extra* protection of Moto-Gard. You can keep the lower shutter leaves closed while the upper leaves remain open to admit air to your engine.

Indicating Dash Control

As you turn the nickeled thumb screw, every degree of opening of the shutter, down to 1-32 of an inch, if desired, is accurately recorded on the attractive indicator dash control. No effort to operate.

Triple Service

Moto-Gard permits the close regulation of the water temperature needed for efficient motor operation in any weather. In average winter weather open the top leaves and close the lower. Mild?—open all leaves. Bitter cold?—close them all—and do the same when parking.

SIX OTHER ADVANTAGES

One Piece Frame—not riveted, bolted or welded

Leaves Open Inwardly—compact, built in appearance.

Tension Springs—on each side prevents leaves from rattling.

Air Tight—no cracks around edges or between leaves

Concealed Mechanism—no parts exposed

One Piece Shutter Leaves—stamped from heavy gauge steel

EASILY INSTALLED—QUICKLY DETACHED

Manufactured by The Brewer-Titchener Corp., Cortland, N. Y.

Distributors:

ALABAMA
Birmingham—Moore-Handley Hdw. Co.

COLORADO
Denver—Moore Hardware & Iron Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington—F. P. May Hardware Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta—Alexander-Seewald Co.

ILLINOIS
Chicago—Bruns & Co. Bros. Inc.

INDIANA
Ft. Wayne—Motor Auto Supply Co.
Indianapolis—Eagle Products Corp.

IOWA
Des Moines—Central Automobile Supply Co.

KANSAS
Wichita—A. & A. Specialty Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—J. R. Poor & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—Kiley-Adams Inc.
Springfield—Bartlett Sales Co. Inc.

MICHIGAN
Detroit—Motor Trunk Co.
Grand Rapids—Reed & Wiley Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth—United Electric Service Co.
Minneapolis—Lindsay-Nelson Inc.

MISSOURI
Kansas City—Richards & Conover Hdw. Co.
St. Louis—Koochook Co. Inc.

MONTANA
Billings—Northwestern Auto Supply Co.
Helena—A. M. Holter Hardware Co.

NEBRASKA
Lincoln—H. J. Meyer Auto Co.
Omaha—Reed Roesler Sales Co.

NEW YORK
Albany—Detroit Supply Co.
Buffalo—Rear Fog Horn Corp.
Buffalo—Buffalo Bumper Sales Co. Inc.
New York—Clark Equipment Co.
Rochester—Chamberlain Co. of A.
Syracuse—Onondaga Auto Supply Co.
Utica—Central Auto Parts Co.

OHIO
Cincinnati—Carburetor Sales & Service
Cincinnati—Queen City Spring Co.
Columbus—H. B. Ind. E. A. Seiberling Co.
Dayton—The Motor Battery Co.

OREGON
Portland—Jos. E. Meyer & Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia—The W. P. Snyder Co.
Pittsburgh—The H. T. Meyer Co.
Scranton—Scranton Automotive Co. of Penn.
Williamsport—Williamsport Auto Parts Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence—W. R. Burns Co.

TENNESSEE
Nashville—Kay-Stamps Co.

UTAH
Salt Lake City—Inter-Mountain Electric Co.

VIRGINIA
Richmond—Sterling X-Ray Corp.

WASHINGTON
Seattle—Automobile Trimmers Supply Co.
Spokane—Holley-Mason Hardware Co.
Yakima—Yakima Hardware Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Clarksburg—Blair Motor Supply Co.
Parkersburg—A. E. Supply Co.
Wheeling—M. G. Wenzel Company

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee—Reichardt Auto Sup. Co.

CANADA
Montreal—Cotton & Foster Ltd.
Ottawa—Ottawa Lock Co.
Toronto—A. R. Clarke Ltd.
Winnipeg—D. Ackland & Son Ltd.

© B. T. C.

Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect anti-acid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 18[illegible]

CLEANSING-

. . . The answer to the query: "What is Personal Charm?" . . .

Because it strikes at the major cause of unpleasant breath—the *ferment-action* germ—ASTRING-O-SOL is regarded everywhere as the most vigorous combatant of this inexcusably rude condition. Likewise, in providing perceptible cleanliness to the mouth and throat, ASTRING-O-SOL at the same time imparts a *glow, stimulation* and *keen zest* to the tissues which instantly radiate to the entire system. ¶Do this: Ask *any* druggist the simple question, "What is the *best* mouth and throat wash you sell?" If he has seriously considered the problem, he will promptly say "ASTRING-O-SOL."

FOR MOUTH AND THROAT

Does more!
Costs less!
Tastes better!

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY

Sydney, Australia DETROIT, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada

For a free three-day sample of ASTRING-O-SOL write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 44, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Michigan

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 162)

"Is this a lifetime job, Foster?" she asked.

From beside his fiancée, Foster began to tell her: "I'll come back for the M. A. Then—three or four years more. Who knows? You start these things and they widen out till a lifetime isn't enough."

He was a little shy, a little bashful, speaking thus openly of a secret reverence. But his shyness suddenly evaporated, and lo, he went into a monologue. He had caught fire. The room glowed with the lost fires of Salem—piers stood up out of a mist and carved bowsprits dipped into a rising sea. He tossed out mainmasts and mizzentops and mid-royals. On and on he went, his eyes brightening, creating fishing fleets, building up the clipper trade, sending out East Indiamen on favoring winds. This was Foster Steele speaking to us about his gods.

The salt sea had made New England and the salt sea Foster brought up to us, till one heard the ropes of Yankee merchantmen straining in the gale, till barrels smelled curiously of spice and tar, till sailormen went round the capstan to songs we fingerlings would never hear, till the tropics and the Orient heaped up their colors and their richness on the floor of a Salem countinghouse.

Mrs. Sever nodded obeisance to the idols of her upbringing. Betty and the other girl had withdrawn beside Dick in the corner, whispering about some prospective amusement for the spring. Faith, I saw, was intent on Foster's words, as naturally as if summer had lingered on at Marblehead, and I had heard in Foster's monody pictures that Faith had put there. And I saw that Miss Elinor Stephenson was intent upon Faith, was gazing at her directly with a dislike that did not trouble to mask itself. Miss Stephenson had inherited no ropes straining in the gale. I wondered how long her cumulative antagonism would endure.

Not long. "I wouldn't let a hobby become a career, Foster," she remarked. "You'll have plenty to do without becoming monomaniac about studying in a library."

Ah, it was the voice that gave Miss Stephenson away! I saw now why Faith's voice had seemed so welcome. The school for the conditioning of the really rich had done well by Miss Stephenson, but it had left a minute vestige of shrillness in her voice. But rather splendidly, she had flung her dissonance in the teeth of Mrs. Sever and had said, "I can do this with your Salem Foster."

She did that with Foster. She stopped him short and struck him down. I saw him crimson and nonplused, and murder clotted in my heart. But Mrs. Sever took the stage away from Foster and from Miss Stephenson. She had been waiting to speak to a girl who required the New York blight of cocktails at a Boston tea hour.

She gazed across the rampant bridge of a Beacon Hill nose at Miss Stephenson and inquired, "What is Foster going to have to do?"

Miss Stephenson did not square off, but said negligently, "He's going in with my father."

"Bricks, isn't it?" the dowager asked. It wasn't: it had been for some years, unimpeachably, finance, but Mrs. Sever could have made any commodity a byword. "My dear girl," she said—oh, very quietly "one grants you the ability to do a great deal, but don't attempt the impossible. The Steele's have sometimes got out and made a great noise in the world, but always on behalf of Indians or slaves or other reprehensible and unprofitable people. You might pervert a Steele into a judge or an editor or even a congressman, but you couldn't make a Titan out of him or blast him out of a library. They've been quiet and a little mad. Foster Steele manipulating a combine in bricks? Don't be silly!"

It looks, in ink, innocuous enough, but it was simply awful. Beacon Hill had spoken to the lower Hudson, recalling ancient gods The dowager had not said, "Here is Foster Steele of Salem, whom quiet generations before him have formed." She had not said, "Wasn't it wartime contracts that saved you from taking up stenography?" She had not said, "You confuse a bank account with a family." She had not needed to.

What could one do? Faith stared into the fire and Foster was too bewildered, too sunk, to do anything. Only O-No, having got more into his net than he had bargained for, was contrite

He said, "It is good to respect old families, and I do, though I am not of one myself. My family is good, yes, but it is not old. We go back no more than eighteen hundred years, and then—no ancestors. We are, shall I say, anonymous. We are parvenus—hardly as old as your religion."

O-No did things like that sometimes, but I was too grateful to him for the relief to enjoy the flavor. Mrs. Sever laughed and said, "You are my major comfort, O-No," and subsided. She had loosed her arrow and was content. O-No marched straight to the phonograph and set rhythms blaring up from it.

On his way to lead Miss Elinor Stephenson to the rug he remarked, "Miss Berkely would like to dance, Am-es."

Gayety came back, though the bearings squeaked a little. We danced and exchanged partners and danced again. We hunted out more records for more dances It was already past the time when Mrs. Sever's cuticle should have told her to end the party, but she did not even glance at the mantel. What was talked at the fire I had no means of knowing. Only, trotting by the sofa from time to time, I heard phrases of amicable contention. Once Foster got up and hunted through his desk for photographs which appeared to settle something. Faith argued, holding them up for him to see, and Mrs. Sever sat back and listened.

It must have been nearly seven when the dowager brought the party to an end. "I had no intention of staying to dinner," she announced. "I understand that whatever obligations these girls may have for the evening, to explain that they stayed to dance will be enough. And I understand"—to Faith and Foster—"that you were extraordinarily happy as children. Still, O-No, please see that we get home."

This concentrated attention on the fireplace, where, while our dancers fluffed their hair, Foster was saying earnestly, "But when you've broken a girl's ankle, when you've hung on to an overturned yawl with her in a squall ——"

Faith touched his arm. "It's time to go home," she said. They stood up abruptly, and Faith went for her coat, which O-No was holding for her. Foster came up like a diver from the past. Irresistibly I glanced at Elinor, and found her not so disdainful as before, found her considerably more human in dislike.

We summoned taxis. But outside, Miss Stephenson's chauffeur was opening the door of an oppressive limousine. "May I take you home, Mrs. Sever?" she suggested. "And O-No and Faith? Foster's staying on to have dinner with me."

The dowager nodded toward the taxi and entered it with O-No and Faith. The parting score, I decided, was Elinor's.

Foster had gone to bed when I came home that night, and Dick was nowhere to be seen. O-No, in his supremely American bath robe, had finished a mathematics assignment and was smoking an American brier before the fire. I added a cigarette to his meditative silence, and watching him, reflected that I had never heard him laugh. Smiles, yes, but not laughter. This evening I was obscurely out of patience with him.

"You liked my party, Am-es?" he asked disarmingly.

"It satisfied every requirement," I told him. "You are the complete host, O-No you might be running a tea room."

The impersonal smile touched his lips and, as always, made me feel about ten

years old. "Keeping a tavern is an honorable employment. But, Am-es, please, what has displeased you about my party?"

"In my country," I said, "we are all boys. Some of us are bright boys, though. I am, for one. I perceived your vortexes."

"Vortexes?" O-No blinked. "You mean centers of force? I am physicist."

"Centers of conflicting forces—centers of well-bred antagonisms." I found my grievance now. "It is the chivalry of boys, I know. Is it the chivalry of men to use a superior intelligence for the polished assassination of a guest?"

"Oh-ho!" the baron's smile flickered. "You are growing up—you understand me. But also you do not interfere. Do you not then become accessory?"

He smiled again. He was thoroughly aged and cynical and diabolical, this twenty-two-year-old roommate of mine, sitting in a deep chair and grinning like a mask and quite pleased with himself.

"You are right, Am-es. That a host should be anything but protector to his guests—that is unforgivable. Still —— We have a saying in my country ——" He discharged a syllabic projectile. "It is a proverb. We say, 'In the dark night a man will be with his friend.'"

The significance that doubtless charged the proverb escaped me. I was willing to grant that it was probably full of the mysterious wisdom of the East and therefore too subtle for a boy, but O-No had not overcome my annoyance.

"Japanese life is very cryptic, isn't it?" I murmured. "Social diversion seems to consist entirely of making wise cracks."

"Sometimes we make *hokkus*," he said gently. "I will tell you, Am-es: I am friend to Foster."

Just that. He was friend to Foster. That justified anything. I was friend to Foster too. I had been friend to Foster much longer than O-No had, and would be long after O-No went back to the barony that operated in the mass production of proverbs.

And I had as lively a sense as O-No of the Salem seafarers and of Foster's betrayal in his tents by the loveliness of an alien. But I was restrained by the chivalry of boys from doing anything, even if I had been adult enough to contrive anything to do. Not so O-No.

"Tomorrow we will dance at the Toulouse," he said. "Miss Berkely will be able to exhaust herself as charmingly as she desires."

We did. O-No had taken a box at the most ornate revue that New York vouchsafed Boston's brief season, and from that we went to the Toulouse. Its tunes were blaring more unrestrainedly than in the theater from the midst of cubistic trees and angular decorations and interplaying light. A reek of perfumes and overheated human flesh smote us at the door, more raucous than the brasses and tympans. Two tables for the eight of us were crowded together at the edge of the floor, convenient to the orchestra and exactly centered for the attention of the lights. I rejoiced that skating and fencing had kept me fit. I would need that conditioning, for I foresaw the program of the next few hours. Food was hurrying to our tables and O-No, inquiring, was being reassured about the delivery of his liquors. We would eat and drink and dance and sweat in a confusion of lights and rhythms until exhaustion came upon the relays of musicians. Then we would go out into daybreak and find the one-arm lunch room that was sanctioned for waffles and coffee.

How can I convey the Toulouse? Under several names it had moved about Boston after various padlockings. Under every name it had aped the best models of New York.

Harvard boys felt very sure that it was the luxurious depravity that gave them the patina attributed to their college.

Inevitably, I was alert to observe. Inevitably, I observed Miss Elinor Stephenson. She had been herself at the revue, but a little quiet. Foster's appearance had suggested that there had been a dispute—or, rather, not a dispute. Foster could not quarrel and Elinor would disdain to. Instead, probably, she had let fall careless remarks of a predictable nature, with the idly malicious air that would bewilder Foster and so wound him. But arriving at the Toulouse, both of them resumed their normal bearing. That is to say, Foster had the composure bred in him for public places, and Elinor glowed as flowers glow in the sun.

But I had to entertain Betty Berkely, who, if Elinor had not been there, would have dominated her appropriate environment. We danced, all of us, and between dances we ate and chattered while people whimsically called entertainers sang and performed. Every specialty that had attracted favor in New York was duplicated at the Toulouse. It was the year when individual attention to patrons by members of the cast was first discovered to be profitable, and one of the early years of the mulatto invasion. Spotlights picked out people at the tables while tinny radiolike voices supplied biographies of them, and dark skins alternated with white among the entertainers. I glanced at Faith, from a deep curiosity. She was impenetrable. One must have supposed that this was as common to her, and as unregarded, as the doorstep of her house. She was not gay, but she was undisturbed, interested in O-No, indifferent.

But Elinor, if she perceived nothing, understood. "This doesn't amuse you, Faith?" I heard her ask casually as we came back from the floor.

"It doesn't distress me," Faith said. "It's very interesting."

"You haven't been here before?"

"No."

"Your dress," Elinor said, "seems a little quiet for a night club. Don't let me think white symbolizes purity to you."

Foster, the skin quite rubbed away from his defenseless nerves, seemed to hover between the two girls.

Faith said, "I don't mean to symbolize anything with my clothes."

And—"As for me," Elinor said decisively, "I do. When I come to a place that is full of music and energy and a good time, I mean to dress as if I were a part of it. It's really enjoyable here—it's possible to like it"—so much idly. But then Elinor seemed purposeful. "Probably it's every bit as lively as clinging to an overturned yawl in a storm."

Oh—oh! Elinor had slipped the button off her foil. I knew then that the remarks which had distressed Foster before the play had borne in this direction. Distress came back to his honest eyes.

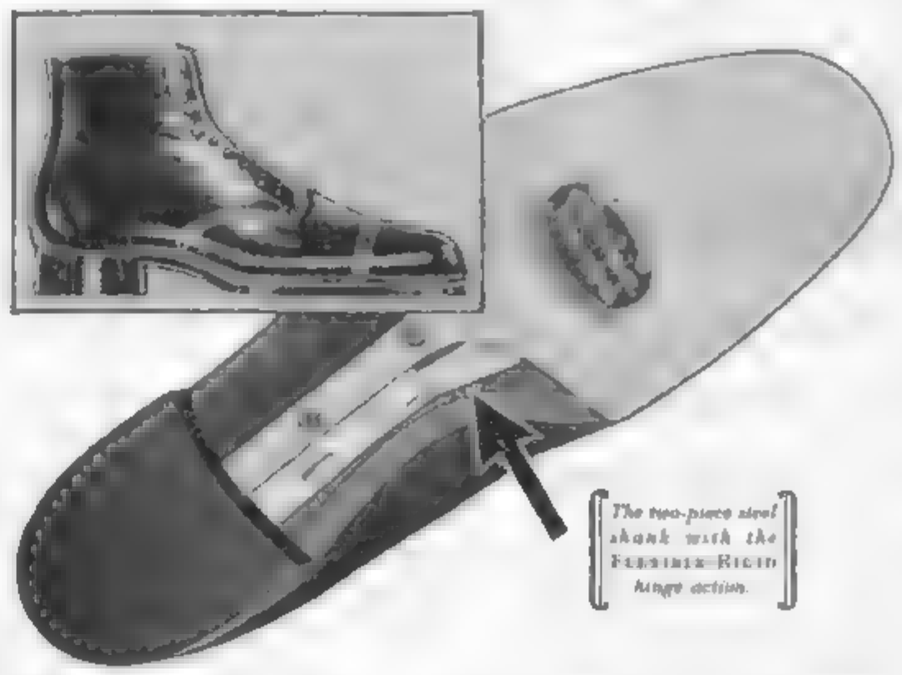
"Don't make any mistake about it, Elinor," he said, "it was lively enough—that hour in the water."

She wasn't much interested in energy. "What more was it?" she asked, amused and derisive. She seemed to say, "Look at me! I mock you and your protectiveness! I am your fiancée, and when I will it you must pay the price it calls for."

I was aware that a challenge had been flung, and suddenly that this evening was deliberate and decisive. I knew somehow that Faith knew, that Foster knew, that Elinor knew. Knew? Knew that O-No had played chess with them and had manipulated the game, removing minor pieces and simplifying strategies, till the board was cleared for a decision, till in the center squares attack must meet attack. I was suddenly either old or merely cold. I didn't know which. I knew that Foster was my friend, that Faith was the strength of familiar and well-loved things a man might grow old with, that Elinor was the loveliness a man's heart would hunger for all his life. The Toulouse, to my pricked awareness, had become more than a night club: it was a court of chancery, a battleground.

I swallowed immoderate quantities of good liquor. I was going to have to look too nakedly on forces that came near me and I wanted a film before my eyes. But the liquor wouldn't bite; it merely turned me so morose that Betty Berkely felt contrite

The FLORSHEIM SHOE with FEETURE ARCH



THE shoe that gives you the utmost in arch supporting comfort without stiffness or bulk. The two-piece built-in steel shank works like a hinge — bends easily with the foot as you walk — it locks rigidly under pressure, thereby carrying the strain that otherwise bears down and weakens the foot arch. Made in a variety of shapes and leathers, assuring perfect fit, comfort and long wear.

COMBINATION 17—*Style* M-314
Twelve Dollars

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

SIMONDS

SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

CROSS-CUT SAWS THAT LESSEN LABOR

NO cross-cut saw, so far developed, cuts faster or holds its sharpness longer than a Simonds. Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross Cut Saws built their reputation for excellence on the foundation of the highest grade of specially treated steel followed by the finest craftsmanship. The result is a saw that does its work faster, easier and more economically than other saws that often cost more

Specify Simonds for economy!

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Why Not Start a Paying Business in Your Neighborhood?

SOME years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

Today, he has a well-equipped office in his own home and enjoys a permanent, profitable income.

Let Us Help You!

Just as we helped Russel Shirk, so will we work with you. If you are interested in a spare-hour proposition which may pay you, as our subscription representative, up to $1.50 or more an hour, or in a full-time job, say from $25 to $50 a week, write today for our offer.

The Curtis Publishing Company
858 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What's your offer?

Name _____ Age
Please Print Name and Address

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

New FOOT-COMFORT

and *Shoe Bills Cut* for all the family by the *long wearing*, wonderfully comfortable Auburn C'MENT-ON SOLES. They are thin, light-weight, non-slip, water-proof, keep feet dry. *Cement them on at home to leather soles of old or new shoes.* No tools, no trouble for anyone. Everything supplied. Outwear ordinary soles.

ASK YOUR DEALER
If he hasn't them, send us 60c with outline of shoe sole for trial pair
AUBURN RUBBER COMPANY
AUBURN, INDIANA

C'MENT-ON SOLES

Readin'—ritin'—Vul-Cot!

In nearly 85 per cent of the public and private schools and colleges of America, Vul-Cot is the standard waste basket because it is one ket strong enough to stand
VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
Wilmington, Del

and blamed herself. I danced with Betty over and over, and the child chattered blandly and was delighted with the evening. I danced with Dick's girl, darker haired than Betty and in no other particular distinguishable from her. I danced with Faith, who moved inattentively among the lights and shoulders and would give no hint of disturbance. And I danced with Elinor. The girl knew the game she had been drawn into—she had taken the offensive and maintained it. But when saxophones were blaring, the game was a minor, almost unregarded thing. Mauve gauzes played across the lights that sedulous electricians manipulated over the crowd. In and out we moved among the dinner jackets. Gold glinted under smoky lights across her shoulders, and her waist was a slender joy, and the flight of her draperies in the colors was something animate.

This was Elinor's birthright—gayety and delightful motion, and the deep oppressive envy of those who saw and could not possess. An alien, Elinor—an alien conqueror.

We danced. And betweenwhiles we came back to the tables and stoked ourselves with food and drink, and listened while people sang and watched while people postured. And suddenly, the crowd flooding off the floor, two men, spotlighted, began to sing incredibly puerile, incredibly insidious blues. Mulattoes, a brown and a high yellow. The Toulouse responded raptly to a contemporary art. There was silence while the sorrowful, erotic tune climbed through its minors, and clamors of applause when it threatened to reach an end. The singers circled the floor, stood under the spotlight, bowed and blinked. The yellow one kissed his fingers in several directions. Then they were singing again, the spotlight following them, rotating its colors.

I bent forward and was rigid, for the pair had stopped at the table where O-No and Foster were an unregarded setting for the girls' frocks. They had paused there and a green tentacle of light fastened on Faith, to the exclusion of the three others, and the high yellow was moaning his blues to her while the brown crooned a second. The song was telling about a far-away wom-an, an ever-loving wom-an, a snaky-souled wom-an who was born to go wrong. The lisping, ogling voice beset Faith. The high yellow pleaded with her and, moving nearer, laid a hand on her bare shoulder while the green light quivered.

Nothing in her life had prepared Faith for this. But all her life had trained her to public composure. She sat there and held the muscles of her face still, though a flush crept up her throat and overspread her cheeks, and though the shoulder quivered under that flabby hand. The song went on a verse or two more, the piano accenting it from across the floor, and the two voices were more than lewd, more than obscene—they were contempt from contemptible things. They ended while the perfumed crowd roared assurance that this circus pleased the populace, but before the smoky green light could move on and leave her in darkness, the high yellow slid his arm about Faith and sat mockingly on the edge of her chair.

I had gone into action, anticipating. I arrived in time to catch Foster on my thigh and hip and force him back into darkness. The spotlight left us to our shadow, and the band blaring out in brasses, the patrons of the Toulouse flooded to the floor. I beheld O-No sitting as impassive as a bronze. I heard the one deep sob Faith paid to frailty. And I saw Elinor lean forward, her lips curled.

"You can't play, can you, Faith?" she jeered. "You're too exquisite, you're too credulous about Boston, to be anything but soiled by a good-natured joke. It was part of the act, but you're sensitive and regal and all that line. You're outraged, aren't you? Someone played a light on you in a public place and so you're unfit to marry a Harvard man."

The school had done its best for Elinor, but without being able to filter her voice. Behind the edge of contempt, the rasp grated. But another voice flowed across the course of Elinor's and dammed it off. Foster's, with its homely syllables weathered in Salem mist.

"Shut up, Elinor," Foster said quietly—"shut up altogether."

The command came crashing into our disturbed emotions like an explosion. Ink seems dispassionate—it does not convey the rustling purr of dancers, the shifting colors of the lights, the obbligato of rattling dishes and laughter and jazz—nor Faith turning white and gazing steadily outward, Foster's worn face, Elinor on a rising turbulence of anger. . . . Dick, inattentive, had borne his partner out on the floor, and I frantically turned to Betty Berkely, who, with me, must put the insulation of privacy between us and the table. Whether Betty had loosed her own garter, protectively, I do not know, but as I turned to her she made a little outcry about her stocking and fled swiftly to a retiring room. I told myself idiotically that I could not go out to dance alone or discover that my socks were tumbling over my shoes. I was in for it—I was a witness.

Elinor was on her feet. Standing, she dominated us—the four of us, seated correct and stricken at our little tables on the edge of a floor where black and colored shoulders stammered by.

Behind her the traveling lights made a circle of iridescence on her hair. And one saw that Elinor was spurred and booted, was armored in strong feeling, and was repudiating us.

"You said that—I didn't. That clears things up, doesn't it?" The shrillness was moderate enough, but it was a dull knife. "I've offended decorum, and so I'm altogether lowered, I'm a servant. I've cut my own throat. Well, you're right to resent an affront to your little Puritan, Foster. A vulgar girl doesn't admire her and it breaks your heart. She isn't particularly good-looking, and her emotions have been certified as to content, and she's done service in the behavior of faithful hearts. That has its charm, of course, and her own behavior is always commendable. She'd never stand up and make a disturbance in a night club."

"Elinor, please," Faith said beseechingly, "people are looking at you."

"Listening to me, too, my dear. I'm used to it. You see, I'm as vulgar as a fat fishwife. But it crushes you, doesn't it? It crushes Foster too. Why don't you go to her, Foster? Take her hand and kiss her for reassurance against the vulgarians. You kissed her that time you were hanging on to the yawl—didn't he, Faith?"

Agony bubbled in me. I must sit there, hands on the table, eyes directed at the single rose in the narrow vase, and listen to abasement. I must not seem to hear. But I had to see Faith, I had to grieve myself with her humiliation. There was sureness in Elinor's timing. She picked the undefended, the defenseless place, and struck for it surely.

But hitting Faith and paralyzing her were not the same. "Yes," Faith said simply, and gave her eyes to Elinor's scorn.

"That was pretty," Elinor said. "The pathos of simplicity. He kissed you, and all your life you've been cherishing that kiss. And in your faithful way you've hoped it would be repeated."

"I suppose you're drunk, Elinor," Foster said.

"No, only vulgar—I'm as vulgar as plenty of money. I'm as vulgar as New York clothes. I'm as vulgar as cocktails at tea or a half-breed cabaret singer. I make you seethe in your own amenities, don't I, Foster?" She saw someone in the milling crowd and let scorn fall from her while she sent out across the floor that loadstone smile. Then, negligently, she went on, her fingers playing with a fold in her dress: "In your demure unexcited way, you've treasured other things, haven't you, Faith? He broke your ankle and endeared himself to you. He let you make a ship model and simply took up residence in your heart. You read a book together—you know how to read, of course. One does in Boston. You've been in love with him all your life, haven't you?"

"Yes," Faith said. Her eyes held Elinor's, and she was no longer distressed. "I have been, even if I haven't felt obliged to tell a restaurant about it. Have you?"

"No. I thought I might rise in the world by marrying Harvard College and a houseful of antimacassars at Salem. I don't think so much of it now. I might want to sneeze some day, and besides I never learned to read. And Baron O-No is horrified by Foster's decision to marry outside the blood."

She sent the smile out again, that full-lipped promise, and I beheld Theodore Chalmers III coming toward us in answer to it. Theodore Chalmers III had dined well—very well. He came up to our tables grandly, maneuvering himself like a whole battalion on parade. Elinor took his arm.

"Heaven sent you here, Ted," she said.

"Excuse me. It was Baron O-No," Mr. Chalmers remarked carefully.

"The protector of the sanctuaries. I make you a present of your caste, O-No." Elinor let the scorn of her eyes drift carelessly across O-No's impassive face and smiled at Ted Chalmers. "You're pretty well lit, Ted. That's good. You've no idea how nice it is to be with someone who can get lit. Let's dance." Her glance brushed us severally. "Be very happy. Be decorous, though, won't you? And add this to the anniversaries, along with the ankle and the yawl and how many tons of indigo came into the Salem customs house. . . . Let's dance, Ted. Let's see how much noise we can make. I want to be vulgar."

They moved out on the floor, Elinor's skirt swirling as Ted went automatically into one of the intricate steps he was given to. Difficult lights picked them up and I saw Elinor's head thrown back and her

(Continued on Page 170)

The Coast Near Mt. Desert, Maine

Labeling a Heating Plant

doesn't make it so!

THERE *was* a time when a householder took pride in his skill in tending his furnace, just as there was a time when automobile owners boasted of their abilities as mechanicians. Today, however, modern men and women demand heating plants and motor cars which call for the irreducible minimum of personal attention.

Many a family, however, has purchased a heating plant termed "automatic" only to discover that the tinkering they formerly performed in the garage had shifted to the furnace room.

In direct contrast Bryant Gas Heating requires not the slightest bit of mechanical knowledge—there is nothing to call for regular attention or grow noisier with age. Many a Bryant owner makes only two trips to his boiler or furnace a year—one in the fall to light it, one in the spring to turn it off. Servicing is negligible—many Bryants have been in use more than 10 years without the replacement of a single part. And it is truly automatic because it "orders its own fuel," not even requiring its owner to keep watch on a fuel bin or storage tank.

These are the facts which make Bryant Gas Heating truly automatic. Its utter cleanliness and its noiseless operation are additional delights. Cost?—you will almost certainly be pleasantly surprised. Just 'phone or write your local office, or write to us at Cleveland, for the complete details of this heating service which is as automatic in performance as it is in claims.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. CO.
17920 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, O.

For twenty years builders of Automatic Gas Heating plants for steam, hot water, vapor, and warm air

BRYANT GAS HEATING

© BHMC

IN the Bryant Gas Heated house you can . . . Throw away your coal shovel . . . Junk your ash can . . . Make a single match your winter's kindling . . . Tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock . . . Live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one . . . Add a useful room to your house . . . Laugh at the ups and downs of the temperature outside . . . Enjoy winter . . . and "let the pup be your furnace man."

Bryant Gas Heating provides ample, uniform warmth

—thermometer measured to a single degree of the temperature you prefer—with no more effort or bother than the winding of a good 8-day clock.

And a Bryant Heater embodies no revolving mechanisms, such as motors, blowers, etc., it is as noiseless as your kitchen stove, and stays noiseless; and so utterly reliable that you can take your winter heating just as much for granted as the water you draw from your kitchen or bathroom faucets.

BUFFALO

45% AHEAD

in use of electricity

BUFFALO homes use electricity 45% more freely than does the average home in our 14 other largest cities. Yes, electricity is a bargain in Buffalo. And Buffalonians enjoy its blessings to the fullest.

And industrially, Buffalo enjoys a cost of power about 50% below the nation's average.

No wonder that Buffalo's workshops are so prosperous and diversified. No wonder that Buffalo escapes most business slumps.

If you cannot manufacture in Buffalo, you can market here. In any system of branch offices, or warehouses, Buffalo should be starred as an essential center.

Consult the Marine.

With its $225,000,000 in resources, this bank is ready and anxious to co-operate with sound enterprises.

MARINE
TRUST COMPANY
OF
BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

Index of Advertisers

October 27, 1928

	PAGE
All-Year Club of Southern California	147
Aluminum Company of America	49
American Brass Company, The	125
American Chain Company, Inc.	115
American Phonophor Corp.	116
Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co.	118, 119
Auburn Rubber Company	166
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	85
Bassick Manufacturing Co., The	56
Belden Manufacturing Company	143
Bird & Son, inc.	122
Bon Ami Co., The	II Cover
Boott Mills	143
Bosch Magneto Co., Inc., Robert	170
Brewer-Titchener Corp., The	163
Bristol-Myers Co.	172
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.	106
Brunswick Balke-Collender Co., The	48
Bryant Heater & Mfg. Co., The	167
Burgess Battery Company	112
Byers Company, A. M.	123
Campbell Soup Company	31
Certain-teed Products Corp.	III Cover
Clark, Frank C	112
Clark Lighter Co., Inc.	92
Coleman, Watson E.	143
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	113
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	36
Conklin Pen Company, The	141
Continental Motors Corporation	47
Cook Co., The H. C.	121
Delco-Remy Corporation	54, 55
Dill Manufacturing Co., The	124
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	134
Dodge Brothers Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.)	126, 127
Dole Valve Company, The	121
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.	160
Duofold Health Underwear Co.	158
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	53
Eastman Kodak Company	IV Cover
Electric Sprayit Co., Inc., The	157
Engraved Stationery Manufacturers Association	150
Estate Stove Co., The	110, 111
Evaporated Milk Association	89
Fansteel Products Company, Inc.	148
Faultless Caster Company	103
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	62, 63
Fisher Body Corp.	60
Fisk Tire Company	117
Fleischmann Company, The	43
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	165
Ford Motor Company	90, 91
General Cigar Co., Inc.	72
General Electric Company	135
General Motors	96, 97
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	46
Glycerine Producers' Association	93
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	86, 87
Hartford Fire Insurance Co.	102
Hawaiian Pineapple Company	137
Heywood-Wakefield Company	107
Hookless Fastener Company	171
Horton Manufacturing Co., The	57
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	78, 79
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	131
Johns-Manville Corporation	45
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	114
Kennedy Manufacturing Company	161
King Seeley Corporation	149
Kuppenheimer Co., B.	104, 105
Lambert Mfg. Co., Leon	121
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	59
Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The	58
Lorillard Company, Inc., P.	134
Magazine Repeating Razor Co.	51
Marine Trust Company	168
Markel Electric Products, Inc.	75
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	138
Mollé Company, The	50
Moorhead Knitting Company, Inc.	153
Mullins Manufacturing Corp	73
National Blank Book Company	128
National Carbon Company, Inc.	68, 82, 83
National Confectioners' Association	108
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	166
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co.	66
Oakland Motor Car Company	65
Oneida Community, Ltd.	2
Packard Motor Car Co.	38
Parke, Davis & Co.	41
Peckham-Foreman, Inc.	156
Peerless Motor Car Corporation	77
Penn Publishing Company, The	116
Perfection Stove Co.	144
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	164
Pines Winterfront Company	151
Portland Cement Association	145
Quaker Oats Company, The	81
Rector, George	143
Remington Arms Company, Inc.	95
Reo Motor Car Company	74
Roach & Company, W. R.	99
Royal Typewriter Co., Inc., The	142
Ruberoid Co., The	139
Sci-En-Tex Industries, The	154
Seaver Williams Co.	112
Simmons Company, The	129
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	165
Skinner & Sons, William	152
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	64
Smith Shoe Company, J. P.	120
Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc.	146
Sonora Phonograph Co.	132, 133
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	67
Stearns & Company, Frederick	164
Swift & Company	33
Texas Company, The	100, 101
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp., The	70, 71
Timken-Detroit Axle Company, The	155
Tubular Specialty Mfg Co.	134
Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club	121
Universal Pictures	44
Vacuum Oil Company	35
"Van Dorn" Electric Tool Co., The	159
Warren Company, S. D.	169
Watkins Company, The R. L.	136
Weiler & Sons, Jason	116
Western Clock Company	1
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.	140
Wrigley's	94

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Where are the schoolbooks that taught you to read?
—gone . . . . *but their impressions remain* . . . .

Shades of William H. McGuffey! . . . where are the schoolbooks that taught you to read? Where are the virtuous stories, each with a pointed moral . . . the lessons in simple pronunciation . . . the famous eclectic series that, according to the thumb-chewed title page, "enjoyed a sale unequalled by any other schoolbook"?

Some were tossed long ago into the bottomless maw of the second-hand dealer. A few still grace public library shelves. But we'll lay odds that you can't put your hands this minute on your grade school readers!

Does it matter that they are mislaid? Not a whit! The important thing is that their effect remains. They taught you to read.

This month shrewd business men will use the mails to send you printed pieces picturing new and attractive things to buy.

Those that are well printed on good paper—the leaflets and folders that by their very look indicate that their sender has something worth while to say—you will pay particular attention to.

At the office, you will read them and hand them to your secretary to file for your future use. At home, your wife will fold a few away in her purse to re-read as she rides to the stores.

At the time, you may glance at this literature quite automatically. You may not consciously realize that a future sale is breaking its shell. But you will be getting exact information about the precious business of what to buy and how to buy it.

Where will these printed salesmen be next month? Does it matter, anyhow? Not a whit! For the mental impressions—like those this very page is now forming—cannot be easily tossed aside.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass

Warren's
Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

Where is the printing that taught you to buy?
—gone . . . . *but the impressions remain* . . . .

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

We guarantee Victory

if you join this Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis

WE are waging a Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis. We ask every motorist to join us. As a reward he will receive benefits in the form of gasoline saved, new pep, new power, throughout the life of his car.

Right now your own car is probably suffering from spark plug paralysis . . . . yet you don't even know it. For there are 2 common causes of this widespread disease. One is carbon, which lodges in the crevices of your plugs and forms leak holes through which part of the electric current escapes. The other is burned electrodes, caused by super-heat in high compression engines. Either way your car gradually lacks something . . . in pep . . . power . . . get-away!

To stamp out spark plug paralysis, we are conducting this nation-wide Crusade . . . with Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs as our weapon.

Pyro-Action Spark Plugs are the latest achievement of Robert Bosch—world's pioneer manufacturer of spark plugs, magnetos, generators, etc. Pyro-Action is the technical name for a combination of factors which enable this plug to defy spark plug paralysis. For example, its insulator is capable of absorbing sufficient heat to burn up excessive oil and liquid fuel—a major cause of spark plug paralysis—as fast as they touch the insulator.

You take no risks in joining this Crusade. We *guarantee* results. Put a set of Pyro-Action Plugs into your car. Try them for a month. Judge for yourself the renewed youth of your motor . . . on the get-away . . . up hills . . . in traffic . . . . If within thirty days you are not entirely convinced of these positive results, return the plugs and get your money back.

Every Robert Bosch dealer offers you this remarkable guarantee. Or join the Crusade direct; write us the make of your car, the model and year. Enclose check, or pay the postman on delivery, at the rate of $4 a set of plugs, if 4 cylinder; $6 if 6 cylinder; $8 if 8 cylinder. (Exceptions: Chrysler Red Head, Falcon, Pierce, Reo Flying Cloud, $7.50; Marmon 8, Studebaker President, $10.00.)

Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection, Pyro-Action Plugs for passenger cars, busses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc., bear the full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601P Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Original Bosch Pyro-Action SPARK PLUGS

Dealers: Write nearest distributor for information:

ALLENTOWN, PA. Electrical Devices Co.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. [illegible]
BOSTON, MASS. [illegible]
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Reuter Auto Elec.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Magneto Repair Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Pedrick Parts Corp.
CAMDEN, N. J. Camden Starter Parts Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Harris Auto Elec. Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Motor Car Service Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. West Side Ign. Serv. Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO [illegible]
CLEVELAND, OHIO [illegible]
DALLAS, TEXAS [illegible]
DAYTON, OHIO Brown Bat. & Elec. Co.
DETROIT, MICH. Motor Car Service Co.
EL PASO, TEX. [illegible]
ERIE, PA. [illegible]
HARRISBURG, PA. Auto Elec. Serv. Co.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y. [illegible]
KANSAS CITY, MO. Elec. & Mag. Serv. Co.
LANCASTER, PA. Penn Automobile Co.
LINCOLN, NEBR. Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL. Magneto Sales & Serv. Co.
LOUISVILLE, KY. [illegible]
MEMPHIS, TENN. Motor Batteries Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Fowler Elec. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Reichert Bros. Co.
MIAMI, FLA. Clayton Bat. & Ign. Co.
NEWARK, N. J. [illegible]
NEW HAVEN, CONN. [illegible]
NEW ORLEANS, LA. [illegible]
NEW YORK, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
BRONX [illegible]
PHILADELPHIA, PA. [illegible]
PITTSBURGH, PA. [illegible]
READING, PA. Berks [illegible]
ROCHESTER, N. Y. [illegible]
ROCKFORD, ILL. [illegible]
SALINA, KAN. [illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Potter & Tatter
SCRANTON, PA. [illegible]
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. [illegible]
HARTFORD, [illegible]
ST. LOUIS, MO. [illegible]
TAMPA, FLA. [illegible]
TORONTO, CAN. [illegible]
TRENTON, N. J. [illegible]
TROY, N. Y. [illegible]
TULSA, OKLA. [illegible]
UTICA, N. Y. [illegible]
VANCOUVER, CAN. Battery House, Ltd.
W. PALM BEACH, FLA. [illegible]
Sinclaire's Auto. Elec. Serv.
WILKES-BARRE, PA. Watson Supplies Co.

(Continued from Page 166)

knees weaving in response to Ted's. I felt dry and tired. She was so lovely!

But I saw that Foster's head had bowed forward on Faith's hands and that Faith was whispering to him. Yes, let me not forget that there was quiet in the world, and the grain of long and friendly years. Let me not forget that there was growing old to do, that Yankee sailormen had sung while barks made out to Barbados.

Far away, Betty Berkely peered out at us. I hurried to her and bade her get her wraps. O-No joined me while I waited.

"Please, Am-es," he said, "I may leave with you and Miss Berkely?"

"Of course," I told him. "You've given us such a happy evening, I'd be glad to show my appreciation."

His gaze was on Faith and Foster, who were making ready to go. "I am disturbed," O-No confessed. "I am given to wonder. Have I delivered my friend, or have I delivered my friend's fiancée?"

"How much did the singer cost you?" I asked.

"I forget." He blinked thoughtfully. Then the fragmentary smile ran along his lips. "But, anyway, Foster grows up. He is preserved for the best of him. The Indiamen may turn homeward and run before the wind." He sputtered syllables. "A proverb, Am-es, a popular saying. We say, 'Why hunt the shells of the seashore when every man may find the pearl under his own threshold?'"

"No doubt," I said. I knew now that, after four years, I was done with the imperturbable Baron O-No. "That's very pretty, O-No, and wise and significant and adult. There aren't any other precious stones? Your proverbs concentrate on pearls exclusively?"

"Not always."

The music stopped. While the dancers crowded back off the floor a spotlight from the ceiling picked out Ted Chalmers and his partner. They halted and the brassy mechanical voice of the announcer began an introduction.

"Miss Elinor Stephenson," it said, "debutante who was presented a year ago last December. Daughter of ——"

Elinor looked back into the light. Her head was high, and in that merciless glare, while several hundred people stared at her, she had the arrogance of unattainable loveliness. I was dry and tired. She was so beautiful! She was the beauty that cried out in a man's heart.

"We have a saying about eagles," O-No acknowledged.

"If you quote it I'll choke you the next minute," I told him.

"Even remembering that Foster goes home with Faith? . . . You might listen, Am-es. We believe that only the eagle can gaze into the sun."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

October 27, 1928

Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
Stormy Passage—*Charles Brackett*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	6
The Flop—*Colonel Givens*	*Illustrated by Donald Teague*	10
The Popular Proverbs of Baron O-No—*Bernard De Voto*	*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	12
The World's Shortest Love Affair—*Nunnally Johnson*	*Illustrated by Bartow V. V. Matteson*	16
In the House of Wa Lee—Vital Das, Failed B. A.—*Dorothy Black*	*Illustrated by Henry J. Soulen*	18
The Aftermath—*James Warner Bellah*	*Illustrated by Orison MacPherson*	24

ARTICLES

En Route—*Benito Mussolini*	*Photographs*	3
Yearlings, Champions and Pensioners—*Thomas W. Murphy*	*Photographs*	8
As Crook Sees Crook—*Don Marquis*	*Illustrated by Tony Sarg*	14
My Life is in Your Hands—*Eddie Cantor*	*Photographs*	20
Swords and Roses—Belle Boyd, or the Female Spy—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	*Photographs*	26
Rip Van Winkle Wants a Job—*Boyden Sparkes*	*Cartoon by Herbert Johnson*	29

SERIALS

Dynasty (Second part)—*Clarence Budington Kelland*	*Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr*	22
A Son of Anak (Third part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	*Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner*	32
An Old Sweetheart of Mamma's, and Dimity Gay (Conclusion)—*Bertram Atkey*	*Illustrated by R. M. Crosby*	37

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Used on Children's Clothing, Talon Slide-Fasteners have captured the instant support of Mothers everywhere

Logical, of course, for, think of the sheer utility, safety and time-saving of Talon Slide-Fasteners as applied to children's winter woolies, play suits, rompers, etc. Slip the clothing on. A gentle pull and the Talon Slide-Fasteners close snugly and securely. Once closed they never accidentally come open.

Unlike buttons, snaps, or other old-fashioned methods of fastening, Talon Slide-Fasteners never need replacing. They cannot be torn off. Their unbreakable grip assures absolute safety against gapping edges. You can wash Talon Slide-Fasteners. They will not rust. They are so flexible that you can run them through the wringer, step on them, give them all kinds of abuse, and still they will work smoothly and quickly.

Flannel Shirt, Duffle Bag, Spats, Child's Sleeping Garment, showing the application of smart, convenient Talon Slide-Fasteners

Millions of Talon Slide-Fasteners are in use in America

Talon, the original slide-fastener, is an outstanding example of a product that has earned its consumer popularity by sheer usefulness and merit. You see Talon Slide-Fasteners on men's, women's and children's clothing, on golf bags, bathing suits and sport equipment of all kinds, on smart accessories that everybody carries—fine purses, hat bags, fashionable luggage, etc. You can identify the Talon, the original slide-fastener, by the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the pull.

Visit the special display of Talon-fitted Garments and Articles at the International Golf Show: Grand Central Palace, New York City, February 18 to 23, 1929; Hotel Sherman, Chicago, March 11 to 16, 1929.

Write us, the original manufacturers of Talon Slide-Fasteners, for names of companies making Talon-fitted articles

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: 14 East Jackson Blvd. NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SLIDE FASTENER...

© Hookless Fastener Co., 1928

Add IPANA *to your twice-a-day ritual for one whole month!*

IF you want a new conception of what a tooth paste can mean to the health of your mouth, make this simple experiment.

Get today a full-size tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at the nearest drug store.

Tonight, brush your teeth and gums with Ipana, then massage your gums gently for a few minutes with Ipana on your fingertips.

Tomorrow morning, rouse your gums with another brushing and massage with Ipana.

Continue this simple routine for one full month. Then check up on the health of your teeth and gums. See how white, how clean and brilliant your teeth have become —how firm in texture, how pink in color your gums have grown.

And note how the delicious taste of Ipana makes the whole process more of a treat than a task!

* * *

In these days of soft foods and creamy dishes our gums get too little work. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. They become soft, tender. They invite disease. "Pink tooth brush" is often a warning of more stubborn difficulties to come.

Very logically, thousands of dentists advise the use of a tooth paste that guards the gums. Such a tooth paste is Ipana. It has a special ingredient (ziratol) long used by specialists for its antiseptic and hemostatic virtues.

While the coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, a thirty-day trial makes the better test. For it will permit Ipana to show its benefits to your gums as well as its delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power.

So get from your druggist a full-size tube—enough for 100 brushings—and let Ipana start its good work for you before you sleep tonight.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 108
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

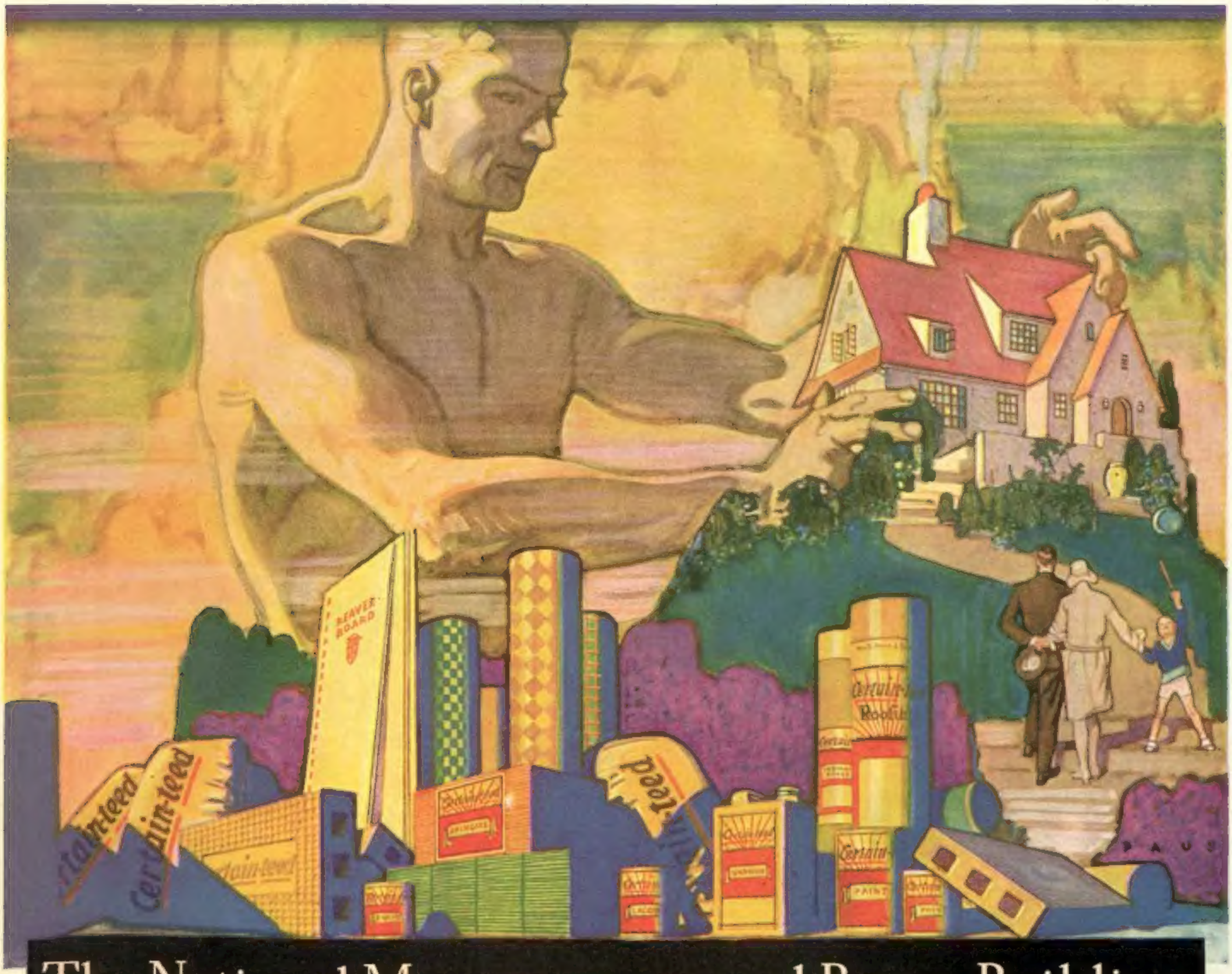
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

© B.-M. Co., 1928

Modern foods, so soft and fibreless, deprive the gums of the exercise they need to remain in health.


BEAVER BOARD
Certain-teed
Certain-teed
Certain-teed

There was grandma . . .

every little gesture and expression . . . so much herself . . . so REAL . . .

"THE film had arrived during the day and when supper was over, Father got out the Kodascope at once. We set up the screen while he put the reel in place, and in two minutes from the time we started, our little home movie show was in full swing.

"There was Grandma . . . every little gesture and expression . . . so much herself . . . so REAL! We sat spellbound, telling ourselves it was only a picture, restraining the constant impulse to say something to her. It was so hard to realize that she wasn't there in person, that in reality she was a day's journey away from us.

"Father said, 'That's a great film. We must have duplicates made so that we'll have it always!' "

* * *

Do you know how easy it is to have movies of your own . . . films that you take yourself, and show yourself?

Do you know that thousands are accumulating the most wonderful picture records of their children, their parents and their friends through the medium of the Ciné-Kodak, the Eastman camera which makes home movies as easy to take as snapshots?

You press a button and you're taking pictures . . . living pictures. You send the film to us and we do the rest. Your film is developed and returned to you at once . . . and the cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Then, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures on your own silver screen. You are overjoyed to see how well they turn out, and that is the common experience of Ciné-Kodak users.

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

Many a Ciné-Kodak dealer is eager to tell you about home movies, and you'll find him easy to listen to because it's a subject that fascinates. Have him show you some Ciné-Kodak home movies and explain how easily they are made and projected. Meanwhile, we have a booklet on home movies that you ought to read.

Armistice Day Note: Many a Kodascope owner will celebrate the anniversary of November 11, 1918, by throwing on his own home screen official United States War Department movies of the World War, filmed in action by the Signal Corps and made available for home projection by the Eastman Kodak Company. These War Cinegraphs are 200 feet per reel, cost $15 each at your dealer's, and, like other Kodak Cinegraphs, become a permanent part of your film library. A special authentic war film is also offered, entitled "America Goes Over"—2000 feet—$150. Other Cinegraphs on many subjects—comedy, travel and cartoons—are also available, $7.50 per 100 feet.

* * *

Ciné-Kodak

SIMPLEST OF HOME MOVIE CAMERAS

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 159, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....